

The Abbot Courant

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ANDOVER, MASS.
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THE
ABBOT COURANT,

VOLUME XXII. No. 1.

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THE
ABBOT COURANT.

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VOL. XXII.

JANUARY 1896.

NO. 1.

A Voice from the Snow.

“My home was once in a mountain lake,
Circled with flower and flag and brake,
But summer sun-beams came one day,
And drew me, as mist away, away!
Sometimes I glow in glad sunset hues;
Sometimes I come in the cooling dews;
Sometimes, a rainbow, I cheer your heart,
For this ‘token’ of God bids doubt depart.
To-day I come through the winter air;
As silent as thought, and spotless fair!
Nothing on earth is so white as I,
Yet from cloud-land heights to you I fly:
God sendeth me to your mortal sight,
So pure, so perfect, so wondrous white,
That e’en for a moment you may see
What heavenly purity shall be—
‘Behold I show you a mystery,’
For ‘WHITER THAN SNOW’ *your* soul may be.”

E. M. C. '78.

King Arthur in English Literature.

“**G**REAT bards of him will sing hereafter.” Thus does the Queen of Orkney in the *Coming of Arthur* prophesy that wealth of literature that clusters round the name of the Flower of Kings.

Though the glory of Arthur now belongs to many countries, Wales is the birthplace of the Arthurian epic, and Mallory, in his introduction to *Morte d'Arthur*, pleads for faith in the stories around which cling so much of fable and myth. Speaking of the confidence placed in French and classical cycles, he writes with national pride, “Shall we be so possessed with incredulity, diffidence, and stupidity to deny or doubt the immortal name of victorious Arthur?”

The period of Arthur does not fall in an unknown past; for much accurate knowledge has come down to us of men and their deeds before he whom “all men hailed as their king” came to glorify England. Both Geoffrey of Monmouth and Layamon sang the praise of the Knights of the Round Table: but it was Sir Thomas Mallory who collected the many old, unwritten tales in *Morte d'Arthur*, and it was to him that Tennyson was indebted for the *Idylls of the King*.

Of historic Arthur, these facts are known. He was a prince of Briton who began his martial career about 500 A.D., and was victorious in twelve battles over the Saxons. Then followed a peaceful reign of twenty years, when Mordred, the King's nephew, attempted to usurp the throne. This led to the Battle of Camlan in Cornwall. Mordred was slain, and Arthur, mortally wounded, was carried by sea to Glastonbury, where he died.

From this bare, unattractive outline, we turn to *Morte d'Arthur*, and with infinite pleasure read the simple and beautiful stories, whence we may glean the fuller and more delightful account of Arthur's deeds; his love for Guinevere, the touching story of Launcelot and Elaine, and the search for the Sangreal.

Merlin, the magician, whose wise counsels had influenced Uther

Pendragon, Arthur's father, took the baby Prince almost at the hour of its birth from the mother Igerne, and entrusted him to the care of a good man so that he grew up in his father's kingdom unrecognized. At length the time came when, at the age of fifteen, he was to prove his right to the throne by fulfilling the prophecy that he who should draw out the sword at the church's door should be king of England. Then, after a few years of magnificent rule, Launcelot was sent to bring to the king the lovely Guinevere, "who wore beauty such as woman never wore." She became Arthur's wife; alas, in name only.

At Camelot Arthur set up the Round Table and gathered there the fairest "fellowship" of the land. From this dear spot, went forth such knights as Sir Bors, Sir Kay, Gawaine, Dinaden, and Balin le Savage, on quest and adventure, followed the king to battle, and joined Galahad in the search for the Holy Grail. Here too, Guinevere reigned supreme, and here belong the loves of Launcelot and the passionate queen.

Launcelot, whom the king loved and honored most, on coming to court, had declared his admiration for Guinevere, and they openly chose and accepted each other as lord and lady. But as time goes on, their relations, sanctioned by chivalry, become aglow with love and passion, and while the court breathes its scandal concerning them, Arthur is either blinded by his own adoration of his beautiful queen, or with characteristic magnanimity, does not believe the evil report.

The earlier part of the Arthurian tales is permeated with a joyous, gladsome strain. It is the old tale, "when love is young." Faith in friendship, hope in love, and ambition in chivalry, warm the hearts of the young knights and ladies and spur them on to all that is good and noble. Such a season of perfect content cannot endure forever, and when the vows of loyalty and ties of friendship are loosening, the myth of the Holy Grail lends its Christian influence to the old romance, directing knightly effort from temporal to spiritual things. Galahad, Launcelot's son, was the first to see the vision of the sacred cup, and as he vowed to follow it, other knights joined him, the gay Gawaine among the first.

For the closing scenes in this magnificent history we turn to Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*.

The crisis that came into the lives of the queen and Launcelot, hastened by the treachery of the spying Mordred, brought desolation to all hearts and disaster to the realm.

The queen fled to Almesbury, where Launcelot came after Arthur's overthrow, to take her to his castle in Brittany, with the hope that there they might live in the uninterrupted bliss of perfect union. Guinevere, then too late, awoke to the serious realization of what those long years of faithlessness had meant.

Nowhere need we look for a grander glimpse of Arthur's character than in Tennyson's "Guinevere," when he visits her in the nunnery. He who had undeniably every right to crush her mercilessly and fling curse on curse upon her, with majestic tenderness, mingled with an inevitable touch of scorn, bids her farewell, and yet,

"Let no man dream but that I love thee still,
And so thou lean on our fair father, Christ.
Hereafter, in the world where all are pure,
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me and claim me thine."

So he left her, and she dwelt in the nunnery three brief years, and then, an Abbess, passed

"To where beyond these voices there is peace."

Following Arthur as he leaves this spot, we can almost fancy him welcoming the final battle with Mordred; for to a frame shattered by such grief, death must have been a happy release. All day long the battle raged, until Arthur's brave knights were slain, and he, mortally wounded, bade Sir Bedivere throw his sword far out into the mere and watch for what took place; and as the blade, dazzling with gems, touched the surface, an arm rose up, caught it by the hilt, waved it thrice, and vanished.

Then Sir Bedivere took up the king on his broad shoulders, and bore him to the edge of the lake, where a dusky barge, filled with stately forms, awaited him. Like ministering angels had they come to bear him beyond earth's toil and care, and

laden with its precious burden, amidst moans and tears, it floated from the brink far out into the lake, leaving the lonely watcher wondering at the things he had seen.

So we, too, bid him farewell, grateful that we have his inspiring example to dwell upon, and impressed anew with the power, sublimity, and awful significance of this great cycle of legends, so profoundly expressing the highest of man's spiritual aspirations, the anguish of his struggle, the honor of defeat, and the the promise of final victory.

A. M. '96.

THE earth is bright and sweet and wondrous fair,
The summer skies are soft and blue and clear,
Sweet perfumes fill the quiet peaceful air;
The world is glad, and thou art glad, my dear.
Your life is budding, and it thrills your veins;
The world holds joy, and it will come to you.

The earth is cold and desolate and drear,
The skies are soft and cheerless now, and gray,
The chill wind blows, and sleet and snow are here,
The earth is cold, and thou art sad, my dear.
You now know life, and with its joy comes grief;
The world holds sorrow for us, everyone.

L. H. '96.

The Abbey Paintings in the Boston Public Library.

SETTING aside the remote history of a period of legendary and romantic atmosphere, we have the simple story of the "Holy Grail," which became the immediate impulse to an expedition of the knights. Always widely known and popular, the story of Arthur did not escape the attention of the old writers, and later, when touched by the magical genius of Tennyson, it became more prominent and deeply influential in literature. It is not however to the living power of Tennyson, but to the French and German sources of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, that Mr. Abbey has gone for inspiration.

As told by different writers, different heroes have been chosen for the quest; with Tennyson, Mr. Abbey chose for his, the British Galahad. Brought up by nuns, Galahad, a descendant of Joseph of Arimathea, knew only the life of a secluded convent.

Mr. Abbey in his first picture represents the appearance of the Holy Grail to the child. Held aloft by a kneeling nun, the golden-haired Galahad stretches forth his tiny hands towards the brightness. Against the bright background of blue tapestry, with its golden figures, the white-robed angel, bearing the flashing cup of rosy light, floats upon out-spread wings. This painting, though beautiful and lofty, is still the simplest of them all.

Following it, Galahad, now become a youth, kneels before a shrine. The dim light of early dawn, glimmering through the arched windows of an old Celtic chapel, falls upon the red-robed figure of the knight. On the wall is the symbol of eternity, and below, the picture of the crucifixion. Kneeling behind him and fastening the spurs of knighthood upon his feet are Sir Lancelot and Sir Bors. There is perhaps throughout it all, a hint of danger, the solemn silence of devotion, but with it the vagueness of a latent trouble, like the faint shadow of a passing cloud. The spirit of Galahad, lost in adoration at the altar, radiates through every fibre and pervades the whole. Upon him alone rests the poetic environment of spiritual mystery.

At last, in the third painting, the young Galahad is brought to the Round Table of Arthur, in Camelot. The vast hall is filled with knights. Beneath the splendid canopy of a rich "balda-chin," King Arthur, with bowed head, rises sadly in grave and stately welcome. His is the presence of an innate sovereignty humbled with noble deference. At his right is Lancelot, while behind him are his little cup-bearer and his careless jester, Dag-onet. Amid the encircling throng of unseen white-robed angels, one seat alone is vacant,—the chair of destiny, in which whoever sits must lose himself. To it, Joseph of Arimathea, clothed in white, leads Sir Galahad. Proclaimed as the hero of the Holy Grail, the knight draws near. Standing as though for a moment half-reluctant, he is still completely noble in his acceptance of the Holy Quest. It is the forecasting of a patience that endures with life and the courage that does not fear to die. Throughout the painting there is color, feeling, pathos—blended together with the elaborate splendor of a royal court.

Following the fortunes of the knight still farther, comes the beginning of the quest. Sir Galahad, once more in a cathedral and surrounded by his kneeling knights, receives with them the final benediction. At the altar are the priests, and King Arthur, sorrowing over the departure of the knights, kneels upon the steps.

And last of all we find Sir Galahad encountering his first adventure. He has reached the castle of the Grail. Shrouded in the dim, unearthly light of the spell-bound hall, Amfortas, the Fisher King of the old legend, lies upon a high Celtic coffin. With his crown and sceptre as powerless beside him as they have been for centuries, the old man, surrounded by the wasted figures of his enchanted followers, awaits the hero who alone can release them. At the right is the procession with its angel-bearer of the shining Grail. The young knight, to fulfil his mission and attain the Grail, has but to ask the meaning of all that is before him. But Galahad, with wondering eyes fixed upon the bleeding spear of the knight, and the shimmering lustre of the radiant cup,—stands rapt in reverie. It is the consummate revelation of a great soul deeply impressed, seeking within his

own thoughts the solution of a mystery, which, for the time, remains unsolved. The moment passes, and with it Sir Galahad's opportunity is gone.

With his failure, the first series of the painting ends. Mr. Abbey, in his ideals of the youthful Galahad, in choice of incidents, and in quality of feeling, shows the natural result of a true knowledge of the old legends. Complete in his sympathy with the subject, it has been touched with fine and rare freedom of imagination and "deserves high and lofty praise."

The fair-haired, scarlet-robed knight is represented always in the golden mist of the painter's own ideal. Whatever may be the criticism, or whatever the praise, neither need be accepted to enjoy the Abbey paintings. They have a sufficient beauty of their own, and one need look only at the boy hero, gazing with his clear eyes upon the world—as if mightily to make it pure and beautiful,—to be satisfied with the idea and its development.

C. M. '96.

THERE's a merry laugh in the hall above,
There's a light step on the stair,
Sweetly echo the notes of a song —
Happiness everywhere !

Brightest of days !— Oh, hold them fast !
Keep them ! Bid them stay !
Sorrow, sorrow will come at last ;
Sadness there is alway !

A. P. '97.

King Arthur Dramatized.

THE intense interest awakened by the Arthur Tales is illustrated in another instance by Boston's enthusiastic welcome of Carr's new drama, *King Arthur*. The tragedy is divided into a prologue and four acts. On the rise of the curtain, Arthur and Merlin are just discernible in the early dawn, standing by the Magic Mere. Slowly out of the water rises an arm, holding aloft a jeweled sword which has been forged beneath the waters. It bears the name Excalibur. And as Arthur takes it, Merlin tells him that the blade of the sword is so potent that it cannot be withstood, but that the scabbard is to be more highly valued than the blade. Then a vision of Guinevere appears, which is wonderfully beautiful. Upon the sight of this, Arthur swears that she shall be his queen, but is warned by Merlin against her.

At the opening of the first act, Arthur and Guinevere are wedded and prosperity rules in the realm. But evil is ever hovering near and in Morgan Le Fay we find a most bitter enemy of Arthur, who is longing to bring destruction upon the king that her son, Mordred, may reign in his stead.

The secret of Lancelot's guilty love is known to but one, Morgan Le Fay, and when the other knights of the Round Table start in quest of the Holy Grail, Lancelot remains behind, not from cowardice, for he is truly brave, but at the command of the king, whose love for him is so great he cannot bear the separation. Morgan Le Fay is content with this arrangement, for with this secret she hopes to bring evil and ruin on the king. Having heard of the great value which Arthur places upon his scabbard, which he once compared to his queen, she steals it, and from that time forth unhappiness and misery brood over Arthur and all that is his. He learns of the unfaithfulness of Guinevere, and goes forth to fight the enemy with his bare sword. But this is of no avail without the scabbard, and we hear the false report that he has been slain by Lancelot.

At the supposed death of Arthur, Mordred becomes king and desires Guinevere for his wife. But she spurns him as if he were some unclean animal, for which contempt Mordred puts her in prison and condemns her to be burned. She can still be rescued by one appeal, and then Arthur steps forth disguised, as her champion. But his blade can avail nothing, and he falls mortally wounded by Mordred. In a later encounter, we have the satisfaction of knowing that Mordred has been slain by Lancelot.

Near the close of the last act is the most touching scene between Arthur and Guinevere. Arthur, being delirious, speaks to Guinevere as in the springtime of his love, and as the curtain falls a spirit barge is borne by the Queen of Night across the Magic Mere to Avalon —

Sleep! oh sleep! till night but worn
Wakens to the echoing horn
That shall greet the King new born,
King that was and is to be.
And a voice from shore to shore
Cries, "Arise, and sleep no more.
Greet the dawn, the night is o'er,
England's sword is in the sea."

K. W. '97.



A Foreign School.

THE greater part of the time that I spent in Florence was in the "Scuola delle Diaconesse," and I think that nothing will ever efface the memory of that winter from my mind. It was so wholly different from everything American, so strange and foreign and queer.

The school-building was a very old convent adjoining the Church of the Carmine, and there was a subterranean passageway from the cellar of the school to the vault of the church. This was the very same convent in which Piccarda took the veil, and from which she was torn by her violent brother to marry one of his associates, and I used to amuse myself trying to decide which room had been hers.

The school was kept by seven Protestant Sisters, and besides these there were many other teachers. Everything about the place was most primitive. The floors were stone and brick even in the third story. The seats in the class-rooms were long wooden benches, and the desks were long tables with drawers so that if the girl sitting in the middle of the row was sent to the board all the girls at one end of the bench had to rise and file out into the aisle to let her pass. There was a furnace in the cellar, but on some days it refused to heat, and the house was exceedingly cold. In the classes there were "scaldini," or earthenware pots, covered with wire netting, and filled with live coals. These pots were passed around during recitations, and each girl kept one long enough to warm her hands.

We arose at six, summer and winter, and were given one hour in which to make our beds, dress, and sweep and dust the room. Then a bell rang, and we all went down to breakfast. Sister E. said grace, and we began to eat. The breakfast consisted of a cup of weak coffee and one roll of bread for each girl. We broke our bread into the coffee, and ate it with a spoon, as there was no butter. After breakfast came prayers, then a study hour, and at nine the lessons began. At half after ten a Sister came around

with a basket of bread, and each boarder took a piece. The luncheon was served at twelve, and we had either macaroni and bread and butter, or eggs and bread and butter, or hash and bread and butter, never anything else. From half after twelve till one was the recreation period; we were not allowed to run or dance or skip, "most unladylike and immodest for girls of our age," as one of the Sisters informed us. At four we went to walk, a long procession, two and two, with a Sister at the head. We always took the same walk, and went the same way, and before we started out we were carefully inspected to see that we had no holes in our stockings, and that our gloves were buttoned, for it was most unladylike for a girl to be seen buttoning her gloves on the street.

At five we had a dinner of soup, meat, two vegetables, and wine, and during the spring term, just before the soup was served, a Sister went around and gave each girl two huge iron pills, which we were obliged to take. On our arrival Sister E., the Superior, thought it necessary to give my sister and me a lesson in table-manners. "You must eat from the points of your spoons," she said, "and be sure to tip up your soup-plates, so that not a drop be lost. When you are done eating, lay your hands on the table, one on each side of your plate, and when your plate is removed, fold your hands, being careful to keep them always in plain sight."

After dinner we studied from six to eight, all in the school-room, with a Sister to keep watch over us. A bell rang at eight and we all went to the dining-room and had weak tea, bread and butter, and Bologna. After that, we did our mending or made fancy-work, while a sister read aloud to us.

We were never permitted to talk during meals, no matter how informal. We might answer when asked a question by some Sister or a teacher, but to enter into conversation was an unheard of thing. We went to bed at nine, sleeping five in a room, in narrow, hard little beds arranged as in a hospital ward.

Saturday was bath day, and instead of walking, we were all

marched to a bath-house on the other side of the Arno, each girl carrying her soap and brush and comb in a little bundle.

The holidays were worse than the school-days; all day we sat about the long table in the dining-room, sewing, drawing, or writing letters. We could talk in whispers but no louder, and any attempt at games was promptly reproved. A Sister sat with us all day to maintain order,—how wearisome it must have been for that sister! Once, I remember, we started some charades, and were in the midst of the second syllable, when the Sister, who had been absent a few minutes, came in. Of course, our charade was stopped, and we were treated to a long lecture.

Our parents could come to see us from two to four o'clock on Thursday afternoon, but we had to stay in the Mother Superior's parlor during their visit, and she or some other Sister was always present.

There was no regular school uniform, but we were all obliged to wear great blue pinafores with sleeves during school-hours.

We had to study pretty hard. The lessons in themselves were not at all difficult, but we always had a great deal to commit to memory, in both poetry and prose; for instance, we were required to repeat the whole history lesson word for word.

I was heartily glad when my mother came in the spring and took us away to Switzerland, for I was rather tired of being watched over, scolded, having all my letters read before they were delivered to me, being made to stand up in bed for an indefinite length of time when I snored, and of finding my possessions in the disorder-basket. This basket was a large receptacle into which were put all articles found out of their proper places. It was opened at lunch time, on Mondays, and we received our various belongings, on paying one cent for each article if it were small, and two cents if it were large. There was one girl who redeemed her Bible and Hymnal from the basket every week.

How different such a school is from those in our country, for example! One, a system of discipline and espionage, the other, directing, not commanding, and appealing to every sense of duty and honor. There we looked on the teachers as dragons and

tyrants, here, as friends and helpers. Let us be thankful that we have the opportunity of enjoying all the privileges of the education which is denied to the girls of so many other nations, and let us try to make the best and most honorable use of the freedom of thought and action so liberally accorded to us.

A. M. '99.

THE day is now done, the moon is hung
Like a basket in the sky;
The little stars shine, and so, baby mine,
Lul-a-by, lul-a-by.

The day is now done, and one by one
The birdies have ceased to fly;
The butterfly went at set of sun.
Lul-a-by, lul-a-by.

The day is now done, but with the sun
They will all come back again,
They shall all come again to baby dear.
Lul-a-by, lul-a-by.

F. B. S. '96.

A Letter from Miss McKeen.

DEAR COURANT,—Tell you about my Thanksgiving Day?

Yes, gladly, for it was very interesting to me. I was so fortunate as to have, as guests, Miss Alice Buck, my friend and neighbor, and Miss Frances Marrett, who, since she was graduated from Abbot Academy ten years ago, has been teaching in the Perkins Institution for the Blind, and Miss Bennett, who is in charge of the girls' department there,—indeed, she has given twenty years to this noble work,—and also two of their pupils, Lottie Rich and Edith Thomas.

Lottie, now sixteen years of age, is tall and slight and graceful, and, notwithstanding her total blindness, she is very intelligent and even enthusiastic and ambitious in study; unlike to many girls, she is not content with something about a subject; she requires definite knowledge.

Edith Thomas is one year older than Lottie, but as she is deaf, dumb and blind, she is naturally much less mature; still, the ideas which she has received, the facts with which she is acquainted, the processes of reasoning which she carries on, and the emotions which she has kindled, seem really miraculous. All my fears that we might not be able to entertain her, soon fled, for one of her teachers was always near to communicate, through the palm of her hand, whatever was being said, and Edith is quick to receive, and ready to respond by her fingers, or attempts at vocal utterance, which is still almost inarticulate.

To help her to "see," as she calls it, where she was, I took her about the room and laid her hands upon various objects; as she carefully felt a small, marble statue of the Vatican Danaid, noting the round shoulders and back, she discovered that she was stooping; she then followed the delicate arms and hands till she found the empty basin which told the weary, hopeless task to which she had been condemned. Edith was much interested in the story, and when she felt of the next object, a bronze dog from the Vatican, she was pleased to associate the beautiful

Danaid and the dog, with the Pope's residence. As we came to the mantel-shelves, she held a bogwood owl and told what it was, and "saw" with interest the background of it, men and women in small boats, surrounding the big ocean steamer anchored off Queenstown, all eager to sell their bogwood wares; next, a chamois group from Interlachen occupied her fingers, which followed the horns to their outmost tips. She held a bronze lamp from the Catacombs, and as I told a little about life down there, I said this lamp probably belonged to a Christian and asked how I knew it. Both girls immediately began a fresh examination and soon found the star at one end and the cross surmounted by a dove at the other. A bead receptacle for long needles used in bead work called the mind home to the Indian girl who made it, at Hampton, Virginia.

Later, as we sat talking, I said to Miss Marrett, "Of course, Edith will not remember about those things, but it is enough that she has had a transient interest." She took the child's hand and asked it, "What has Miss McKeen been showing you?" She, at once, began with the bead work and went backward, telling of the lamp and the chamois and the owl and the dog and the Danaid, even ending with the name of her father, the King. She also gave the places from whence the things came!

I asked her to tell me of something which had interested her at school. She answered, "I have been much interested in Mrs. Stowe, and I bought Uncle Tom's Cabin with my own money, I liked it so much." She was pleased to know that Mrs. Stowe used to live in Andover and that her house is still standing.

Lottie had found something in the library which she wished me to interpret; it was Michael Angelo's Lorenzo de Medici. She had found that the right hand was so turned that its back rested upon the knee and that the left hand supported the chin, and the forefinger lay across the lips, and that the helmet was drawn down upon the forehead. She thought he must be troubled, and wished to know what it was about. In her blindness she had divined the "Thoughtful."

The ladies took the girls out in the moonlight to find where Mrs. Stowe used to live, and how the school buildings stand. It

was pathetic to see them groping around the porch of the Academy and stretching their young arms about the pillars, to get an idea of the house where Miss Marrett used to go to school.

The next morning, Lottie told Miss Bennett that, after they retired for the night, Edith continued to spell into her hand till she was too sleepy to answer; finally, she said, "My fingers feel like dancing, but I see yours do not."

Before leaving, the party called at Draper Hall where they met a warm welcome and were hastily shown about the house, to their great delight.

Time had been reserved for a call upon Mrs. Downs, whom they remembered affectionately, as she had given them a lecture and visited their classes; she interested them much in the examination and story of her antique flax wheel. It was a picture which will not fade, when Mr. Downs played to that group. Lottie was by his side, and sturdy little Edith stood by the piano with her open palm flat upon the wires. Mr. Downs looked happy when he saw a light passing over the sober face, as if something pleasant had broken into her darkness.

As we bade the friends good-by we knew that they had left a blessing behind them, for we began to be deeply grateful for sight and hearing and speech. To dwell in perpetual darkness and unbroken silence and bear it with sweet humility and serene cheerfulness is to teach patience and penitence.

Since writing these reminiscences I have received the following letters which I am sure will interest your readers:

"DEAR MISS MCKEEN,

It is now nearly two weeks since I was out to Andover, but it seems as if it were only two or three days ago, Time flies so quickly. The first thing I did when I arrived at school was to tell the matron and one of the teachers all about my visit, and in the afternoon, when I went home, I told the same story over again. The girls, too, were very anxious to hear it, so I told them, of course. I felt delighted to tell them about my visit to Andover, it was such a lovely and interesting one. I told them about the statues which I saw, and especially about Lorenzo de

Medici, for you know that I liked that statue very much. Hoping to see you soon at the Institution,

I am your sincere friend,

LOTTIE B. RICH,

554 E. Fourth Street, South Boston, Mass.

December tenth, 1895."

"SOUTH BOSTON, December eleventh, 1895.

DEAR MISS MCKEEN,

I had a very delightful time with you in Andover Thanksgiving Day. I am studying about Italy now in geography. I remember the things you showed me in Andover, which came from Italy. I have learned about the two tunnels in Italy; the names of these tunnels are Mt. Cenis and the St. Gotthard. Mt. Cenis leads from Italy into France, and St. Gotthard from Italy into Switzerland. We are going to study about France to day. Miss Marrett is reading "Zigzag Journeys in Europe" to me. It is very interesting and like history. After evening reading, Miss Marrett teaches me French. I like French very much. Last Saturday evening, one of my school-mates and I took tea with one of our friends in the city. After tea, we all played games and had a very nice time. I got the prize in one of the games; there were twenty things on a table and I examined them all and wrote the names of all I could remember, and I remembered the most things. The prize was a pipe which came from Dieppe, France.

Very sincerely yours,

EDITH M. THOMAS.

Hetty Henderson's Mistake.

“**W**HEN you git that pie filling made, Hetty, fill them pies and set 'em in the butry; I'm going to step over to mother Gifford's with some o' these doughnuts; she was always particlar fond o' my kind. Yesterday she was feeling 's though she wouldn't last long, but you know she always is having some kind o' disease:— a stetch dropped in the spine of her back, and then mebbe, brown creeturs in her throat; but she always gits well some how. I see a lot o' kittens o' lint under her cheers and sofy in the setting room, and she aint one o' them kind to die and leave her house like that.”

During this somewhat lengthy speech, Mrs. Henderson had taken her hood and shawl from behind the kitchen door and enveloped herself in them. It was Thanksgiving week, and great were the preparations throughout the community. Savory smoke arose from every chimney, like sacrificial incense to the gods of the household. Mrs. Henderson, although she expected no company, like most of her neighbors, made none the fewer preparations.

Hetty, having filled the rich pastry with the golden squash and pumpkin, took her knitting and sat down to await her mother's return.

“Whahish-haw there!” she heard some one shout in the barn yard. She hurried to the door and looked out.

“Why, good morning, Lester,” she called out, a rosy blush spreading on her dimpled face.

“Morning, Hetty. Yer pa ter hum?”

“No; he's down in the ten-acre lot. Anything particular?”

“I guess not. Pretty frosty, aint it?”

“Yes, pretty sharp.”

“Yer ma to hum?”

Hetty laughed. “No,” she said, “but I'm ter hum. Come in and warm your hands, and ma 'll be home soon, I reckon.”

"Wall, my hands *air* cold, come to think on't. You're all alone, you say?"

"Yes, ma's down to mother Gifford's. She's getting low again," she answered, holding the door open for him while he scraped his boots.

"There, now lay your patterns where they'll get warm, and draw your cheer up nigh to the fire. There's a good fire; ma's been doing Thanksgiving cooking."

"Going to hev company?" he asked, shuffling his heavy, awkward feet uneasily.

"Not so fur's I know; but that don't make no odds about the cooking."

"I see there's going to be a concert in the town hall Thanksgiving night," he said slowly. "Won't you go long o' me?"

Hetty hesitated. "Ebenezer Hazeltine spoke to me Sunday 'bout it, and I as good as said I'd go with him."

"Oh, yer did, did ye?" he said, turning sharply to the blushing Hetty. "I suppose yer mean to say my room's better than my company, and I suppose that's why yer haint been to singing school fur nigh on ter three weeks. He haint asked yer, and yer didn't care fur my company. Why didn't yer tell me straight out, but perhaps yer wanted two strings to yer bow, so if one give —

"Lester Williams, yer haint no right to speak so. Yer know it aint so. Yer needn't get mad just cause he asked me first. He don't git mad when you git ahead o' him,— he —"

"Yer needn't say no more Hetty, I'm going. I jest wanted to tell yer pa that he could hev them oxen Friday. He spoke down to the store 'bout needing 'em."

Hetty did not answer, but sat with her apron over her head, while Lester strode out of the house. When she was sure he was gone she burst into tears, in which state her mother found her.

"Why what on earth, lan's sake, Hetty, what does ail yer, — yer haint hurt yerself?"

"No," sobbed Hetty.

"Wal, what then ; broke something ?"

"No," with another sob.

"Wal, what under the canopy hev yer done? I dunno anything much wuss, unless yer spiled them pies."

"No, I aint ; Lester Williams been here."

"That haint so wonderful, seems ter me. He haint spoke ter yer, Hetty, has he?" This last with a look that sought to pierce the apron and search the hidden face.

"No, he haint. He accused me o' flirting with Eben Hazeltine, jus' cause I was going to the concert with him."

"Wal I never! What's that to fire up over, I'd like to know."

"I don't kno-o-w," and again the apron went over Hetty's head.

"Anybody'd think you set a powerful store by him, the way you're taking on. Aint yer making feathers out 'er snow-flakes?"

"No, I aint, and I hope he'll never set his foot inside this house again," with which final outburst Hetty rushed from the room.

"She'll come round all right," her mother thought, as she put the pies in the oven. For nearly two years Lester Williams had been "stepping up" to Hetty Henderson, and it had become the heart's desire of Mrs. Henderson to see her daughter the mistress of Williams' farm ; but alas for the course of true love!

About two weeks before this eventful day Ebenezer Hazeltine, the only son of a wealthy farmer, had come home from a two years' law study. He had immediately fallen victim to the beauty and many charms of Miss Henderson, and from the Sunday when Ebenezer had first met her, Lester had a rival. Deep down in his heart he had hated Ebenezer as much as he dared, and when finally Hetty herself turned from him, it was more than his deeply wounded heart could endure. He did not realize that, although Hetty cast encouraging glances at Ebenezer, there might be other feelings in her heart ; — that she did care for him but womanlike enjoyed tantalizing him.

Hetty did "come round" as her mother prophesied, but she missed Lester more than she would have cared to own. For two years he had brought their daily paper, but now he walked past

the house without even a glance. For two days she endured it ; Ebenezer came during that time but could win no smiles from her. On the third day, as Lester past the house, Hetty ran out into the road.

"Lester !" she called, but Lester walked steadily on.

"Lester, won't you wait jist one minute, *please ?* "

"Wal," he said, turning as she ran up behind him.

"Lester, please don't be angry with me ; you know I like *you* best ! "

"I'm much obliged for the honor," he answered grimly ; "what's Ebenezer done that yer like *me* best all on a sudden ? "

"He haint done nothing, but *I* hev. *Won't* yer forgive me ? "

"If that's all yer want I guess I'd better be getting along," he answered briskly. Hetty stood in the middle of the road and watched him walk briskly away, but he did not turn ; and then she heard the sound of hoofs coming from the opposite direction.

She turned just in time to see Ebenezer drive into the yard.

"Why, Hetty," he called, "what are you doing out there in the cold without your wraps ? You'll get pneumonia ! "

"I guess 'taint likely," she answered. "I wish I could."

"Why, what's the matter," he cried, surprised at her unusual crossness.

"Come and take a ride ; it will make you feel better."

"I don't want a ride !" she said sharply and hurried past him. He started to follow her, but changed his mind and drove rapidly away. That evening Hetty put on her best hat and shawl and announced to her mother that she was going to singing school.

"Why, child alive, ain't yer expectin' Eben to-night ? " her mother asked.

"Yes, but I guess he'll be here when I git home."

"You've got your gums on ? " she said, following her to the door. "It's damp out and I don't want yer ketchin' cold."

"I'm all right, ma. Don't keep Eben if he's partial to going early."

In singing school that evening Hetty took her accustomed seat

and did not notice Eben among the boys who gave a friendly nod as she came in.

After singing school Hetty pinned her shawl warmly around her throat and started homeward. It was a perfect night,—the moon at the full and the air keen and bracing. She had not gone far when she heard some one behind her, and her heart beat faster.

“Hetty!” she heard a well known voice say, and some one laid a hand on her shoulder.

“Hetty, I can’t stand it any longer,” she heard Lester say in a hoarse voice, “I’ve been a pesky fool, and I’d oughter be trounced!”

He was beside her now and had taken possession of one of the little hands under the shawl. “Hetty, can you forgive me, dear? I’ve been a ravening wolf inside, as the parson reads about; and when I’d got ter thinkin’ yer cared for me, ter hev yer steppin’ off so spry with *him*, what don’t care nigh onto one half so much fur you as I do, I jest couldn’t stand it, and spoke right out in meetin’: and yer know, Hetty, I *do* love yer, I’d sell my eye-teeth fer yer. Don’t yer think yer made a leetle mistake by riling me up so considerable when I might hev done some-thin’ awful, feelin’s I did,—and when yer know yer love me,—yer do, don’t yer, Hetty?”

No answer. He hurried on lest courage should fail. “I aint half good enough fur yer, but I’ll do all I ken to make life easy fur yer. And I aint much fur beauty, but my heart’s as big as all creation, and its yourn every mite of it, if yer’ll only take it, and give me yourn.”

There was a moment’s silence, then Hetty raised her face to his and said, “I reckon that there aint no use denying that I love yer, Lester, ’cause I do, and it seems as though I always had, and I guess,”—with a saucy smile,—“I did make a mistake.”

F. S. '96.

The Pacaha Club of Helena, Arkansas.

I have been asked to write a bright, breezy account of our Club for the Courant. I am quite frightened by these qualifying requirements, and know that I can never come up to them in this history.

If a plain tale will answer the purpose I am willing to undertake the recounting of it, and can at least promise to meet the requirements of the veritist.

Our Club is nearly seven years old, and is the result of the ideas of two girls who had had one happy year out of school, and who felt at the beginning of the next year that they would like to renew the pleasure which at school they had found in study. They thought of a literary club for women, although they did not know that such clubs existed. Indeed the daughters of Sorosis were not nearly so numerous then as now, nor such important factors in the onward and upward life of communities, and the General Federation of Women's Clubs had not been more than dreamed of, and had probably not had that much of a beginning.

The girls in question did not give their enthusiasm time to cool. They started out to get up the club as soon as they thought of it, and when they left the home of one on a January day, when the southern sun had made a disagreeable slush of the snow underfoot, they had but two ideas relative to their project. One was to ask no one to join the club who was not really fond of study, which condition was in italics; the other was that such dead topics as "the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome," should be utterly tabooed in the studies that should be chosen. They are wiser now, and, while they still believe that what is going on in the world to-day is of more importance than what happened centuries ago, they know that the present can only be understood by the past, and they would be willing now to have the club begin at the beginning, and patiently follow

the chain of events and ideas that makes the world what it is to-day.

When the originators of our Club started on their quest for Women really fond of study, they thought of only seven who met this fastidious requirement. That they were mistaken in their estimate, the worth of many members added since then proves. There are now twenty-nine names on the roll, and the larger club is much more enjoyable than the smaller one.

We existed for about four years under the name of the Philomathic Club, but when we joined the Federation in '92, some of us, while proud of being Philomaths, hardly cared to appear before the world with a name which had been so long associated with school literary societies, and which savored rather of the blue-stocking order of women, than of the practical club women which we aspired to be. We therefore chose a name which we thought meant so little that it would never give us any trouble. But as far as our name is concerned, we have been on the defensive ever since. Nobody understands why we chose it, our fellow citizens pronounce it incorrectly, we, ourselves, only upon the third trial, and after making inquiry of the Smithsonian Institute, have gotten the emphasis upon the proper syllable. I must discharge the obligation which I always feel when I mention the name to strangers, and explain it. It is the name of the Indian village which is believed to have once occupied the site of Helena: it means "down stream," and is accented on the first syllable.

Pursuant to the determination to make a study of live topics, we gave the first year to a consideration of woman, and although we had not exhausted the subject at the end of the year, we passed without logical sequence to studies of German History and Literature. Then we went to France, and then to England. A year with Shakespeare is looked back upon by the Club as one of the most delightful it has spent. It culminated in a beautiful entertainment given by one of the members, when Shakespeare's heroines were represented by the Club members. Shakespeare's songs sung, and parts of plays given. The sou-

venirs were flowers mentioned by Shakespeare, hand painted, and accompanied with quotations.

Afterwards, Mrs. H. C. Rightor, who gave the entertainment, made an exhaustive study of Shakespeare and compiled a book of quotations from his plays and sonnets, referring to flowers. Each illustrated page of the book has two or more appropriate quotations. A pretty basket of flowers and weeds is accompanied by these quotations :

“Fill up this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious juiced flowers.”

Romeo and Juliet. Act II, Scene 3.

“These flowers are like the pleasures of the world.”

Cymbeline. Act IV, Scene 2.

The illustrations were done in water colors by Mrs. John I. Moore, a member of the Club. The manuscript, in two volumes, bound in red leather, was exhibited in the Library of the Woman's Building at the World's Fair, where it was much admired.

Last year the Club studied Washington Irving and Walter Scott. One of our members possesses a letter received during this time from the great granddaughter of Scott, who now owns his loved Abbotsford.

The study of Scott suggested a Scotch Evening for our anniversary celebration, when the Club scored a great success, both socially and in a literary way. These pretty, original lines were given by one of the members, Miss Maude Sanders, in response to the toast, “Nemo me impune lacessit :”

“We'll drink to one whose name, I trow,
Will set each Scottish heart aglow,
Whose sovereign power by all is known,
Who sways each heart by love alone !
To one, whose image on knightly shield,
Has turned the tide of battlefield :
Whose highest honor by death is wrought,
Against whose cause, life, love, is naught.
By princes worn, by peasant loved,
Plucked never yet by hand ungloved ;
Close guarded in her castle green,

In silken garments like a queen,
Secure, till Boreas woos and wins,
Then off with him she gayly spins;
Her name, by now, you've guessed, I know.
May the Scottish Thistle forever blow."

This year our program is divided between Ireland and American History and Literature.

Our Club has not reached its present solid standing at a bound. We started and lived for some time without constitution and by-laws; for a while the term of presidency lasted only a month; the programs were made out very little in advance by the President, and were laboriously written by her or the Secretary. We met at the homes of the members; the property of the Club, a Worcester's dictionary, being transported from house to house, often by hand. We depended mainly upon the Encyclopedia Britannica for our knowledge and copied whole sections of it to be read before the Club.

Now, all this is changed, though we are not yet an ideal club. We are formally organized, and have an executive committee, which makes out a program for the next season, beginning in October upon a subject chosen by the Club at its first meeting in January.

The programs are printed and ready for distribution before the Summer vacation begins. We rented a pleasant room in the Women's Library building in which the Club has an interest and pride, as it was started by some of its members.

The Club has not taken up any practical work, but its members are very active in, and often the leaders of, various projects for the good of the community, and, while the principal studies are literary, and the key-note of the Club might appear to be self-culture, there are meetings devoted to the discussion of practical topics where many helpful and thought-arousing ideas are advanced.

One meeting in each month is given to current topics which usually proves interesting. Our last meeting of this kind was specially interesting, when fresh from reading Trilby, the members grew very animated over that suggestive novel.

Our initial meetings, when the members give short papers on vacation doings are always enjoyed. One of our most enjoyable meetings had for its subject, "What we can learn of interest in Helena." The saw-mills, the oil-mills, the cotton gins and compresses, the box factory, the electric light plant, the telephone and telegraph offices were visited by determined women, armed with note-books, and bent on getting at all the secrets of mechanics and science which the managers could or would interpret to them. One young woman stated gravely in her paper on the cotton-seed oil industry, that in the interest of science she tasted some of the oil, and the nimbleness with which the intellects of some had taken hold of the intricacies of dynamos, engines, electric currents, and the many varieties of wood saws, was interesting to note. But not only utilitarian themes were presented. One of the members gazed at the stars shining over Helena, another told of the stars of the woods, another went back into the mysterious past, and learned as far as geology sayeth, how Crowley's Ridge, which terminates here, was formed, and yet another, who has made so thorough a study of the birds of this section, that she has been made a member of the American Ornithological Union, told us when to look for the songsters which bless us with visits at intervals, and others which are with us all the time. This member has induced us to wear no more feathers in our caps, except figuratively speaking.

And this reminds me to say that our Club has put itself on record definitely against only one thing — vivisection.

I might tell of other things which have added to our local fame and glory, but when I think of them on the printed page they lose their importance, so I desist.

MARGARET BEDFORD NEAL.

School Journal.

THE *Courant* this year justifies its title, "Mid-year number," by appearing in the middle of the year instead of in December, as formerly.

That the publication of a well regulated school paper may become one of the greatest means for promoting literary ability and interest is unquestioned. The efficient work which it should, and undoubtedly does, stimulate is such as even a thorough training in English could not of itself call forth. Through it alone the undercurrent of student life makes itself felt. And far away, to the old students in their widely-scattered, busy lives, the school journal, with its wealth of old associations, carries its message. It may be that it is of the most practical value to the editors; yet, it is only when sustained by the enthusiastic and hearty support of the entire school that such a magazine can hope to attain its highest success, a success which shall make it worthy to be estimated and criticised with other publications and which in its very nature shall be an expression of the school, for the school, and by the school.

A feeling of loyalty for ones' school is akin to a feeling of patriotism for ones' country. As that man is not most truly patriotic who makes the greatest noise on the Fourth of July, but the one who gives his life or his dear ones to his country in her time of need; so that student is not most truly loyal who hurrahs loudest at the ball-games or boasts most of his school's merits, but rather the one who gives, not life, but something of himself to his school.

The aim of the Christian school is to develop the best mental and moral good in her sons and daughters. To accomplish this purpose there must be co-operation between teachers and students.

But, although the feeling between teachers and students is very important, it is not as vital a question as the relation among students themselves. Among so many young people, brought together in close everyday contact, many lasting friendships and pleasant acquaintances should be formed which will make the whole life richer and brighter. School life ought to have a broadening effect and can have, to greater extent, as we enter into the thoughts and feelings of others whose experiences, training, and environment have been different from our own. There is danger of losing in great measure the education which can be obtained from contact with other students, either by too strict a devo-

tion to study, or by a lazy contentment with a narrow circle of friends. Some students do not see that this making of friends is a duty as well as a privilege, and in later years they regret that they have made so few friends in their school-days.

As the aim of our schools is to send out useful men and women, shall we not do our best for the school, not only by striving to be a vital part of her while within her walls, but also by getting from her all possible good. As the dutiful son receives everything from his father, hoping to do him honor in later years, so must we improve every advantage offered by our school so that in future she may gladly say of us, as Abbot now proudly says of many, "She was my daughter."

"To the most high, mightie, and magnificent Empresse, renowned for pietie, vertue, and all gracious government, Elizabeth, by the grace of God, Queene of England, France, and Ireland, and of Virginia, Defender of the Faith, etc. Her most humble servaunt, Edmund Spenser, doth in all humilitie dedicate, present, and consecrate these his labors to live with the eternitie of her fame."

Is Spenser's prophetic hope for its Faerie Queene carried out?

Let us see how this question is answered right here among the girls of Abbot Academy, and from this we can judge in some degree of the answer from the wider circle of education throughout the world.

For four weeks each Fall, the class in English Literature at Abbot Academy studies the first book of the Faerie Queene, and for those four weeks each girl is filled with enthusiasm and thinks that she never studied anything with so much interest. She often speaks with pride of "reading Spenser," and finds many convenient occasions for quoting lines concerning "gentle knights" and "ladies faire beside."

The life of the Faerie Queene is truly a busy one for these few weeks and it is highly respected, but it finds an early grave in a niche on the book-shelf, out of which the Shakespeare slips for a life equally brilliant.

Now, looking forward into the future when the school life is over, we see the different girls reading and exulting over — the latest book. But where is the Faerie Queene? Its fall is surely a sad one, for we find it smothered in the musty garret under a pile of old school books. Sometimes fate is not so cruel, and we see it holding its own bravely among the books on the top shelf of the book-case or even on the library table. It seems very quiet, however, and seldom enters into conversation with its old acquaintances.

Yet in all these instances, though the Faerie Queene is not a daily companion and may seem almost forgotten, its influence, like that of a friend from whom we never hear, must leave a trace.

We often hear it stated that it is the duty of every student to keep pace with current literature, and assimilate it with his or her courses of study. We concede, without hesitation, the benefits of such reading, though we cannot so readily acknowledge its possibility. Without doubt, there is no course of study that is not made more interesting, practical and helpful by a knowledge of modern ideas in relation to it. From our course, we cite a few examples. Astronomy is fresher and more delightful to the mind of the student when a knowledge of the work of present astronomers is added to that of the past. History appeals more strongly to the imagination when one is able to draw, from the events of to-day, parallel cases with those of past years. From almost every paper and magazine, it is possible to glean some items which are of interest to us in our studies of Literature, Art, and the Sciences. Contemporaneous literature on every subject fits into the writings of the past and tends to increase the knowledge of those who read.

But it is needless to dwell upon the self-evident benefit of such reading. We wish to speak of the actual reading. We recently noticed this passage: "The contemporary reader of to-day is thought to be in rather deep waters, and doubts are now and then expressed as to his ability to keep his head above them. A century ago, he read the classics and perhaps a weekly newspaper. Two generations ago, he was taking a daily newspaper, at some expense. In the present day, such an amount of reading is offered him for so little money that he feels it his duty to take all the newspapers and several magazines. And all the time, books keep coming faster and faster. No wonder is it that the reader is rather embarrassed, and complains that he cannot keep up, and wants to know what to do about it."

In this class of "seekers after knowledge" who have not half time enough to read what they want to read, is the school-girl, who is eager to learn, anxious to keep "posted" on the current events, but who is bewildered by the quantity of matter before her. The first thing for her to learn in this case is to adapt herself to the requirements. She must teach herself to take literature as she would her meals, "reading according to her appetite, and her necessities,—not gorging herself because the market happens to be generous." To use Bacon's oft-quoted advice, "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." And this is a far more important maxim to-day than it was in Bacon's time.

If she is an ambitious girl and wants to make the most of her time

and her opportunities, she certainly ought to read the newspapers and magazines, but read only what is of public interest, or what relates to her individual work, leaving the society items, the gossip, and the like. At least, she should not be so inconsistent as to spend valuable time every day seeking this sort of knowledge, and then say she has no time to learn of the modern inventions and discoveries. If she will only learn to adapt her reading in quality and quantity to her personal circumstances and her individual wants, she will be able to choose, and read, and use.

One of the chief attractions among Boston's amusements this winter seems to have been the representation of "The Merchant of Venice" by Irving and Terry. It is hard to say which was the greater success, for Terry, as Portia, is all that is beautiful, while Irving certainly could not be excelled as Shylock, who is a true representative of his nation.

Shakespeare, in his character of Portia, has aimed at an amiable, intelligent and accomplished woman. She is full of pleasantry too, as shown in her talk with Nerissa.

Ellen Terry seems entirely suited to this part, and makes a very beautiful Portia. In the court scene she is especially attractive, in her bright scarlet doctor's robe and cap. It would almost seem as if Portia must have enough of self reliance to make her almost masculine, but not so. Portia has strength and power of intellect, but in her eloquent appeals to the Jew, loses not one whit of her gentle, womanly dignity.

Shylock, a typical Jew, clothed in old, old garments, but with glittering diamonds in his ears, is the strength of the play. Irving truly portrays this proud, thrifty, Jew suffering the wrongs of his nation, with no aim in life but money, money, money, and no affection but for his daughter, his nation, and his money. But Shylock has his individuality too, for nothing can daunt or disconcert him. His different characteristics appear in the different scenes, as his great sagacity when he first consents to the loan, and his strength of passion in the scene with Antonio's two friends, when he declares his intention of demanding the bond:

"He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million: laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation,—and what's his reason? I am a Jew."

He seeks revenge, and all else seems as nothing in contrast. At the trial it makes one's blood run cold as he sharpens his glittering knife, and even rushes at his poor victim, before Portia's decisive words of warning. Then it all changes, for one's heart is moved to pity for this

terrible Jew thirsting for revenge, who so suddenly sinks into the poor pitiable Shylock, who can only say,

“I pray you, give me leave to go hence ;
I am not well ; send the deed after me
And I will sign it.”

The following clipping from The Christian Intelligencer is from the pen of Dr. J. B. Drury, its editor and the preacher of the able baccalaureate sermon, concerning which he says too little in his accounts of our last Anniversary :

“Abbot Academy has the distinction of being the first chartered institution for the higher education of young women in all New England, if not of the country. It was opened for the reception of students in 1829, the same year which saw the first issue of The Christian Intelligencer. The recent Commencement was accordingly the sixty-sixth, and for two-thirds of a century it has held high rank among educational institutions and sent forth women who, thoroughly equipped for life's work, have left their impress on the homes and societies into which they have entered. Not a few have gone to Mission fields, and more as teachers and authors have made a name for themselves and reflected credit on their Alma Mater. Among the latter may be mentioned Kate Douglass Wiggin, and Anna Fuller.

“Side by side with the Andover Theological Seminary and Phillips Academy for boys, Abbot has been the exponent of what is best in higher education. Though not a college in name, under Miss McKeen, who for a generation was its capable principal, and now under Miss Watson, with an efficient corps of instructors, it has done much collegiate work, and its curriculum is exceptionally high for an academy.

“The president of the trustees is the venerable Prof. Edwards A. Park, D.D., LL.D., whose name appears on this year's diplomas, though he is too infirm to attend Commencement exercises ; and the treasurer is Warren F. Draper, Esq., who, for a full half century, has devoted care and time and means to the upbuilding of Abbot, and after whom the beautiful, spacious, and completely appointed Draper Hall, recently erected, is named.

“The graduating class this year is the largest in its history, numbering twenty, and it was a pleasure to mingle as we did as guests at “Draper” with them and the undergraduates, and address them on Sunday in the spacious South Church, which was filled with friends and patrons of the Academy.

“The sermon was on “The Coming Kingdom and Woman's Agency

in its Triumph," based on "The Parable of the Leaven" (Matt. 13 : 33). It emphasized the fact that the truest progress of the kingdom was not in its external and visible expansion, but in the extension of the hidden and spiritual forces which influence hearts and homes, and uplift society by laying hold of and moulding into Christlikeness the common people. As the power of the Gospel is of this sort, woman, as the mistress of the home, the educator of childhood, the controlling factor in society, is a chief agent in its assured triumph. The address to the graduating class was an appeal to do with courage and faith the plain, homely duties of everyday life; to cultivate womanly and Christian characters, to cherish worthy living above the applause of the world, to follow Christ in spirit and deed, in assurance that consecrated living will do far more to bring in the kingdom than institutions, organizations, or even laws.

"The only exercises on Monday were in the evening at the Academy Hall, when the pupils of Prof. Downs, who has been for years Abbot's teacher of music, gave a musicale. It consisted of instrumental and vocal numbers, rendered with skill and charm.

"On Tuesday the anniversary exercises took place, and the school closed for the year.

"At 9 A. M. in Academy Hall the graduating class gave a most unique and original exercise. It was "A Study of Hawthorne's Marble Faun," in which the entire class of twenty participated, each presenting in a brief essay some aspect of the great masterpiece. After one of the class had given a general view of the novel as an introduction, three essays presented the Value of the Marble Faun to the Traveller; to the Artist; to the Man of Letters. Then successive scenes were described and analyzed in twelve essays, viz.: The Story, The Capitol, the Faun, The Faun Myth, The Catacombs, The Sylvan Dance, The Coliseum, The Tarpeian Rock, Guido's St. Michael, The Dead Capuchin, St. Peter's, The Pantheon, and the characters Hilda, Miriam and Donatello furnished themes for three others. The interesting exercise was closed by an address from the President of the class, who presented as a gift from them to Abbot a beautiful bust of "The Faun," with a pedestal harmoniously classical. The striking feature of this exercise was the very natural and correct elocution of each reader. From the Hall, the class marched in procession to the South Church. Dressed in white, without head covering, each with a white sun-shade, the march was an attractive feature of the programme, especially as the day was simply perfect in temperature after the shower of the previous night. The exercises at the church, besides the singing by the Fidelio Society were very simple. The Rev. Edward G. Porter of Boston, one of the Trustees, presided, and

Prof. George F. Moore, of the Theological Seminary, gave a most appropriate and suggestive address, basing upon the class motto, *Dum Vivimus, Vivamus*, the counsel to live in the Good, the Great and the Beautiful. He also presented them their diplomas.

"A sumptuous collation was served at Draper Hall at the close of the exercises, affording opportunity for social reunions. Upwards of three hundred parents and friends of the pupils, and alumnae of Abbot participated in this pleasant feature. Meetings of classes of other years, of the Alumnae Association, and of the Trustees, rounded out the day. There was evidence on every hand of excellent work and of growing usefulness for this venerable institution."

The Trustees have, with great generosity, endeavored to meet this year a long-felt want. In the very top of Draper Hall, far above all inhabited portions of the building, is now a commodious and beautiful suite of rooms, to be known as the infirmary. This is so situated that, should contagion invade our precincts, the invalid could be completely isolated, without a shadow of danger to other inmates of the Hall. A most perfect system of ventilation is provided which constantly renews the air, and a flood of sunshine from the southern windows affords a most desirable healing element. It is our hope that these conveniences will rarely be required for serious illness, but that the infirmary will be better known to us as a refuge and resting place for any who may have need of a little repose and quiet.

The sitting-room at No. 2 in Draper Hall is a very pleasant new feature of the school this year. Here the girls may come at any leisure hour and enjoy the advantages and comforts which the room offers. A little library, for the free use of the girls, is beginning, and we hope in time to add more books, pictures, and furniture to the already very hospitable place.

Abbot Academy was, through the influence of the Abbot Club, represented at the Atlanta Exposition. The collection which formed the exhibit consisted of Courants, pamphlets, various souvenirs of events in the Academy's history; also photographs, which were exhibited in two groups, framed in simple oak. Besides these, there was a register modelled upon the one which did such good service at the World's Fair.

The Abbot Academy Club has held three pleasant meetings this season. At the November meeting Miss Watson and Miss Annie Means gave informal accounts of their summer travels in Europe. In

December, Mrs. Ormiston Chant gave an earnest talk on her own work in London. At the January gathering Mrs. Laura Wentworth Fowler was, by unanimous vote, — save one, — made an honorary president, in graceful recognition of her services as founder and first president of the Club. After the business meeting and lunch, the following program, arranged by the art and literature committee, Mrs. Annie French Mahoney and Mrs. Helen Dennis Cole was given:

Piano Solo, Arthur Shepard, New England Conservatory: Paper, "Our Experiences in Egypt," Mrs. Hattie Wilkins Potter: Vocal Solo, "Softly the Rose is Blooming," Miss Edwards: Paper, "Part of the Public Library Decorations," Miss Adeliza Brainerd; Solo, "Speak again Lover," Miss Edwards.

Miss Floretta Vining, Vice-President, in a few well-chosen words spoke of her visit to the Atlanta Exposition, mentioning her pleasure at the sight of Miss McKeen's photograph and the familiar Academy building hanging in the most prominent place in the Massachusetts room.

The presence of the younger Alumnae is greatly desired at these monthly reunions of old Abbot girls. Cannot more of those who are in the vicinity of Boston plan to attend them? Thus pleasant meetings could be arranged with their own contemporaries and opportunity obtained for acquaintances with the Alumnae of former years.

Through the generosity of good friends, the Art department has received valuable additions to its equipment for the study of Art History. One hundred and twenty-five photographs, the gift of Mr. Mason, were purchased by Miss Watson in Europe last summer, representing chiefly Gothic architecture and modern painting. Mrs. John Byers has recently bestowed upon us as a memorial of her visit to Egypt last year, a superb collection of photographs, nearly a hundred in number, greatly strengthening our facilities for the study of Egyptology and increasing for us the fascinations of ancient art.

An aid to the German department is a collection of twenty photographs illustrating Schiller's poems. This was a gift of the pupils of the department and were purchased by Miss Watson in Munich last summer.

The Courant has captured a Harvard "daily" from an old Abbot girl who studied Rhetoric very diligently at Cambridge last summer. We cannot forego the pleasure of publishing this scrap from an old contributor:

We had walked for an hour across flat pastures, where no tree soft-

ened the burning August sunshine. The low coarse grass was dotted with the deep pink of laurel and hard-hack, and broken by clusters of stunted huckleberry bushes. Silently, and without a ripple, the brook crept through sedge and rushes, mirroring in its quiet water a cloudless sky. The sun beat upon sweet-fern and bayberry till their fragrance grew almost overpowering. No sound was heard except the low monotonous hum of insects, to which familiarity has given the effect of silence.

At last we caught the murmur of a tiny waterfall, and eagerly followed its guidance through a thicket of alder-bushes, wreathed with long drooping garlands of clematis. The starry, white blossoms entirely covered their rude support, but we felt grateful to the alders for our first moment of shade. Nor were we alone in our appreciation, for a long, loud whirr, and rustle of wings told us that we had passed close to a partridge's nest.

The brook at our feet rapidly widened, danced over a few rocks with a sudden burst of gayety, then grew calmer and still again. Over the banks leaned gnarled and hollow willows, whose uncouth trunks were veritable apartment houses for birds. Little clusters of birches, sociable trees who always choose family life, gleamed among the willows, their glistening bark yet unprofaned by the knife of the summer tourist. Over the edge of the water hung sombre brakes, graceful sprays of "ladies' ear-drop," and tangled masses of forget-me-nots.

The shade grew deeper, the willows were replaced by dark pines, and the path was carpeted by the fallen pine-needles of many windy autumns. Outside, not a leaf had moved, but these pines guarded a secret breeze which moved faintly among their branches. Snatches of bird-song floated down to us, and a meditative Jersey cow gazed with mild interest upon the intruders. The brook widened to a deep pool, on whose surface floated white water-lilies; and dragon flies floated from shadow to sunshine, then back to shadow again.

As we looked down the vista of trees, it seemed as if the old Greek fables were about to prove true, and some nymph or dryad must be waiting for us, just out of sight. If only our eyes were a little clearer, our hearts a little simpler, that swaying birch might assume its real form, and tell us some of the things we long to know.

There is a legend that a prayer to Zeus was once answered by a thunderbolt which clove the temple floor. No such awful sound disturbed the stillness which followed our unspoken wish, but a penetrating ray of sunshine darted through the shadows, and fell, with almost blinding force, upon a dark nook among the bushes. There, between

the shadows of water and trees, a tall spike of brilliant cardinal flowers glowed as if with fire, and shone in that flash of sunlight like the guardian spirit of the place.

M. A. T. '93.

The Atlanta Constitution, in its account of Arkansas Day at the Exposition, says of an old Abbot girl: "Mrs. Margaret R. Neal, who is a member of the State Press Association and a most distinguished lady of the state, read a paper on the 'Women of Arkansas.'" The address, which is glowing, eloquent, and noble, is given in full and justifies the pride which Abbot takes in the work her daughters are doing out in the world.

The Boston Advertiser of December 19th contains a most interesting and complimentary account of the successful work of Miss Frances Marrett, '85, in the training of the deaf mute, Edith Thomas. Two of Edith's compositions are introduced, which show talent and excellent training.

Miss Watson was a guest of the Boston Congregational Club at its Forefathers' Night banquet, December 18th. The other ladies thus honored by the Club were Mrs. Irvine, President of Wellesley College, Mrs. Judson Smith and Mrs. Goodell who represent the missionary work of the denomination.

The friends of Miss Alice Hamlin, still a student of Philosophy at Cornell, will be interested to learn of her engagement to Dr. Edgar T. Hinman, now instructor in Philosophy in the University of California. Miss Hamlin became acquainted with Dr. Hinman at Cornell, where he last year received the degree of Ph. D.

The regrets of many follow Miss Ingalls to her enforced winter rest in her Kentucky home; but we eagerly look forward to her return in the spring, with restored health and vigor. During her absence Miss Annah Kimball, affectionately remembered by many as pupil and teacher in Abbot Academy, will have charge of the department of Literature. Although the Seniors have greatly deplored the absence of Miss Ingalls, they have thus had an opportunity to come into very close relations with Miss McKeen, such as they could hardly have obtained in any other way. With great generosity, but also with great love of the work, she has given the school once more her valued services in the department of Church History, and the pupils of the present day have thus been enabled to share with those of former years the fruit of her ripe wisdom and able scholarship. Miss Kimball will conduct this work through the winter.

Mabelle Bosher, '94, has, in the new office of Librarian, become an important member of the Faculty. Her almost constant presence in the Library and generous willingness to help, remind us of our deprivation in former years. We are grateful, too, for her ready service in our household life.

The Senior Middlers are greatly indebted to Mrs. Newton for the delightful instruction in English Literature which they have received from her during the interim between the departure of Miss Ingalls last term and the coming of Miss Kimball.

Miss Chadbourne, who left us at the end of last year is living quietly and pleasantly in New York, giving instruction to some of the advanced classes in the private school of the Misses Graham. Her friends in Andover recently enjoyed a brief visit from her.

The new teachers of this year are Miss Frances Bancroft, whose work is in the department of History, Miss Ruth Franklin, teacher of Greek, and Miss Maud Munson, who has charge of the department of Latin. Mrs. Doud takes the place of Mrs. Minott as stewardess in Draper Hall. Mrs. Wilcox is matron in Smith Hall.

Miss Fletcher, who was called to Wellesley College last Summer is giving instruction in Freshman Latin.

One of the most delightful incidents of Miss Watson's summer in Europe was an hour spent with three Abbot girls in Geneva; Mabel Kittridge, Susan Chase, and Aida Dunn. Miss Kittridge and Miss Dunn are spending a year abroad in travel and study, and Miss Chase made a pleasant summer tour with friends from Brooklyn.

Miss Thayer, who took Miss Merrill's place as teacher of French last year, is now teaching French and German in Miss Emerson's school, Boston.

We are still hoping that Miss Mary Kelsey's health will soon be restored, and that she will return to her waiting friends at Abbot Academy.

Mrs. Taylor's latest gift to the Memorial Guest Room is an exquisite toilet set, delicately embroidered with marguerites, the Class flower of '96.

The Seniors are constantly reminded of the kindness of friends. They hold in sweet remembrance the beautiful chrysanthemums sent by Mrs. Ripley, and the marguerites sent by Mary Baldwin of '94.

The barrel of pears enjoyed so much last term gave another proof of the thoughtful kindness of Mrs. Downs.

A part of the time at chapel every Friday morning, is devoted, as usual, to missionary reports from both the home and the foreign fields.

Abbot Academy Junior Auxiliary to the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions has pledged twenty-five dollars toward the support of a medical missionary in a foreign field. Our Thanksgiving offering was given to this cause.

Our Christmas gift this year was sent to W. H. Underhill, a missionary in East Grand Rapids, Michigan. Two barrels and a box were filled with serviceable clothing, and pretty Christmas gifts for his family of five children.

Clothing was also sent to Mrs. Rand and Miss Tuttle for their school children in Hudson, North Carolina, and a pretty dress, coat, and hat found a very grateful recipient in Ballardvale.

Each Sunday evening Abbot's Christian Workers meet for a twenty minutes' prayer-meeting in the reading-room. Two violinists lead the music. One of the most interesting meetings this year was the one led by Miss McKeen, in which she gave us a brief review of the history of the society, and told us how we might do better work in the future.

The Saturday evening meetings have been especially interesting and helpful this year. We have received much help and enjoyment from friends outside the school, who have from time to time led our evening service. Mr. Palmer, Mr. Shipman, Dr. Bancroft, and Mr. McFadden have spoken impressively to us. A fortunate chance led to us one missionary evening Mrs. Dr. Berry of Japan. Mr. Hartt, a theological student, who has studied slum work in East London, interested us deeply. Mr. Mr. Green gave us a graphic talk on Armenia, illustrated with lantern views, and Mr. Shaw, an officer of the national Endeavor Society, gave us one evening a very interesting and helpful talk. We remember with interest, too, the account Miss Franklin gave us of the Working-girls' Club in Newport, and the evening when the delegates to the Students' Volunteer Convention in Boston gave reports of its meetings.

All who have the good of Abbot Academy at heart will rejoice over a recent legacy from another of those dear old scholars of the earlier days who recognize thus with tokens of gratitude the influence of this

school upon their lives Mrs. Esther Ward Hilton, who was here a school-mate of Mrs. Draper, in 1842, and who has recently passed away, has left by will to Abbot Academy a gift of ten thousand dollars. The income of this is not yet available, but the fact of the legacy should encourage us all in our hopes of material prosperity. It will be remembered that the school received a legacy of the same amount from Mr. Hilton about eight years ago.

A convention of the Students' Volunteer Missionary Alliance was held in Boston at the Y. M. C. A. building, November 23d and 24th. Fifty-five students were present from eighteen schools in and about Boston, Abbot Academy being represented by four delegates. Meetings were held throughout Saturday and Sunday under the leadership of Rev. Mr. Beech, returned missionary from China. The work of the Students' Volunteer Movement, which presents the claims of foreign nations to every student in America, was clearly stated and an account given of missionary work done by the schools and colleges. The needs and different phases of work done in the foreign fields were described by different workers. The great need of more interest in missions among the educated young people of the land was shown, and various methods were brought forward to awaken renewed enthusiasm in missionary giving, in our own schools and colleges. If more of the interest and enthusiasm of that little band of fifty-five earnest and sincere Christians could be brought into our own school, we could easier bear our share in the great missionary work that the Lord has given us to do.

Our Saturday afternoons in old Abbot Hall have been extremely pleasant this year. The young ladies bring their fancy work, and while their fingers fly, their minds are equally lively, awake to receive instruction or entertainment.

On the first Saturday Miss Watson talked to us of her trip abroad last summer. All were deeply interested, and, as she led us in fancy, far away from Andover, across the wide ocean, and upon another continent, many pictures held our attention.

The Saturday which was given up to music, readings, and compositions was especially delightful, and as one listened to a sweet song, a bright paper, or a pathetic reading, one was impressed with the unusual amount of talent among the members of the school.

The Seniors had charge of one afternoon. The history of Greek sculpture was traced from its beginnings in a series of very able papers. Some described the famous casts which had been brought to the hall to make the exercises still more pleasant and profitable.

The Saturday that Miss Merrill told us of her stay in Paris, we learned much of the city, the American Club, and the French Academy. We were greatly interested in her description of the scientist taking his examination for the French Academy, and appearing in gorgeous costume to read his thesis before the venerable masters.

Mrs. Clark, an old Abbot girl, wife of the President of the World's Christian Endeavor, spoke to us of her travels in the cities of the Old World. As a souvenir of our pleasant afternoon, she was, at the close of the exercises, presented with a History of Abbot Academy.

Dr. Bancroft's lecture, on the last Saturday of the term, will long be remembered. What pictures he brought before us of the homes, manners, customs, work, and amusements of the old Romans! His lecture was so interesting, and he entered so fully into detail, that we came away feeling that long study could hardly give us a more vivid impression of "Life among the Romans."

The Senior reception, which took place Tuesday evening, October 22d, in Draper Hall, was the principal social event in the Fall term. The guests were received in the Senior parlor by Miss Watson, Miss Matthews, the president of the class, and Miss Howe. The parlor was very prettily decorated with the class colors, gold and white, and the class flower, marguerite.

A delightful half hour was spent meeting friends and enjoying the music, which was artistically rendered by a stringed quartette from Lawrence, after which all were invited to the dining-room where they were entertained by a charming little play, "Per Telephone," the different parts being gracefully acted by the following Seniors: Miss Nan Cuzzin, Miss Young; Miss May Halcome, Miss Pearson; Mr. Guy Harling, Miss Richards: Mr. Fred Austin, Miss Morse; Nora, a maid, Miss Gildersleeve.

Dainty refreshments were served, after which a delightful hour was spent in dancing.

A pleasant social event this year was the tea given by Miss Bancroft in her rooms at Draper Hall. A number of Andover ladies were present, and the young ladies of the Senior class of Abbot, and all were delightfully entertained by their charming hostess.

The Senior class listened a few weeks ago to an entertaining and instructive talk on Egypt by Miss Henderson, the guest of Mrs. Byers and her companion in European travel.

One of the novel entertainments of the Fall was given one Tuesday night in the Library and Reading-room where the young ladies were invited to see "a valuable and expensive loan of pictures." The rooms were prettily decorated with plants and rugs, but instead of rare and costly pictures, the expectant visitors were surprised to find only the simplest articles, used to represent the pictures. The many clever illustrations were fully appreciated, and the evening proved one of much enjoyment. We are indebted to Miss Bosher for this unique entertainment.

Another Tuesday evening we were all invited to "Miss Bancroft's table." An Advertisement Party was successfully carried out and greatly enjoyed by all.

The piano recital in the November Club House, by Miss Stella Neumark and Miss Florence Traub, pupils of the Virgil Piano School, drew an overflowing house, and every one present seemed more than pleased with the beautiful playing.

It was the aim of the recital to demonstrate what may be accomplished by the use of the Practice Clavier, and the well-nigh perfect technique displayed by the young artists must have convinced the most sceptical of the benefit to be derived from its use in the drudgery of piano study, while the exquisite interpretation of each number dissipated all fear that it may produce merely mechanical playing.

Every piece performed on the piano was first learned on the clavier, and one in particular, with which Miss Neumark especially delighted her audience, had never been played by her on the piano until she did it in public on Monday afternoon. She had learned and memorized it upon the clavier, and the ease and brilliancy of her execution were no more remarkable than her musical touch and refined interpretation.

The audience who were very much interested in Miss Traub, who is hardly thirteen years old, and who has studied the clavier not quite two years, watched the playing of scales with the greatest wonder and admiration. She played these scales in similar and contrary motion, at the rate of eight hundred notes a minute, and clearer or more beautiful runs were never heard in Andover.

Another vital point in good piano playing which is very much stimulated by the use of the clavier is concentration of mind, for in the absence of musical sounds the whole attention is fixed on the mental hearing and perfect manner of execution of the composition.

In a word, the clavier, always be it remembered as taught and de-

veloped by the Virgil method, is a short cut to the most artistic and satisfactory results.

This interesting and instructive recital was provided for us by the Alumnae Auxiliary Fund.

The musical department of Abbot Academy, always full of life and interest, has this year been exceptionally so, owing to the introduction of the Virgil Practice Clavier. This instrument is a mechanical device invented by Mr. Virgil of New York, and is designed to promote the rapid acquisition of a finished and beautiful technique. It has the same number of keys as the piano, and although it makes no musical sound is by no means silent.

By a unique arrangement a sharp click is heard when a key is put down and when it is released. These clicks can be used or not, as one pleases, but by their use the condition of the muscles of the hand and arm is at once determined, and the quality of the finger strokes instantly decided. Besides, by turning a screw, a graduated key resistance from one to twenty ounces can be employed. At the clavier the pupils learn to think about everything pertaining to their music, as well as to its mere execution, so that regarded as a preparation for playing the piano it is invaluable.

Mr. Downs spent months investigating it, and is very enthusiastic in its praise. Those young ladies who have been in the Clavier classes this Autumn are also deeply interested, so that we may consider its success to have been remarkable.

We congratulate the school that the Trustees have recently bought all the Claviers required for immediate use.

Thursday Afternoon, December 5, at 4 o'clock, in the November Club-house, the first Abbot Academy Piano Recital of 1895-96 was performed by Mr. Anthony Stankowitch and Miss Bertha Cushing.

PROGRAM.

Magic Fire, (Closing scene of Wagner's Opera: Die Walkure.) *Brassin*
Carnival, Op. 9, *Schumann*

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|--|----------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Preamble | b. Coquette. | 11. Estrella. |
| 2. Pierrot. | c. Replique. | 12. Reconnaissance. |
| 3. Arlequin. | 7. Papillons. | 13. Pantalon et Columbine. |
| 4. Valse Noble. | 8. Letters dansante. | 14. Valse Allemande. |
| 5. Eusebius. | 9. Chiarina. | (Intermezzo Paganini.) |
| 6. a Florestan. | 10. Chopin. | 15. Aveu. |
| 16. Promenade. | | |
| 16. Marche des Davidsbundler contre les Phillistins. | | |

MR. STANKOWITCH.

Chimney Song,	<i>Griswold</i>
Eclogue,	<i>Leo Delibes</i>
Si j'étais fardinier,	<i>O. Chaminade</i>

MISS CUSHING.

Serenade,	}	<i>Henselt</i>
If I were a Bird,			
Pastoral,	}	<i>Liszt</i>
Valse Impromptu,			

MR. STANKOWITCH.

Ecstasy,	}	<i>Mrs. Beech</i>
Spring,			

MISS CUSHING.

Elves at Play,	-	<i>Heyman</i>
Song without Words,	}	<i>Tschaikowsky</i>
Scherzo,		
Tarantelle,	<i>Moskowsky</i>

MR. STANKOWITCH.

The above program was given to an excellent house, whose keen enjoyment was shown by their close attention and discriminating applause. To many who were present it seemed as if Miss Cushing's rich and beautiful voice was heard to even greater advantage than when she sang at our recital last May. Mr. Stankowitch, who was new to Andover audiences, won consideration by his intelligent and careful consideration of the compositions in hand, and by his agreeable touch and facile execution. Upon the whole the Abbot Academy Piano Recitals of the present year appear to have been launched in a most auspicious manner.

The second recital was given January 23d, by Miss Mary Geselchap. The program was as follows:

Bach-Liszt. Prelude and Fuge, A Minor.

Beethoven Sonata, Op. 109, E Major

Vivace ma non troppo Prestissimo. Temma con variazione.

Schumann Scenes from Child Life.

1. From Foreign Lands and People.
2. Funny Story.
3. Playing Tag.
4. Begging Child,
5. Happiness enough.
6. Important Event.
7. Traemerei.
8. At the Fireside.
9. Knight of the Hobbyhorse.
10. Almost too serious.
11. Twilight Fears.
12. Going Bylow.
13. The Poet speaks.

Paradies	<i>a.</i> Tocata.
Dvorak	<i>b.</i> Valse.
Brahms	<i>c.</i> Romance.
Godard	<i>d.</i> "En Courant."
Geselschap	<i>e.</i> Valse.
Liszt	<i>a.</i> "Lo Sposalizio" (after Raphel's picture).
	<i>b.</i> "Le Rossignol."
	<i>c.</i> "Sonette di Petrarca."
	<i>d.</i> Fantasia od Rigoletto.

The audience, large in number, was intelligent and appreciative, while the programme, varied and novel in its make-up, was performed with great dash and brilliancy, refinement and emotional warmth. The Bach-Liszt Fugue was omitted, owing to the necessity of taking an early train to Boston, and Miss Geselschap began with Beethoven's great sonata, Op. 109, E Major. The dignity and seriousness of her playing shone conspicuously in the noble last movement of this famous sonata, to which were added in Schumann's "Scenes from Child Life," a charming vivacity and piquant fascination.

This composition of Schumann's, first published in 1839, is not intended to portray the feelings of a child, but those of older people looking on, and thinking about the experiences of childhood. "Twilight Fears" was very beautifully interpreted, while the last number, where the poet speaks, was instinct with ideal charms.

The group of pieces which followed, by Paradies, Dvorak, Brahms and Godard, was concluded with a waltz of Miss Geselschap's own composition, which made evident that not only does she possess the gifts of an executant, but of a writer as well.

We think the Liszt numbers were all new to Andover. The first, Lo Sposalizio, after Raphael's famous picture of that name, was written when Liszt was at Rome, seeing much of the Pope, and when his whole attention was turned to the Roman Church, its legends and its saints. Lo Sposalizio is therefore floating, mystical, and often seems to suggest the clouds of incense rising from the altar and filling every nook and corner of vast St. Peter's. One may be allowed to fancy that the motive which caught the attention of Liszt, was the moment when Joseph's wand miraculously blossomed into the lily, thus foreshadowing the permanent lily motive in all the subsequent experiences of the Blessed Virgin.

In this, and the subsequent pieces by Liszt, Miss Geselschap was at her best. In them she showed rare insight, facile and delicate touch, and true masculine force.

The concert ended brilliantly with variations on themes from Rigoletto, one of Liszt's most characteristic compositions. Very beautiful in itself, it was rendered by Miss Gesellschaft with great fire and spirit, and still rings in our ears and quickens our imagination. We were sorry that the length of the concert and the exigencies of travel made its repetition impossible.

The girls who attend the Episcopal Church have been delightfully entertained this fall by Rev. and Mrs. Palmer. After a delicious tea, the evening was spent in listening to music, artistically rendered by Mrs. Palmer and her son Frederic. Rev. Mr. Palmer read several selections from one of his favorite poets, Bond.

On Dec. 7th, 1895, the Art class, with Miss Bancroft, made its annual trip to Boston. We visited the Public Library, where we studied the Abbey and Sargent paintings. Then we went to the Art Museum, to see copies of original sculptures with which we had already become familiar. Next we studied and criticized the architecture of the Old South and Trinity churches. After which we took lunch at the Parker House, with the Abbot Club, where we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant. A little visit to Mr. Saunderson's water-color exhibition, and to Dodd and Richard's gallery, where we saw J. Appleton Brown's pastel drawings, completed the day.

We are glad to welcome among our exchanges, The Adelphian, Colby Academy Voice, Academy Student, The Phillipian, Phillips Andover Mirror, The Mount Holyoke, Aggie Life, The Punchard Ensign, The Vermont Academy Life, and The Phoenix.

The Thanksgiving recess was spent in a quiet but pleasant way by those who remained behind. An entertaining pantomime, entitled "Mary Jane," was enacted in the Reading-room on Wednesday evening. On Thanksgiving morning a goodly number attended service at the South Church. The early hours of the sunny afternoon were devoted to a most enjoyable tally-ho drive to North Andover, resulting in appetites adapted to an appreciative treatment of the fine dinner provided at half-past two. Oysters on the shell, tomato bisque, turkey, cranberry sauce, asparagus, celery, currant jelly, salted almonds, olives oyster patties, salad, English plum pudding, ice-cream and cakes, nuts and raisins, fruit and coffee; these good things constituted our feast. A sunset walk around the "circle," a visit of inspection to the infirmary, then nearly completed, or the rest after eating which some love better than exercise, filled up the time until six o'clock, when all gath-

ered in the parlors for conversasion and games. Refreshments in the dining-room at a later hour closed a delightful day. Miss Watson's brother, Dr. Watson of Bridgewater, made a brief visit at Draper Hall in the afternoon.

We are glad to announce that Dr. Grace E. Cooley of the Botanical Department of Wellesley College, will give a course of three lectures early in the Winter term. The subjects are as follows: "Pigmies with Giant Strength — Bacteria," "Natures Attempts at Socialism — Colony Life," and "Some Parasitic Modes of Life, and the Effects upon Development." These rare lectures are provided for the school through the Alumnae Auxiliary Fund.

One of the recent publications of Ginn and Company interests all who are connected with Abbot Academy. This is a new edition of the German play, "Die Hochzeitsreise" by Bendix, annotated and edited by Miss Schiefferdecker, our German teacher.

Glimpses of the social world outside of Andover always interest us, even when they come through other people's eyes. One such fleeting view of late November was that of the reception given by one of our out-of-town trustees, Mrs. Harlow of Woburn; a reception attended by some of our teachers. The exquisite beauty and harmony of the floral decorations of the house, and the perfection of every detail of arrangement for the comfort and pleasure of the guests made the afternoon one to be remembered.

Since the opening of the year, the following old girls have been numbered among our guests: Mary Isabel Baldwin, '94; Frances Marrett, '85; Eleanor Hinkley, '91; Miss Greeley; Miss Means; Miss Fletcher; Mabelle P. Clark, '95; Julia A. Sanborn, '94; Ella Robinson, '94; Marjory Clark; Clara Symonds; K. Hope Pike, '95; Annie Nettleton, '93; Clara North, '96; Alice Fleek, '91; Mary M. Fiske, '80, of Bath, Me.; Mrs. Edward Sawyer Stone, (Nellie Burt, '85), of Enosburgport, Vt.; Mrs. Winifred Lawry Simmons, '92; Catherine F. Crocker; Josephine D. Crocker; Mrs. Morton C. Cobb, (Mary S. Byers); Henrietta A. Calhoun, '94; Mrs. Berry; Mary Coburn; Annah Kimball; Mrs. May Stow Roberts; Jennie Smith.

Helen Sherwood Ford, '83, of Troy, N. Y., who married James Gregory Mumford, M. D., now lives in Boston.

Miss Blanche Morton, '92, has charge of the music department in Strycker Seminary, St. Anthony Park, Minn.

Mary Frances Walker, '81, is matron at a school for the deaf and dumb in South Dakota. Her sister, Jessie Walker Keeline, is living in Council Bluffs, Iowa, and has a bright little daughter six years old.

Annie Lorrey, '83, spent last year at Radcliffe College and is now teaching in the High School at Bath, Me.

Hennie Calhoun, '94, is visiting her brother "Jack" in Savannah, Ga., amidst the roses and japonicas.

Miss Greeley has had a low form of typhoid fever. She was two weeks in the infirmary which is connected with the medical college where she is studying. As soon as she was able she went to her home in Concord, N. H. At last reports she was hoping to return soon to her work in New York City.

The following clipping from the Ashland News will interest old Abbot friends of Harriet Forsyth, '95, who is now Lady Principal of North Wisconsin Academy at Ashland, Wis.:

"The recital by Miss Hale and Miss Forsyth, at the Presbyterian Church last evening, was crowded with spectators. The audience appreciated every number and manifested their approval by vigorous applause.

"Miss Forsyth gave three readings during the evening. Miss Forsyth is a comparative stranger to the Ashland public, and this is the first opportunity they have had to hear her, and the impression made was a most favorable one. Exceedingly graceful, her voice soft and melodious with a delightful accent, her face an interesting study as the expression changed to correctly interpret the sentiment being spoken, Miss Forsyth combined all the qualities necessary for an elocutionist of ability, and the warmth of her reception last evening showed hearty appreciation of her efforts. Though warmly applauded each time, she refused to appear with encore numbers."

Miss Forsyth's readings were, "The Cratchets' Christmas Dinner," Dickens' "Christmas Carol;" "The Fall of Pemberton Mill," from the "Tenth of January," by Phelps; and "Mr. Craig's Fearful Emergency," from the "Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," by Frank R. Stockton.

In a letter to Miss McKen from Mary M. Fiske, '80, of Bath, Me., dated September, 1895, we learn the following news of old girls:

"Lizzie Sewall, '68, who now lives in Detroit, Mich., has made the long journey from her home to Bath twice within thirty days, first to bury her mother and then her father. It was a great strain for her, and

she is very tired and nervous. She will continue to live in Detroit with an aunt, of whom she is very fond. She is a brave woman and very capable.

Mrs. Octavia Putnam Thompson, '68, is living in Bath. Her oldest son goes to the Harvard Law School, and her younger son has just entered the High School here. Her husband died in San Francisco last fall."

"Another Abbot, girl, May Dunton, '87, I see often. She is a bright girl with an excellent mind, and is an ornament to our woman's club and to good society. She is not, however, a 'new woman,' I am happy to say, but is content to be a good, womanly home-keeper, instead of trying to undo the Creator's work and to enter fields for which her sex was evidently not designed. It is hardly worth while to try to make an inferior kind of man out of a superior kind of woman, even if the latter's physical system would stand the strain."

Then she goes on to speak of a subject in which she is very much interested.

"I spent three entire weeks last winter in making three or four hundred calls on all sorts and conditions of women, known and unknown, to ascertain their views about the suffrage bill then before our Legislature, and easily secured six hundred women's names on a remonstrance addressed to the Legislature."

Miss Henrietta A. Calhoun paid us a flying visit on her way to Savannah, Ga., where she is to spend several months with her brother. A letter recently received from her tells us that she is perfectly happy in the sunny south. We should like to see her in the pretty room her brother has had fitted up for her in her class colors, white and purple and gold.

Miss Emma F. Twitchell, '87, is very successful in artistic china painting. Through her and another member of the class of '87, Miss Angie Pearson, of Reading, one of us learned many pleasant items of news from their class. Miss Pearson herself is leading a busy life, superintending the teaching of drawing in as many as six schools.

Through Miss Florence Swan, who spent a Sunday last term with Miss McKeen, we learned some particulars of the illness and death of Susanna Lyman, †'79. As several of our graduates have studied nursing, we hope in a future number of the Courant to give more space to this branch of usefulness into which so many are entering, and in which Miss Lyman found ample scope for her fine qualities of mind and heart.

Miss Adeliza Brainerd, who contributed so ably to the pleasure of the Abbot Club at its last meeting, is successfully conducting large Art classes.

Annie Tucker Nettleton came to us early in the Fall term, just before beginning a course of Kindergarten training in Boston.

Annie Ingalls, '93, has become the founder and proprietor of a successful Kindergarten in Louisville, Ky.

From Helen Bunce '85, Miss McKeen has received the sad news of Julia Rockwell Roby's serious illness, also of '85. Mrs. Roby is living in New Britain, Conn., in a very happy home, with her husband and two little children. It is feared she has consumption, and she is slowly failing.

Mrs. Octave Putnam Thompson, '68, of whom Miss Fiske spoke in her letter was the room-mate of Alice French, '68 ("Octave Thanet") when at Abbot. Miss French took her 'nom de plum' from Miss Thompson's first name, Octavia.

In a Davenport, Iowa, paper was a very interesting article on Miss Alice French, '68, "Octave Thanet." It told of her work among the Pulman strikers, and during the hard struggle last summer. She won the hearts and confidence of hundreds of hardened men and women, who gave her free access into their meetings and made her the recipient of their stories of trouble and distress. Her gentle presence, kindly voice, and quiet benevolence, will long be remembered in the place that was fraught with strife and struggle.

Ella Robinson, '94, has returned from her year's study of French in Paris. She is conducting private classes at her home in Lawrence, and is also giving instruction in an evening school there.

Marion Lees, '94, is pursuing her studies in Boston.

Pauline Butterfield and Caroline Wilbur, '94, are studying Art in New York City.

Marion Hall, '98, spent the summer in Germany.

Helen M. Kline is attending school at Miss Anabel's in Philadelphia.

Penelope Bond is attending Miss Maltby's at Brooklyn Heights.

Maud M. Blaisdell, '95, has returned from a trip through France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, and Austria.

Grace Norton, '96, spent the summer abroad.

Miss Mabelle W. Stone, '94, is teaching English and History in the the Grammar and High Schools of East Hampton, Conn.

Marjory Clark spent a week in town at the beginning of school; she will not enter Vassar until next year.

Marion Strong Somers entered Smith '99, in September.

Anna Morrison is studying art in Chicago this year.

Winifred Belle Barber, '94, is at Vassar.

Miss Julia Sanborn, '94, was one of the many loyal Abbot girls who remembered her Alma Mater while travelling in foreign lands. Miss Sanborn added to the Museum a valuable collection of stones from the North Cape and a small fragment of the ruins of an ancient Roman castle.

We receive pleasant reports from Harriet Forsythe and Helen Jackson, who are teaching in Ashland, Wis.

Alice Purington teaches in Bethel, Me.

May Churchill is spending the winter in Boston with her mother and sister.

Helen Muzzey is busy and happy at her home in Lexington, Mass., where she continues her studies under the direction of the ladies' clubs.

Elizabeth Smith is at Miss Porter's school in Farmington, Conn.

Hope Pike is pursuing her studies in Boston.

Edith Pond is governess to two young children in New York.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement of Mabella Philbrick Clark, '95, to Mr. Arthur Ellsworth Lothrop, of Boston, has been announced.

The news of the engagement of Maud Musa Blaisdel, '95, to Mr. Ernest Dexter Bugbee, of Springfield, Mass., has been received, and of Miss Annie Strout, '94, to Mr. Dearborn, of Chicago.

Carrie Storrs, '94, of Hanover, N. H., has lately announced her engagement to Dr. Parker, of Concord.

Helen Wilbar, who was in school in '93 and '94, is engaged to Charles Meyer, of Bridgewater.

MARRIAGES.

SMITH - MATHER.—At Darien, Conn., on Thursday, June 20, 1895, Mr. Franklin Archer Smith, of South Norwalk, Conn., and Emily Caroline Mather, of Darien, Conn.

SMITH-ALDEN.—At Middleboro', Mass., on Wednesday, October 30, 1895, Mr. Fred Seaman Smith and Mary Alden, '93, both of Middleboro'.

NICHOLS-DEWEY.—At Barton, Vt., on Tuesday, November 5, 1895, Dr. Elwin Milton Nichols and Lena Dewey, '94, both of Barton.

ROOT-BRONSON.—At Buttonwoods, R. I., July 15, 1894, Mr. William W. Root, of Ithaca, N. Y., and Anna C. Bronson, '87, of Providence, R. I.

WARNER-HERITAGE.—At Amesbury, Mass., on Wednesday, November, 6, 1895, Nettie May Heritage, '91, to Mr. Franklin George Warner, M. D., of Antrine, N. H.

CHASE-SMITH.—In Laconia, N. H. November 19, 1895, Katherine Olive Smith, '92, to Mr. Harry Sumner Chase.

NIMS-JAMESON.—At Antrine, N. H., August 29, 1895, Jennie May Jameson, '86, to Mr. Oscar George Nims, of Keene, N. H.

HARDENBERGH-BULL.—At Middleton, N. Y., October 24, 1895, Annie May Bull, '91, to Mr. Daniel Bailey Hardenbergh. Among the bridesmaids who attended Miss Bull was Miss Esther Annie Kuhnen, '91, of Davenport, Ia.

MOORE-PUFFER.—At Medford, Mass., October, 16, 1895, Edith Loving Puffer, '89, to Mr. Edmund Lawrence Moore.

BLACK-HINKLEY.—At Portland, Me., Tuesday, July 2, 1895, Alice Hinkley, '95, to Mr. Frederic Morton Black, of Newark, Ohio.

SMITH-WOOD.—At Rockland, Me., June 19, 1895, Adela Hills Wood, '88, to Mr. Harry De Forest Smith.

FALCONER-TENNEY.—At Georgetown, Mass., June 27, 1895, Susan Noyes Tenney, '83, to Mr. Charles Falconer.

GILBERT-STRONG.—At Bryn Mawr, Pa., December 31, 1895, Mr. Charles Newell Gilbert and Mabel Deen Strong, '89.

AMES-GILMORE.—At Chicago, Dec. 18, 1895, Sarah Virginia Gilmore, '89, and William Van Bergen Ames.

BARNABY-PRINCE.—At Spencer, Mass., January 22, 1896, Jeannette Prince, '78, and Rev. Sidney Augustus Barnaby.

SPOFFORD-SWALM.—At Middletown, N. Y., February 5, 1896, Florence Corwin Swalm, '86, and Mr. Charles Milton Spofford.

BEADELL-CHICKERING.—June 6, 1895, Luceana Jameson Chickering and Mr. William Wolcott Beadell.

BIRTHS.

To Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Bayley Pratt, (Carrie Ladd, '81), a daughter, Mary Caroline, was born, June 19, 1894.

To Mr. and Mrs. Gustavus W. Bergner, (Louise Scott, '93), a son, Charles William Bergner, Jr., was born October 8, 1895.

Born on New Year's day, 1896, to Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Bigelow, a son. Mrs. Bigelow was Miss French, teacher in Abbot in '87, she is living in Kalamazoo, Mich.

DEATHS.

Died in Brookline, December 27, of brain fever, Abby F. Mitchell.

Miss Mitchell was graduated from Abbot Academy in '72. Among her former classmates were Fanny Fletcher, now Mrs. H. H. Parker of Winchester, Lillian Waters, now wife of Professor E. A. Grosvenor of Amherst College, and Clara S. Locke of Andover, now Mrs. F. G. Thomson of Baltimore, and Anna Fuller, author of "Pratt Portraits," and other books. Miss Mitchell was the youngest in her class, and her slight, frail body, even then, was nearly overmastered by her keen intellectual activity.

After her graduation, she taught, with large success, in the High School in Springfield, Mass., and in the Academy in St. Johnsbury, Vt.; from '88 to '91 she taught in Abbot Academy, but the continual surging of young life in the family in addition to the hours of teaching was too great a strain upon her strength, and she left Abbot to teach in the Free Academy, Norwich, Conn, where everything promised a favorable adjustment between her professional duties and her physical power; but here, her broad charity and her pent-up energy found too free scope in a "Working Girls' Club," to which she gave, without stint, sympathy, ingenuity, instruction, time, and strength, till in Norwich, as had been the case elsewhere, she had overworked, and now beyond recovery.

In illness, as in health, Miss Mitchell naturally turned to the home of her classmate and dearest friend, Mrs. Fanny Fletcher Parker in Winchester. Her brother and only sister were summoned to her bedside, and by the advice of her physician, they removed her to a Rest Cure in Brookline, hoping that months there might build her up again; but in weariness and pain she fell asleep, and did not waken till three weeks later, when her eyes opened in Heaven.

Her body was taken to Bath, Me., accompanied by her brother and sister, where on Sabbath, it was laid to rest beside her mother, and other kindred.

Miss Mitchell lived double the number of her years; her zeal was a

consuming fire, but it gave a great light. Being highly intellectual, richly stored with material and illustration, quick to see the humorous, enthusiastic, sympathetic, and severely conscientious, she was a rare teacher. She leaves throngs of admiring pupils to mourn her loss.

Of her own gifted family there remain two brothers, Edward P. Mitchell, one of the editors of the New York Sun, and George Mitchell, a teacher in San Francisco, and her only sister, Miss Mary Mitchell of Bath, Me.

P. McK.

The news of the death of Helen Gilchrist was like a stunning blow to all of her school friends; we had not heard of her illness, and the idea of death was to us far removed from one so full of life; it had seemed to us that such as she could never die.

In the autumn succeeding her graduation from Abbot Academy, in ninety-two, she taught in a seminary for girls in All Healing, Georgia, where she would gladly have remained longer than the year, so much was she in sympathy with the spirit and the work of the school, but an increase of salary was a necessity with her, and she accepted an invitation from Lutherville Seminary in Lutherville, Maryland, where she taught the remaining two years of her life. She was energised by healthful ambitions, and her high ideals were glorified by the presence of Him whom she served; but her health was unreliable and in her last letter to me, written a month before her death, she says, "My teaching work is heavy, and when I add to all this and to my general duties, the care of a Hall, I do not feel physically able." This was dated Wade, Florida, where her father's business was detaining his family at that time. Of this place, her mother writes, "The piney woods are considered the healthiest part of Florida; the soil is dry and sandy and there are no lakes or streams within six miles; but I know the climate is not bracing; we have breezes, but from the Gulf and the ocean, and I do not think we suffer as much from heat as do people in the north; but Helen took a fever prevalent here, which is similar to the typhoid of the north." Her sickness was violent and brief; after a week of struggle and of delirium, she lay still in death. Her impulsive, excitable nature gave character to her delirious imaginings when she fancied she could not hold some horses that were running away with her; her brother held her hands in his and spoke to the horses and so quieted her.

Her mother writes, "She was so happy this summer and so kind and so loving to every one, and in her journal I read 'I have had two of the happiest months of my life this summer.' I know her happiness was made up, in large part, by her love for one who seemed fitted, in

every way, to make her life complete." This friend from Baltimore, to whom she had recently become engaged, so cultivated, so noble, so wealthy and so liberal, so full of plans for their enjoyment in this country and in Europe, could not reach her at the last, so swiftly did the end come, and the earth claim her own. She died upon her birthday, August 24, 1895, and so, this young spirit, whose light sometimes flashed up with the brilliancy of real genius, and for whom we had prophesied a great future, was to realize it, not here, but in the land beyond the stars.

It is a comfort to us in our bereavement, to remember her great love for the school of her choice, whose advantages she coveted for her sister, of whom she wrote me, "She is just such a girl as I should like to send you as my sister, but it is my brother's turn next to go to college; still my sister hopes to be an Abbot girl sometime." We had some correspondence about this, and in the letter announcing the death of her daughter, the mother said, "I must tell you how our Nellie lay with your letter in her hand while she was sick, and would say, "How I wish I could plan some way to send that child to Miss McKeen."

A welcome from Abbot Academy will be constantly waiting for the coming of the sister of our dear Helen Gilchrist. P. McK.

Marie Hitchcock Allen, '86, died August 12, 1895. at Milford, N. H. Her mother was a pupil of Abbot and her two sisters as well as herself were graduates.

Florence Dary, of Taunton, died on the first of September, 1895. Many of the present members of the school will remember with affection the quiet, gentle girl who was one of our number in the year '93 and '94. She was a patient sufferer under a lingering illness. We extend our warmest sympathy to her afflicted family.

Tidings of the death of Mrs. Maud Fulton Bushnell Seabrooke, '87, has recently been received.

Mr. James White, a former trustee of Abbot, died at his home in Williamstown, Mass., at the age of 67. He is survived by a widow and two children. Mr. White was directly descended from Peregrine White, the first child born to the Pilgrims after their arrival off the Massachusetts coast. He possessed many of the rugged virtues characteristic of his ancestry. He served in the state-senate for two years and for nine years was treasurer of Williams College.

The papers record the death of Rev. Lorenzo L. Langstroth, who will be remembered by old citizens of Andover as the pastor of the

South Church for three years, 1836-39. After his health had compelled him to give up preaching, he officiated as principal of Abbot Academy for a year.

Mr. Asa Farwell died in Boston a few months ago at the age of 78. He was graduated from the Andover Theological Seminary in 1842, was then principal of Abbot until 1852. During that time he opened Abbot Street, bought the grounds surrounding the school, and made improvements in every respect. The number of students rapidly increased to one hundred and eighty, and seldom fell below one hundred and fifty.

Class Organizations.

'96.

"Esse quam videri."

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<i>Vice-President.</i>	LUCY HOWE.
<i>Secretary.</i>	FLORENCE E. GILDERSLEEVE.
<i>Treasurer.</i>	SARA K. JACKSON.
Class Colors,	White and Gold.
Flower,	Marguerite.

'97.

"Optima persequens."

<i>President.</i>	FRANCES MARY GEORGE.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	FRANCES E. P. HINKLEY.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	GERTRUDE WARE.
Class Colors,	Lavender and Green.
Flower,	Violet.

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1895-'96.

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Mathematics.
- NATALIE SCHIEFFERDECKER,
German.
- EDITH ELIZABETH INGALLS,
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- MABELLE ETHELYN BOSHER,
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June, 1896

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1896

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NO. 2.

A Study from Dante.

ON even a hasty reading of the Divine Comedy, it is impossible to overlook some points, which would so well repay a closer study. One most interesting subject is found in Dante's exquisite treatment of light and color. Throughout the poem, we feel that, —

“The glory of Him who moveth everything
Doth penetrate the universe and shine
In one part more, and in another less.”

Let us first look at the opening lines of the Inferno, —

“Midway upon the journey of our life
I found myself within a forest dark.”

The last word of this quotation strikes the key-note of the whole Inferno, where light comes only in lurid fitful gleams, and the clear true light of purity and hope never enters.

As Dante with Vergil, his gentle guide, passed through Limbo, he saw a fire “That overcame a hemisphere of darkness” shin-

ing from the noble Castle of Philosophy. Here dwelt, among the spirits of great men, Homer, Ovid and Horace, who, dying before Christ's redemption, were unworthy of Heaven.

“Forth from the quiet to the air that trembles
And to a place where nothing shines”

they descend through purple air to the second circle of the black Inferno. Here Vergil shows his eager pupil, the eternal fire of Nether Hell, the flaming red tower of the City of Dis, the ghastly Furies and the river of boiling blood. In the ninth Bolgia, resplendent with light, each restless darting flame is a human soul in torment.

At last, passing beyond this realm of agony, Dante says, —

“The guide and I unto that hidden road
Now entered, to return to the bright world

* * * * *

Till I beheld through a round aperture
Some of the beauteous things that Heaven doth bear.
Thence we came forth, to rebehold the stars.”

We rejoice with the weary travellers, at the magical change of darkness into light, from dismal dreary smoke to, —

“Sweet color of the oriental sapphire
That was upgathered in the cloudless aspect.”

The light seems to enter the poet's very soul and receiving the direction, —

“The sun, which now is rising, will direct you
To take the mount, by easier ascent”

they begin to climb the hill of Purgatory. On the way Dante sees in a glory of light the angel of God, and from this time, celestial visitants are more numerous and of ever increasing brilliancy.

The dependence of the travellers upon light is strongly emphasized throughout the Purgatorio, for each time the great sun sinks to rest, they must pause in their journey and await his return.

At the portal of Purgatory Dante describes the gate-keeper, —

“Such in the face that I endured it not
And in his hand, he had a naked sword

Which so reflected back the sunbeams tow'rds us
That oft in vain I lifted up mine eyes."

Through all the circle of this division, we find a multitude of spirits great and small, purging away the smoke stains of the world, and preparing for the light to come.

As the ascent grows less difficult and the radiance increases, Dante meets, for the first time, his beloved Beatrice, "Vested in color of living flame."

Entering the blessed realms of Paradise, we no longer need to search for passing gleams of light, but are almost blinded by the dazzling brilliancy. Dante says, —

"It seemed to me a cloud encompassed us,
Luminous, dense, consolidate and bright
As adamant, on which the sun is striking."

In these early cantos of the *Paradiso*, the beauty of Beatrice is almost painful, for the poet tells us, —

"Such lightening flashed into mine eyes
That, at the first, my sight endured it not."

And, more wonderful still, passing from the Heaven of the Moon to the Sphere of Mercury, —

"My Lady there, so joyful I beheld,
As into the brightness of that heaven she entered
More luminous thereat the planet grew."

In the Heaven of Venus where dwell the spirits of lovers, they seem even to speak by a language of light, —

"And now behold another of those splendors
Approach me, and its will to please me
It signified by brightening upwardly."

As they pass into the next heaven, Dante is almost blinded by its radiance, and language seems to fail him.

"And what was in the Inn wherein I entered
Apparent not by color but by light,
I, though I called on genius, art and practice
Cannot so tell that it could be imagined."

In the Heaven of Mars we see the Celestial Cross, a centre of radiance, —

“So from the horn that to the right extends
 Unto that Cross’s foot there ran a star
 Out of the constellation shining there;
 Nor was the gem dissevered from its ribbon
 But down the radiant fillet ran along
 So that fire seemed it behind alabaster.”

Beyond the ever increasing brilliancy of the swiftly moving spheres, Dante at last reaches the great still Heaven, the Em-pyream where light flows like a river and, —

“Out of this river issued living sparks
 And on all sides sank down into the flowers
 Like unto rubies that are set in gold.”

And here he sees the spirit of the most blessed host displayed as of a “snow-white rose”

“Their faces had they all of living flame
 And wings of gold, and all the rest so white
 No snow unto that limit doth attain.”

It is through the medium of light that Dante gives us his wonderful conception of the Trinity, —

“Within the deep and luminous subsistence
 Of the High Light appeared to me three circles,
 Of threefold color and of one dimension,
 And by the second seemed the first reflected
 As Iris is by Iris, and the third
 Seemed fire that equally from both is breathed.”

Through the labyrinth of Dante’s verse we have followed the silken cord of light which leads us at last to, —

“The love which moves the sun and other stars.”

FRANCES W. SAUNDERS, '96.

A Character Study.

"I am a part of all that I have met."

Tennyson.

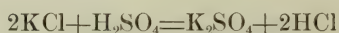
I have often heard children ask the question, "Why is it that among so many people in this world, there are no two alike?" It seems as if there must be a limit to the combination of qualities which form the characters of human beings and that eventually persons would be reduplicated. But there are no two natures which have had the same influences acting upon them to make them what they are. Just as every one shows a different side of his character to each of his neighbors, so he construes his neighbor's words in accordance with his own personality.

We influence people and they influence us; our environment has so much to do with our personality. Every little thing counts and people realize this more and more as time goes on. I heard a friend say not long ago that environment was the word of the nineteenth century. I get out of the wrong side of bed this morning because I have passed a sleepless night; my breakfast is tasteless; I am cross to everyone; I go to my work in dull spirits hating the world in general and myself in particular; but, before I have gone many steps, I realize that the day is very bright; a sparrow is patiently picking at his breakfast on the path in front of me; I dislike to disturb him and his persistence quiets me. Neighbor Brown greets me with a cheery good morning, and by the time I have reached my workshop I am in high spirits. John never swept my room so clean, my letters are not a burden and life is one grand sweet song. Everyone I meet, everything I see, everywhere I go changes my course of thought a little. That is why I travel abroad when my mind and body are exhausted by work and worry. It is just because of this fact that when I am in Rome I do as the Romans do. In a college town I become learned, if in no other way, simply by imbibing the ideas of those around me. When I am in Buckshot Gulch I am influenced to be a cowboy, speak like a frontiersman, act like a

miner. A common illustration of how much humanity owes to its surroundings is shown in the influence Greece had on its art. Every modern treatise on art has a chapter devoted to the philosophy of style which traces the seemingly trivial events and circumstances which have caused this or that characteristic.

Every year people inquire more into the philosophy of cause and effect. Some have traced the French Revolution indirectly to Locke's Sensational School. Tennyson for ten years kept from the world the fruits of his poetic genius because the world had judged him too harshly.

Using the raw elements, if so they may be called, of character and recognizing the influences led to play on them, see what kaleidoscopic effects can be made. Certain elements have an affinity for certain others; these in combination bring to view phases of character which have been previously hidden, they reflect parts of our nature and combine them in the most beautiful colors and most perfectly symmetrical forms. Physical and chemical forces apparently pull and tug this way and that in a most distracted way, but in reality they follow the most harmonious laws ever contemplated by the mind of man. Take quantities of potassium, sulphur, oxygen, hydrogen and chlorine; arrange them in the same proportion shown by the first part of this equation :



Because hydrogen has a greater affinity for chlorine than potassium has, the result will be that these elements will combine so as to form the second part of the equation. So it is that obedience goes hand in hand with reverence, malice with hatred. Birds of a feather are pretty sure to flock together; what most appeals to us in others, we tend to acquire often without willing it and many times without knowing it. Silently and with unmarked tread it steals into our being.

FLORENCE GILDERSLEEVE '96.

Charm of the New.

IT is acknowledged by everyone that there is a charm of association in the past. We love to haunt the places made sacred to us through history or through ties of kindred and childhood. We love to steal into the musings of an ancient writer and live with him among another people. The very remoteness of a time or the antiquity of an object is a charm within itself.

But, we ask, what is the charm of the new? Life would indeed be "stale, flat and unprofitable" were we dependent on old forms and things. If, as we say, there is a charm in antiquity there is certainly also a charm in newness. Do we not find in the freshness and perfection of a new house as great a pleasure as that in the inexplicable but none the less irresistible charm of an ancient dwelling?

"The earth was made so various that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged,"

and fortunately for us this craving is amply provided for. In our love for the frivolity of ever changing fashion or of travel, we realize that novelty, simply as a change from the old, holds a great charm for us. For the sake of a change we are willing to submit to the trials of an unbecoming style, or, often, to what is far worse, travel in a hot and dusty railway train on a warm day.

But it is obvious that were we averse to changes advancement would be an impossibility. Hence this desire for novelty has proved, not as many have supposed, an injury, but a blessing to us. Through it we are led to inquiry, progress and growth. We realize the possibilities of the new.

SUSAN HOWE '97.

Some Characteristic Names in Italian Art.

THE names which some of the masters have received from their contemporaries have become so universally known that they are sometimes used interchangeably with their surnames. Confusion often arises from this double nomenclature. We hear the name of Pietro Vannucci attached to certain pictures and later we recognize photographs of the same works by the master called Perugino. The latter name was derived from Perugia, his place of residence. Or we see a photograph of a picture by Antonio Allegri and then identify the same picture as by Correggio, the name taken from the artist's birthplace.

Then again some artists are best known by their Christian names as Giotto, Raphael and Michael Angelo.

We may also find that a painter is known to us by a name received from his father's occupation as Tintoretto whose father was a dyer by trade, which is in Italian tintore; hence his nickname Il Tintoretto. Another instance of a name derived from an occupation is that of Ghirlandajo. He began his artistic career as a goldsmith and was the first to make the silver ornaments in the form of a wreath or garland, which were very popular at that time. The Italian word for garland is ghirlanda and from this Ghirlandajo obtained the name by which he has since been known. A third illustration of a name originating in a trade is that of Andrea del Sarto who was the son of a tailor, in the Italian, il sarto. To Andrea del Sarto is also ascribed the title of "the faultless" on account of the excellence of his painting and drawing.

Still another class of artists is known to us by nicknames received because of the merit of their work or on account of some personal peculiarity. Verrocchio was known as the "true-eyed," Moretto as "dark-complexioned," Pinturicchio, "the little painter." The name Masaccio, which is familiar to all art students, is a corruption of the Christian name Maso. The artist's real name was Maso di San Giovanni. From his indiffer-

ence to childish sports, his disregard for polite manners and his slovenly appearance he won the name Masaccio, in translation "ugly or slovenly Tom." A more desirable name is that by which Fra Angelico is often called, "the Blessed." This name was given him from the purity and holiness of his life, a name which the character of his works undoubtedly warrants.

We might mention many other artists whose fictitious names, by long and customary association, are more familiarly known than their own. They are remembered by these names and the memorials which they have left us of their genius are so inseparably connected with them that it gives to their names an added interest and a peculiar importance.

NELLIE L. CAMPBELL '96.

What are the sights we see and hear
In this the loveliest time of year —

In May?

The white clouds floating through heaven's pure blue
Where the lark sings o'er his song anew.
There's the hum of honey-laden bees,
Gathering their stores from the blossoming trees.
In woodland haunts spring loveliest flowers,
Kissed by the sun and coaxed by the showers.
By brooks the willows in loveliest green
Their branches o'er it tenderly lean.
From the nest in an elm an oriole sings
His farewell song ere he spreads his wings.

These are the sights we see and hear.
This is the loveliest time of year —

In May.

FRANCES B. STEVENS '96.

The Characteristics of the Popular Novel

A novel to secure popularity must be modern, and to be modern it must have ideas that will appeal to the reading public. People are more interested in the present and its problems than in the past and its fiction. The new theories and questions of the day, more and more, are being advanced, interwoven with the romance of the novel. In this way, the novel is being remodelled, for now people read it for instruction, even though of a superficial sort, as formerly they read it for pleasure.

It is a well recognized fact that the mass of readers will read a novel to gain the knowledge they will not have the patience or desire to get from the solid treatises on the subject. Not but that formerly there have been novels written with an aim beyond telling a mere love story, but that aim was always so deeply veiled that it was difficult to distinguish it. The aim of the modern popular novel is seldom hidden, for if not clearly defined in the preface, it is discovered upon reading a few pages.

The popular novel must be written with extreme care regarding style and language. Also the drawing and developing of characters must be careful as much depends upon its truthfulness to life. In this intensely realistic age, it seems to be desirable to have the characters of the novel so very natural that one may even recognize friends among them.

This is especially true in the social novel, as we so very well learned at the appearance of "Trilby." However, it was not the faithful representation of life that made Du Maurier's book popular, but the study it gave of a subject comparatively unknown to many of its readers. But "Trilby" owed the greater part of her popularity to the over-mastering curiosity of the human race. People were curious to know who Trilby was, why she had been written about, and why she should not have been written about.

A better example of the socialistic and problematic novel is Mrs. Ward's "Marcella." The land question is one of such

great interest and importance to the English people, that in choosing that problem as the ground for her work, Mrs. Ward was quite sure of calling attention to her views. This problem of the peasant class of England is so closely allied to that of the poor of our country, that "Marcella" has gained an immense circulation in America.

A more universal and as vital a problem is treated in a very delicate and womanly way, by Madame Grand in "The Heavenly Twins." Those irresistible twins certainly were "signs of the times" in a very great degree. It is probable that no book has produced so many comments and contradictory opinions as this novel of Madame Grand's.

The popularity of Hall Caine's "Manxman" is largely due to his treating of a country and people very little known. The new can always command a greater degree of attention than the old and familiar.

Beside the social and problematic, we have the historical and romantic novels among the popular novels of the day. Although we do not expect to have another such master of the historical novel as Scott, still "The Refugees," by Conan Doyle, gives us a very pleasant and instructive study of the life and times of Louis XIV.

Among the most pleasing of the popular romantic novels are Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda," and "Princess Sonia" by Miss Magruder. In the "Prisoner of Zenda" the peculiarly pure and noble characters of both Rassendyll and Princess Flavia, even more than the excitement and interest of the story, appeal to all readers. The simplicity and sweetness of Princess Sonia is that book's chief charm, aside from the fact of its being illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson.

The popular novel is becoming the index of the times. In its change and progress, we can trace the development of science, metaphysics, sociology, and other branches of learning, for the growth of the novel is identical with the advance of our best thought.

GRACE PEASE '98.

Kennst Du die eignen Lieder Nicht?

TRANSLATION FROM MÜLLER.

Nay, do not thank me for my little song,
Methinks 'tis I should send the thanks to you ;
You sang it first to me, for it has long
Been yours, and ever more shall be.
I've listened to the music of your soul,
And looked upon the light of your dear eyes,
And hearing, seeing, their sweet song I stole,
And then I sent it back again to you.

LUCY HOWE '96.

Mein — Dein — Sein.

TRANSLATION FROM EMMA.

The earth is bright with morning sun,
A little child, a joyous one,
With outstretched hands, cries, " All is mine ! "
The earth with Spring-time glory glows,
A maiden's heart with love o'erflows ; —
" Beloved, would all earth were thine ! "
The earth is fair with sunset glow,
An old man looks, and murmurs low,
" How great the Lord ! His glories shine ! "

LUCY HOWE '96.

The Evolution of fences.

THAT fences were originally used as a protection is a fact familiar to us all. It is quite as well known that, a little later, they were constructed to mark the boundaries of land as it was purchased.

Fences used for this purpose were generally made of the material which was most abundant and of the least value. People in different countries, or sections of the same country, could not possibly procure the same kind of material and in this way the different fences originated.

In a heavily wooded country it was necessary to clear the land in order to promote cultivation. After the trees were cut, the chopping was burned over in order to free the land, as much as as possible, from roots. Large chains were attached to the stumps by which the oxen dragged them from their former positions to the boundary of the field. It was a long hard process but made a substantial and, in time, quite artistic fence, which served well to preserve the labor expended in cultivating the field. The stumps at first are so charred, the roots so scrawny, that their appearance is anything but attractive. The action of the weather in a few years changes them to a beautiful gray. Here and there a little of the charred wood remains which tends to make the deepest lines more prominent.

In some places the rocks were so numerous that, until they had been removed, the pastures could be of little use. These rocks were used to form the stone-walls, which now-a-days are considered quite as ornamental as useful. Geologists find these helpful and interesting; as for the poets and novelists, we are quite familiar with their use of them.

When the underbrush or small trees interfered with the growth of the larger trees, they were often utilized in Virginia or snake fences. Each section was laid at an angle of about ninety degrees; so instead of being straight, they zigzagged in and out.

Hedges are the natural fences. They can be formed of many

kinds of shrubs or trees, but must be well trimmed and well kept or they will form a barrier, so high and thick that it is impossible to get through it.

A great many years ago, it became a custom for everyone to have a front yard and garden fence. The latter need not surround the lot but must face the street. People, who had sufficient means, had picket fences which were considered very ornamental. Picket fences have always been especially attractive to children. One of the greatest desires of a child was to see if he really could climb such a fence without tearing his clothes. When children have yielded to this desire and, by chance, have been suspended until the picket broke or their parents took them off ; then, distance lent enchantment. It is not an unusual thing for children to indulge in very serious meditations while suspended from a picket fence. When gardens or orchards are surrounded by a picket fence it often affords great amusement to the children to stick apples on the pickets and then knock them off with stones. This proceeding was not usually an improvement to the fence or the temper of the owner. It was a constant source of labor to replace the pickets, which were removed by accident or otherwise and an expense to keep the fences nicely painted.

The poorer people had flat or rounded tops to their fences. The low flat ones made a good place for the men to lounge on and talk over the affairs of the world. Who of us has not seen such groups ? The man of the house comes out, after his day's work is done, to rest on the porch. He sees his neighbor passing and hails him with some comment on the weather. The neighbor is only too glad for an excuse to stop and talk ; so he leans his elbows on the gate until his friend comes out and asks him to sit on the fence. One by one the group collects. Each straggler is asked his opinion of the weather, of the crops of the past or coming season, and when these topics have been discussed at length the more important affairs of the country are considered. Such gatherings do not last long unless some very important subject comes up, but each man feels that the evenings would be incomplete without them.

A notable change has taken place in the use of fences. Though

in some cases they still edge the lawns they will never be replaced. The picket fences have nearly all been taken away and the low flat ones are fast disappearing. The men gather in the stores in the small villages and in the club houses in the cities.

There was once a law, that every person should surround his property with a fence at least four or four and a half feet high, and an officer, called a fence viewer, was appointed to enforce this law. This law is no longer enforced and the lawns which were once secluded are now open to the sight of all. It is one more step toward that broad democracy which demands, so far as possible, equal privileges for all men.

CHARLOTTE W. HARDY '98.

Out to the meadows, we go, we go —
To the spot where the violets blow and blow
In the breezes so soft, so soft,
Stealing down from the skies aloft, aloft.

To the spot where the Innocent sweetly grows
On the grassy bank, where the river flows,
Where the birds in the tree tops sing and sing
The beautiful songs of spring — sweet spring.

To the spot where the pine trees whistle and moan,
Where the wind blows loud, all lone and lone,
Where the Lily of the Vale yeilds its fragrance to all,
Living bravely beneath the pines so tall.

Then come, let us stay away, away —
Among the dear flowers the live long day —
And drink in the freedom and beauty and love
Of the joyful earth and the bright skies above.

GERTRUDE WARE '97.

Old fashioned Imaginings.

MR. Burroughs says that children get too much coddling now-a-days and that they are surfeited with playthings.

The truest enjoyment and the truest zest in playing are lost, to me, when there is no chance for making believe, for truly playing. The very powers of invention grow stupid and weak through the want of exercise and all the childish joys derived from the constant use of an imagination are lost.

How much more amusing is a shawl doll with an ample fold for a mouth, capable of being filled with all sorts of goodies, — shoe buttons, thimbles and pins, — than the semi-human French doll, with all its finery, its pink cheeks and blue eyes and numerous devices for walking and squeaking. A shawl doll is such a good joke, her incongruities are many and noticeable and her wardrobe and other possessions are equally amusing.

A country child is drawn out to the woods and fields as her spirit of research grows and there she finds ample space for the play of her wildest fancies and gayest imaginings. She finds playthings for her doll and a sheltered home and, finally, all the necessities of polite society. Nature is an inexhaustible milliner and dressmaker. Leaves pinned together with twigs and trimmed with grasses and flowers are very fine hats and a cluster of curled dandelion stems makes a becoming and graceful wig. But more interesting yet are the weird and awful witches made from old, brown clover blossoms and dressed in dried leaves. Then, of course, a good fairy made of the silky, white milkweed is necessary to ward off the wicked spells of the witch from the beautiful shawl princess.

So on and on the child is led until she is filled with the delights of fairy land, while the warm sunshine and fresh air are giving her health and vigor.

GERTRUDE WARE '97.

Batrachomyomachia.

THIS battle of the frogs and mice is the only mock epic of Greek Literature in existence. It was for a time attributed to Homer, but in later days more careful criticism has found it far below his work in merit. It has, perhaps, been too much depreciated, for the plot is certainly clever and the style a very good parody of the Iliad.

A mouse once was fleeing from his enemy, the cat. While he stopped to drink at a pleasant lake, a frog, Puff-Cheeks, saw him and, pleased with his appearance, suggested that they make friends with each other. The mouse suggested that their tastes were too different as one was fond of land and the other of water.

Puff-Cheeks then offered to take Crumb-Filcher, for that was the name of the mouse, on his back and show him the wonders of the frog-kindgom. So off they started. But alas ! they met a dreadful water serpent and Puff-Cheeks made a dive down to the lake-bottom. "The frog went down to the depths of the lake and avoided a gloomy fate, but the mouse as he was let go fell backward into the water. He clasped his hands and squeaked as he perished. Many times he sank beneath the waves, many times he rose with convulsive kicks, but he could not escape his destiny. His dripping hair weighed him down. At length as he perished he cried, 'Thou, Puff-Ceeeks, shalt not escape unnoticed since thou has practised deceit and cast me shipwrecked from thy back as from some rock. Upon the earth, base wretch, thou didst not excel me in the pancration, in running or in wrestling. God has an avenging eye. Thou shalt pay thy penalty to the host of mice nor shalt thou escape.' "

Thus he perished, but Lick-Dish, a friend, perceived his sad end and reported it to the mice.

In great anger they assembled at the home of the bereaved parent. He made a very touching speech which so moved the mice that they immediately armed themselves for war. Their

armour consisted of greaves made from pale green bean shells, breastplates made from a cat's skin strengthened with reeds, and bosses of lamps for shields. Their spears were good long needles, the work of Ares. Nutshells were their helmets.

When the frogs perceived the stir among the mice they quickly swam together. While they were yet in assembly, a herald came with the announcement of war.

Puff-Cheeks arose to vindicate himself and proposed that they should make a stand on a steep bank and hurl the advancing mice into the water.

The frogs, also, were well armed. Their greaves were mallow leaves. Their breastplates good, fresh beets. Cabbage leaves were shields and reeds were sharpened for spears. Cockle-shells covered their heads.

The gods were not unmindful of the great strife, and debated which side they should aid. Zeus asked Athena if she would give her aid to the mice, but she answered, "Oh! father, I never could come to the aid of the mice in their distress for they have done me much mischief; they have injured my fillets and my lamps for the sake of the oil. This that they have done has goaded me too far; they have gnawed a robe which I made myself and now it is all holes. But though this is so I do not care to aid the frogs for they have no sense. Yesterday as I came home from battle I was all tired out and wanted to sleep, but the frogs made such a noise that they would not let me sleep even a little. But come now, let us dare to aid them lest one of us should be wounded by a sharp needle."

Then there was a mighty conflict; hero after hero fell and lay rolling in dust and blood. Some, however, after deep and deadly wounds rose in a manner truly Homeric to continue their valiant deeds. The frogs had the worst of it and would have been utterly destroyed if Zeus had not taken pity on them.

He wished to send down Athena or Ares but Hera prevented him, for she said that his mighty thunderbolt alone could bring aid. "So Kronos' son hurled the sulphurous bolt; first he thundered and shook great Olympus, then he sent whirling the thunderbolt, Zeus' weapon, and it flew from the king's hand. Thus, by his throw, he terrified all the combatants.

“Nor yet did the army of mice cease, but hoped yet more to destroy the race of the warlike frogs, but Zeus took pity on the frogs and sent aid to them. Suddenly they came, mail-backed, with curved claws and sidelong gait, squinting, their mouths armed with pincers, shell-clad, crooked-kneed, with sight in their breasts, eight-footed, two-horned, not to be handled, and they are called crabs, who cut off with their mouths the tails, claws and feet of the mice.

“All the mice feared these, nor remained but turned in flight. The sun had already set and the end of the battle was reached in one day.”

Some critics have supposed that a political meaning lies hidden in the story, but it was probably written merely as a parody on the epic, to bring out its inconsistencies.

ANNIE P. HINCKS '97.



Editorials.

THE ETHICS OF UNNECESSARY SELF-SUPPORT.

At this time of the year, when many of us are so near the true "Commencement" of our lives, we are confronted with the problem of our future. We have all but finished a four years' course of stimulating work, where our energies have been called forth, and our best faculties aroused. Many are well equipped mentally and physically to share in the world's work; all are equipped for useful occupations; and surely all must realize the necessity of some choice of future action. This attitude gives a practical interest to the consideration of the recent social problem, the ethics of unnecessary self-support. This problem is one phase, and an important one, of the great subject of woman's advancement, a subject which now has the sympathy of every thoughtful and liberal-minded person.

The uncertainty and disapprobation which surround the question of unnecessary self-support are due merely to the fact that the social state of woman is in a transition period, an evolutionary process. With the first changes in the position of woman comes some confusion. But, judging from her splendid growth and development in the last few years, we need have no fears for her future progress.

Let us look a little into the ethics of the subject of unnecessary self-support. To every clear-thinking and broad-minded person it would seem, at first consideration, that woman has, under any circumstances, the moral right to self support. By this support, she aims at the well-being of herself and the world of which she forms a part. She has a righteous purpose, and she pursues it seriously and earnestly. Suppose she happens to be a woman of means. To tell her that by self-support she violates the rights of others is a gross affront to her moral sense; to tell her that it is only the privilege of the needy to have a definite purpose and occupation in life is an insult to her reason. But,

notwithstanding this obvious fallacy, we cannot deny that the idea exists, and exists in the minds of many, that women have not the right to work for pay except under certain conditions. There must be some foundation for such an opinion. No one has suggested that a man must not work unless he is in unquestionable need; on the contrary, a man is obliged to work in order to be thoroughly respected, no matter how much money he may have. Why are the conditions reversed in the case of a woman? The answer is this: Men always demand "full pay" for their work; women are generally content to work for what they are offered, especially if they are partially supported by father, husband or brother. So they lower the rate of wages. They "underbid" those who must support themselves. This is unquestionably wrong, and we say it emphatically. But this is the only condition upon which women can be justly prohibited from self-support.

And now, assuming that we have proved the moral right to self-support, when it does not interfere with the rights of others, let us look at the question from another point of view. Young women should be *encouraged* to support themselves. We assume that the girl who has money does not care to work for money. But she should not look at work from a mercenary point of view. She should be encouraged to work for the highest development of her faculties, mental, moral and physical. She should desire to be useful. "Usefulness is a quickening to the highest form of womanhood." On the other hand, the painful frivolity too frequently met with in young girls arises from a want of purpose in life. A girl who has no aim in life never truly lives. The time is here when women of recognized worth aspire to positions of equal importance with men, and it is noticeable that even the most unthinking, flippant girls are beginning to feel that it is "the thing" to have a "career." The aimless girl is held in contempt, absolute contempt by serious people.

An erroneous idea exists in the minds of many that a woman who follows a profession or supports herself in any way has necessarily asserted her independence of men, and even arrayed herself against them as the enemy of her sex. This is false and foolish reasoning. Marriage is still the fate of the

average woman, and the average woman wants to make herself pleasing to men. But the false social ideas with which she has been educated cause her to believe that she cannot be womanly and attractive to men if she works outside of her home. Now, whereas the feminine ideal of men some years ago was an amiable dependent creature, a mere personification of the sex, to-day, in America, where our social conditions present such a broad field for individual development, this unworthy ideal has passed away, and is being replaced by a well-poised, self-reliant, but none the less womanly girl. We do not say that there are not still existing men — only too many — who cling to the old selfish notion that woman should be content with “the obscurity of the domestic hearth.” However, we are comforted with the thought that men are obliged to advance as the women advance. Therefore no young woman need fear that by entering upon good earnest work, though outside of the home, she unfits herself for a future position of wife or mother.

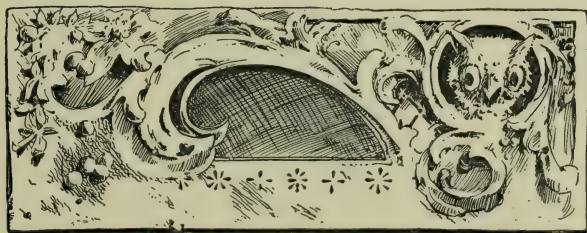
Whether the work is for self-support or in the interest of others, we earnestly hope that the graduates of Abbot Academy will step out into life with intelligent aims, and pursue them faithfully, commanding the respect and admiration of all who know them.

The celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Andover does not seem to us, residents or non-residents, simply a holiday, a day of processions, speeches, banquets, fire-crackers and ball games, — passing with its noise and confusion, with its hurry and rush, with its gaiety and laughter, and then — to be forgotten. It means to us, rather a day of commemoration for the great deeds of great men and women, connected with the life of Andover and through it with the life of our whole nation, — a day teeming with recollections which fill us with hearty pride and gratitude for our brave ancestors, — and which inspire us, the present makers of history, to noble and worthy lives. We are taken back to the early days of privation, of toil and sacrifice, of famine and war, and our hearts burn with true patri-

otism. Our interest is awakened and we long to know and understand more clearly the history of our country and to become intelligent concerning its present needs, and useful in promoting the future welfare of this same country which has been developed so gloriously through the earnest efforts of our predecessors.

We will therefore not only remember the outward demonstrations, but appreciate and keep with us its deepest, truest meaning with its ennobling influence.

One of the most interesting features of the Andover Anniversary Loan Collection was, without doubt, its wealth of portraits. We never enter the hall at Phillips Academy without almost envying our brothers their already fine portrait gallery. Phillips Academy is more than twice as old as we, but is it not also more than twice as wise, in this particular, at least? Such a collection of portraits does not come without energy and interest on the part of the school. Shall we not be more alive to this phase of school life and see to it that the walls of the new Academy Hall, which we see now only by faith, may be hung with portraits of our trustees and distinguished alumnae?



School Journal.

Early this term we enjoyed a delightful and profitable course of four lectures by Mrs. Florence Howe Hall. The subjects were as follows: "Social Usages," "One Hundred and One Mistakes," "English as it is Spoken in the Best Society," and "The Art of Conversation." In these lectures Mrs. Hall discussed manners and language, good and bad, reminding us sweetly of our own shortcomings and leading us most naturally to self-criticism and, we trust, to self-improvement. We hope Mrs. Hall will sometime come again on the same good mission.

The last and rarest of the lectures provided for us this year by the Alumnae Auxiliary Fund was that given May 11, by Fraulein Stolle. The subject was the "Dresden Gallery," illustrated by lantern views, so faithfully colored in imitation of the original paintings, that we easily imagined ourselves in the Dresden Gallery. A correspondent of the Boston Transcript thus writes of her; "I saw reproduced in absolute faithfulness of color all the most famous masterpieces in the great galleries of Europe. Nothing was lacking or left to the imagination. Every peculiarity of drawing, every delicacy of tint, every characteristic individuality of style of the original master-hand was there upon the sheet, which seemed to be the painting itself. At first I told myself, this is the long-sought triumph of the camera-photography in colors. And I marvelled, as did all in that little group of artists and others who watched the series of well known Raphaels, Murillos, Rembrandts, as they followed one upon another." We are increasingly grateful to the dear older sisters who have given us these rare privileges.

The last Abbot recital was given March 5.

HAYDN String Quartet in G maj. op. 64, No. 4.

1. Allegro con brio.
2. Minuetto, Allegretto.
3. Adagio, Cantabile sostenuto.
4. Finale, Presto.

WIENIASKWI Legends.

MR. ISIDOR SCHNITZLER.

MOZART String Quartet in E flat maj. No. 4. (Two movements).

- Minuetto, Allegretto.
Finale, Allegro vivace.

VIEUXTEMPS

Album Leaf

MR. FRITZ GIESE.

BEETHOVEN String Quartet in E min. op. 59, No. 2. (Two movements).

Molto, Adagio.

Finale, Presto.

Haydn's bright, genial quartet in G major, Op. 64, No. 4, was given with rare sympathy and purity of tone. Mozart's in E. flat major, No. 4, with true classical feeling, while Beethoven's noble work in E minor, Op. 59, No. 2, seemed to pulsate with intensity and passionate longing.

Mr. Schnitzler's solo, Legends by Wieniaski, so delighted the audience that they gave him a hearty encore, in response to which he played an air of the great Spanish violinist, Sarasate.

Mr. Giese, whose solo was the Album Leaf by Vieuxtemps, was likewise so enthusiastically applauded that he returned and gave Schubert's Moment Musicale in F minor in a most fascinating manner. This is that Moment Musicale which illustrates the effect made on Schubert's mind by the peculiar music of the Magyars. Mr. Giese was imperatively recalled a second time, but merely bowed his acknowledgements in return.

We were glad to have Science represented in our lecture course this winter and were fortunate in securing Dr. Grace E. Cooley, of Wellesley College, who gave us three very interesting Biology lectures. In the first on "Bacteria" special emphasis was given to the importance of these minute organisms in the economy of nature. The second lecture on "Colony Life" was perhaps the most interesting and was well illustrated by charts and slides. In the last, some parasitic forms of plant life were considered in contrast with the ideal structure. These lectures were of special value to those who had just taken the course in Zoölogy.

Miss McKeen's paper on the "Missionaries of Abbot Academy," which was read at the South Church on Celebration Sunday, was a glorious record of the work done by our dear school for the conversion of the world.

We cannot soon forget the noble and uplifting sermon on the educational spirit of Andover, preached by Prof. Taylor at the Chapel on the Sabbath preceding the celebration and magnanimously repeated for us at our following Saturday evening service.

On Saturday afternoon, June 6, Mr. Albert Poor, the orator of the Andover celebration, repeated to our school the splendid address which he gave on that historic occasion. Those pupils whose homes are far

away, especially those who are from the newer sections of the country, were profoundly impressed with the richness of the history of Andover as it was portrayed by the orator in eloquent language and glowing pictures. We are deeply grateful for such benefits as these.

Every Abbot girl, young or old, present or absent, should read the careful and brilliant article on "Historic Andover" in the June number of the New England Magazine. In pondering such records we realize how rare is the history of this beautiful town and how rich is the present generation in its intellectual and spiritual inheritance.

The twenty-ninth Annual Draper Recital of Abbot Academy occurred on June 9.

PROGRAM.

Piano : COUNTRY DANCE, Nevin.

Misses Paul and Porter.

1. CAPTAIN JANUARY *Laura E. Richards*
Bessie Sarah Stow, Plantsville, Conn.
2. TOM'S INSPIRATION *Mark Twain*
Selina Aiken Cook, Portland, Maine.
3. J. COLE *Emma Gellibrand*
Mary Helen Foster, Andover.
4. BRIER-ROSE *Boyesen*
Adèle Johnson Pigeon, Boston.
5. US BOYS, AND THE OTHER BOY *E. S. Phelps*
Alice Page, Hyde Park, Vermont.
6. MICHAEL STROGOFF *Jules Verne*
Annie Smart, Andover.
7. TILDY'S REVENGE *Joel Chandler Harris*
Sophia A. Rogers, New Orleans, La.
8. A RACE AGAINST TIME *Albion W. Tourgee*
Marion Lucy Spaulding, Andover.
9. POOR LITTLE JOE *Arkwright*
Blanche Mills Edwards, Pittsfield.
10. THE PASSING OF THOMAS *Thomas A. Janvier*
Frances E. P. Hinkley, Portland, Maine.
11. THE BELL OF SAINT BASIL'S *E. S. Phelps*
Frances M. George, Haverhill.

Saturday afternoon, March 21, Miss Greely, formerly associate principal of the Boston School of Oratory, gave an informal talk on the subject of Expression. She was accompanied by Miss Chapman, a pupil, who gave the following selections:

A Reminiscence of my College Days	<i>Peele</i>
Tom Sawyer's Love Affair	<i>Mark Twain</i>
Cuddle Doon	<i>Anderson</i>
Lullaby from Midsummer Night's Dream	
Seein' Things at Night	<i>Eugene Field</i>

Several members of the advanced class in Latin with Miss Munson, instructor of Latin, were present at the afternoon performance of the "Captivi" of Plautus, given by the Latin department of Boston University in the Bijou Theatre, Boston, May 16

Besides gathering for the lectures by Mrs. Hall, and the oration, we have come together three times for Saturday afternoon exercises this term. "The Poet Laureate," was the subject of the first Saturday, and the papers were extremely interesting. It was a very warm day, the next time we found ourselves in the hall, on Saturday afternoon, but that only served to make us imagine all the more that we were really going with Fraulein Schiefferdecker through the cities of Cairo and Alexandria. The girls always listen eagerly to her talk upon Egypt and this time it was especially entertaining, for she had many amusing little stories to tell. It was with a feeling of regret that we assembled for our last Saturday afternoon exercise. It was called "A Preliminary Draper Reading." The time flew quickly by with music and recitations.

Our Saturday evening meetings have all been very helpful and interesting. We have been very fortunate in hearing from Prof. Taylor and from Dr. Merrill twice, this year.

Dr. Merrill spoke to us once of his personal recollections of Gen. Gordon; and the second time, he spoke of the meaning of Memorial Day. Mr. Wilson of the Free Church, Mr. Dockrill of Lawrence, and Mr. Megathlin from the Theological Seminary have also led our Saturday evening meetings. Miss Wing, Secretary of the State Y. W. C. A., spoke to us one Saturday and spent the following Sunday with us, speaking again in the evening at our Christian Workers' meeting. Rev. Clark Carter told us of his work in the Lawrence prison, and Mr. Rowley, Mrs. Draper's brother, gave us an interesting talk on his western work. After this talk the school gave Mr. Rowley twenty dollars. Rev. Dr. Brown, connected with the school through his wife, the late Charlotte Emerson Brown, talked to us in an especially helpful, practical manner.

Miss Emerson, an officer of the American Missionary Association,

was with us one Friday morning and told us of the association's great need of money, to which plea we responded by taking a fifty dollar share.

The Day of Prayer was this year one of deep and lasting interest. The morning service was led by Miss McKeen who spoke with feeling of past Days of Prayer in the history of the school and the blessings which had come from the observance of them. The funeral service of our dear schoolmate, Ione Gildersleeve, occurred in the forenoon of this day in the Episcopal Church, and many of our number were present. An informal prayer meeting, conducted by Miss Merrill, was held after luncheon in the sitting-room at Draper Hall. At half past two, we joined with the other students of Andover in the service at the Chapel where Rev. Dr. Wolcott, of Lawrence, gave a noble and inspiring address.

Mr. Sayford, the college evangelist, spent the last week in January in helpful labor among the students of Andover. Although the larger part of his time was spent in service at Phillips Academy, we shared the blessings of his visit. He led our Chapel worship one morning and held a brief "after-meeting" where many were strengthened. It was our privilege, also, to attend several of the evening services which he held in the South Church.

On the morning of February 18, Miss Wing, Secretary of the Young Woman's Christian Association of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, spoke to the school at prayers and awakened much interest in the city work of these associations and in the convention which was to be held in Lawrence a few days later. Several members of the school attended the meetings of the convention and derived much profit from them. A fortnight after this we were favored by a second visit from Miss Wing under the auspices of the Christian Workers. At our Saturday evening service she gave us further glimpses of the noble work of the Associations, especially among the homeless working-girls of our cities. On Sunday evening she led the meeting of the Workers in the Draper Hall sitting-room, where she told us much of life and Christian work in Hawaii where she lived for two years. Her visit was a benediction to us all.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, February 11, the Seniors were at home to the teachers, matrons, trustees and their wives, and a few Andover friends. The Seniors' parlor was made even more attractive than usual by those delicate touches of fine taste with which refined girls know how

to make any spot beautiful. The cordial greetings of nineteen fair hostesses, their delicate attentions and faultlessly served refreshments, the good cheer and happy words on all sides made the hour like a sweetly remembered dream.

Washington's birthday brought us the usual mid-winter holiday which was spent in rest and sundry pleasures. At five o'clock in the afternoon the bell summoned us to Abbot Hall to be entertained for an hour by the Seniors who had prepared a bright little drama entitled "Who Will Win Him?" for the enjoyment of our two families. At the close of this delightful performance the company adjourned to the dining-room in Draper Hall where refreshments were served, and an hour of dancing closed the day.

A pleasant and unique social event, in which Faculty and Seniors shared, was a reception at Bartlet Chapel on the evening of February 18. It was under the auspices of the Ladies' Benevolent Society and the Chapel Sunday School and combined various elements not ordinarily amalgamated; a social reception with cake and ice-cream, magnificent readings by Prof. Churchill, a banjo and mandolin entertainment by Phillips boys, college songs by Theological students, all pleasantly woven together by apt speeches by Mr. McCurdy, superintendent of the Chapel Sunday School.

Mrs. Asa Farwell and her daughter spent a few weeks with Miss Jackson in the latter part of the winter. On the sixth of March the teachers gave themselves the honor of entertaining them at an afternoon tea in the McKen Rooms in Draper Hall. Among the guests were those of Mrs. Farwell's former pupils who are still living in Andover and a few of her friends and acquaintances who belong to a later date. The element of youth was provided for the occasion by the Seniors who rendered sweet service to those friends of a former generation. It was pleasant to hear Mrs. Farwell say to her "girls" "How natural you look!" "You look just as you used to!" and pleasant to hear them all talking of the dear old days. May the memory of this hour be as delightful to that little band of old friends who were thus brought together as it will long be to us who had the privilege of sharing it.

Miss Park entertained the Senior class this term with a pleasant tea at her home.

Among the social events of the year, one of the unusually pleasant ones was the reception given by the teachers and young ladies of Smith Hall to their neighbors in Draper Hall.

An invitation was extended recently to the teachers and a number of the young ladies to meet Miss Saunders at her home on Beacon Street. We were most cordially received by the hostesses, and had the pleasure of meeting many of their friends.

On June 16, the teachers of Smith Hall entertained the Faculty, the Senior class and other friends at a piazza tea. The members of the Smith Hall family assisted in serving the guests.

The Annual Senior Reception was given by Dr. and Mrs. Bancroft on June 16. The Faculty and many of the Abbot students were among the guests.

The Senior class of Abbot with the Senior class of the Theological Seminary were entertained by Professor and Mrs. Churchill at their beautiful home, on the evening of June 5.

Mrs. Bancroft entertained a few of the students of Abbot Academy and of Phillips Academy at her home on May 15.

There is much to enjoy socially during the last days of the school year. Among other pleasures to be remembered was the tea given on June 10 by the ladies of the faculty of the Theological Seminary.

Among the entertainments in the town which have been attended by the Abbot students are the Phillips Glee Club Concert, the Adamowski Concert, the Means Prize Speaking at Phillips Academy, the Historical Tableaux given in connection with the celebration of the two hundredth and fiftieth anniversary of the town, a lecture on Wit and Humor by the Hon. Wallace Bruce, and the Plays given by the Phillips Dramatic Club.

On June 3, one of the brightest days of the season, with hardly a cloud in the blue sky, we started on our much talked of trip to Concord. A few girls from Draper with Miss Mason, and a few from Smith with Miss Kelsey composed our party.

We reached the quaint old town without any especial adventure and at the station found our barge and a competent driver awaiting us. We drove for nearly three hours, visited the places we had so often thought of and thoroughly enjoyed everything. Our guide seemed to possess an inexhaustible fund of knowledge and called our attention to many little things which would otherwise have passed unnoticed.

While we were rapturously gazing at the "Old Orchard" house, he pointed out the very tree that "Joe" and "Amy" used for a horse. One

of our number immediately "snapped" the tree with her camera, and, when we again rode by the house, we each carried away a sprig from that apple tree dear to every lover of Miss Alcott's books.

After we had driven past the houses of Thoreau, Hawthorne, Emerson and the Alcotts, our guide drove us to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. With what a feeling of awe we gazed on the graves of the writers whose homes we had just visited! As we stopped at the Alcott lot, it seemed hard to believe that we were really looking at the graves of the "Joe" "Beth," and "Amy" whom we all love.

Our last drive was to the battleground where our pictures were taken, then on by the "Old Manse," which Hawthorne has made famous, and past the historic fields to the "Thoreau House," where lunch was soon ready for us. After lunch our party separated; a part went to Boston, but the greater part drove to Lexington and took the Boston train from there. We met again at Andover, and all agreed that we had had a most enjoyable day.

On May 27, Miss Munson, the instructor in Latin, with a party of Abbot students visited Wellesley College, where they went through the Main Building, the Art Building, the smaller homelike cottages and Stone Hall. Those who were interested in Chemistry attended a recitation in that department. A picnic lunch at Tupelo Point, a place dear to all lovers of Wellesley, gave the party a glimpse of the social side of Wellesley life.

In May, Miss Franklin, the instructor in Greek, took some of the members of the College Preparatory Department, who expect to enter Smith, for a short visit to Northampton and an introduction to their future College home.

Early in May members of the Botany and Zoölogy classes visited the Agassiz Museum in Cambridge. As usual the collection of glass flowers proved specially attractive and some time was also spent in examining the lower groups of animal life.

On account of Miss Ingall's continued absence, the work of her department has been done during the Spring term by Mrs. Newton and Miss Susie Blake.

Four members of the College Preparatory Department expect to enter Smith College in September.

Of the many gifts that have come to Abbot Academy this year, there has not been one for which we are more deeply grateful than for the fine

portrait of our constant friend and benefactor, Mr. Draper. Those who know how Mr. Draper modestly shrank from seeing his likeness on our walls, will be glad to learn that his reluctance finally gave way, and that in the winter, sittings began and continued until the good work was done, in our own studio and by our own teacher of drawing and painting, Miss Angelica S. Patterson. Of the excellence of this portrait, let each judge for himself. We believe that it is and will continue to be most satisfactory to the friends of Mr. Draper and of the school. It is the gift of Mrs. Draper who aptly calls it "her picture." Would that Mr. Draper might follow his wife's example and give us now "his picture," for do we not know that together they plan, and—may we not say it?—live for the school.

Abbot Academy has just received from the World's Columbian Commission the official "Award for general excellence of instruction and results along practical lines. Special excellence of buildings and equipment. Notable merit of school magazines published by the students." This is finely engraved and printed by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, U. S. Treasury Department. This is accompanied by the Bronze Medal awarded to the Academy, enclosed in an Aluminum case. On one side of this stands the heroic figure proclaiming the discovery with the date October XII, MCCCCXCII. On the reverse, surrounded by emblems of the discovery, is a tablet with the inscription :

WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE FOUR HUNDREDTH
ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

MDCCCXCII — MDCCCXCIII.

TO ABBOT ACADEMY.

Again our library has been replenished by the generosity of an old scholar. Mrs. R. S. Storrs of Brooklyn, recently sent one hundred dollars for the purchase of new books, and now teachers and pupils are rejoicing in the possession of some of the newest works connected with the various departments of study. Our gratitude for such benefactions and such loyalty is greater than we can express.

A most unexpected and highly valued gift from a loyal old scholar is the rare monumental work on Constantinople by Prof. Edwin Grosvenor of Amherst College. The practical usefulness of this work in our own library is constantly tested by the classes in General History, History of Art, and Church History, while it is a constant source of delight and information to the general reader. It is evident that Lilian Waters Grosvenor holds in grateful remembrance the influences of her years in Abbot Academy.

Alumnac Notes.

A pleasant visit in mid-winter from our trustee, Mrs. Harlow, is well remembered by many of us, especially because of her kindly interest in our class-room work.

"Perhaps every one in our club is not aware of the vast amount of good one of our members is doing. Dr. Sarah A. Jenness treats and prescribes for the poor at the South End every Wednesday from 10 to 11 A. M., and is always prepared to answer a call from the Salvation Army Rescue Mission. This she does without any remuneration whatever, except the reward that always comes sooner or later, from doing good. When questioned in regard to the matter, Dr. Jenness answers in her quick, bright way that 'She sees no practical difference between treating a patient who cannot pay and one who will not.' Dr. Jenness has recently been elected a member of the Pentagon Club."

The above item, taken from a page of the Business Folio devoted to New Hampshire's Daughters, speaks for itself. Dr. Jenness not only works herself, but she also knows how to interest others in the Rescue Mission. In response to an appeal from her, we were glad to send six hot water bottles to the Mission and money enough for six more to be used for the sick, and we began at once to finish children's clothing already begun for poor little waifs who find their way to the Home, to work up the material already bought and to send packages of second hand clothing to be distributed to the needy. The grateful appreciation of the recipients of our gifts seems, though very pleasant to our ears, out of all proportion to the things given.

Miss McKeen reports that the even tenor of her way has been interrupted by two very pleasant episodes. The first was a fortnight in February in New York City, in response to invitations from Miss Elizabeth Chadbourne, Mrs. Marion Dwight Walker, Mrs. Anna Dwight Leggett and Mrs. Rebecca Davis Spalding, whose hospitality included an Old Scholars' Day, for which her card and Miss McKeen's went to more than forty persons who had been connected with Abbot Academy and are now living in New York and that vicinity. But with the day, came a storm unmatched in severity this year, so that only ten brave souls met that afternoon and found that "The best laid schemes of mice and men, gang aft agley." A visit to the Woman's Medical College, under the guidance of Miss Jennie Greeley, was full of interest;

she has been studying there the last two years and honoring herself and her Alma Mater.

The second episode referred to was a very recent visit to Worcester, Mass., where she was the guest of Mrs. Lizzie Reed Brownell, whose husband, though his head is constantly evolving mysterious inventions, is a very entertaining host and the beautiful home is enlivened by two bright boys. Fourteen old scholars, living in, or near, Worcester responded to Mrs. Brownell's invitation to meet Miss McKeen and two others were present by letters.

Abbot Academy women seem to find, and to make, life worth living.

On the first Saturday of February the Abbot Academy Club met as usual at the Parker House. The program was in the hands of the committee on philanthropy. Miss Louise Putnam spoke on "College Settlements" and Miss Merrill spoke upon the needs of the new infirmary at Abbot Academy. Mrs. Mahony contributed readings and Annie Smart and Alice Florine Morse, both pupils of Prof. Downs in Abbot Academy, provided music.

At the meeting on March 7th the following resolution was sent to Mrs. Greenhalge:

"The Abbot Academy Club tender to you their heartfelt sympathy in this your hour of deepest sorrow."

The program was upon current events. Mrs. Lillian Waters Grosvenor spoke upon "Armenia," Miss Watson spoke on current events at Abbot Academy, Mrs. Caroline Edgerly upon "The Transvaal," and Mrs. Helen D. Cole upon "Venezuela." Music was furnished by Miss Ida Soule and Miss Josephine Crocker.

The Abbot Academy Club held its last regular meeting and dinner of the season April 4, at the Parker House. There were about fifty present.

The President, Mrs. Baldwin, occupied the chair, and Mrs. Ida B. Adams officiated as secretary. After the usual routine business of the club was transacted, the reports of the committees were read and approved. It was reported that the Infirmary Fund for Draper Hall, had reached the sum of \$175.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mrs. Harriet A. Baldwin; first Vice-president, Miss Floretta Vining; second, Mrs. Elizabeth W. Heald; third, Miss Adeliza Brainard; fourth, Miss Mabel F. Wheaton; fifth, Mrs. Marshall M. Cutter; Recording secretary, Mrs. Ida B. Adams; Corresponding secretary, Mrs. George

S. Mahony; Treasurer, Miss Mary F. Merriam; Auditor, Mrs. Mary P. Raymond.

The assembly then adjourned to the banquet hall, where Mrs. Baldwin again presided. Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs, of Andover, delivered an interesting lecture on "Literary Shrines." Music was furnished by the Quartet Elmwood of Cambridge.

The Abbot Academy Club has nobly shown us that the object announced in its constitution to "arouse an increased interest in Abbot Academy" has been accomplished. The new Infirmary in Draper Hall, which was built early in the year, has been beautifully and conveniently furnished through the generosity of the Club and through additional private gifts from members. All articles have been chosen with the greatest care and with sole reference to the needs of a sick-room.

How fortunate is Abbot above many schools in having such loving daughters out in the world who never forget their obligations to Alma Mater nor her dependence upon their loving interest!

The sitting room in Draper Hall shows, in the additions to its furnishings, the thoughtfulness of friends. Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Tyler, Mr. Bosher and Mary Thompson '93 are its recent benefactors.

Miss Anna Kimball, who during the winter term occupied No. 1. in Draper Hall, has provided for the tinting of its walls.

Other gifts to our library are the new work of Prof. Harris of Andover on Moral Evolution, and one of the rare publications of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, entitled, *The Temple of Deir el Bahari*. This is the gift of Mr. Draper. Mrs. Laura Wentworth Fowler recently sent us a copy of Miss Dawes's *Charles Sumner*, and Mrs. R. S. Storrs has remembered our Art Department with a copy of Bradford's helpful little monograph on the *Sistine Madonna*. In company with the latter was a highly valued article by Prof. Park, entitled "*Impressions of the Sistine Madonna*," beautifully copied into a Russia-bound blank-book, now counted one of the the treasures of the Art Library.

In the Boston Advertiser, March 28, we read: "Before the Newtonville Woman's Guild, Miss Kathleen Jones '89, gave her fine essay on 'Shakespeare's Songs Illustrated.'"

From several papers in the spring came accounts of the Installation of Rev. William H. Davis D.D., as pastor of the Eliot Congregational Church, in Newton, Mass. He left Detroit, Mich., on account of the health of his family, after being pastor in the Old First Church for

twelve years. In a resolution adopted by the members of the Church, was this charming tribute to his wife, who is an Abbot graduate, Emma P. Meacham Davis, '75: "We must not limit our expressions of gratitude to you alone — your gifted wife must share them. When we called you as pastor we bargained better than we knew. You brought with you, unknown to us at the time, a companion and co-laborer, a trained and cultured woman. Since she came the church has been radiant with the light of her loving spirit. Her womanly grace and tact have drawn around her the young and old, the mothers and daughters, and the children of the church in harmonious associations for earnest Christian work. Her energy and enthusiasm have been an inspiration in the Sunday School, the woman's association, and all those social instrumentalities which give the church its power."

We are glad to welcome home Miss Caroline C. Wilbur, '95, from her winter's work at the Art League in New York. Pleasant reports of the creditable work she has been doing have reached our ears and we have no need to wish her success in the course of work upon which she has started, since she has already secured it.

Miss Edith M. Pond, '95, is teaching art at Harcourt Place Seminary, Gambier, Ohio.

Miss Pauline Butterfield has also begun work at the Art League, New York.

Miss Bertha Manning sailed with Fräulein Schiefferdecker on the Southwark, June 10. She will spend the coming year in Germany, studying German and music. Fraulein Schiefferdecker will return for the opening of the Fall term.

Among the candidates for degrees at Bryn Mawr College is Helen Bartlett '74, of Illinois, who studied at Newnham College, University of Cambridge, England, 1889; studied in Berlin, 1882-'84 and 1890; A. B. Bryn Mawr '92 and A. M. 1893; graduate student in English, Bryn Mawr 1892-'93; Fellow in English, Bryn Mawr 1893-'94; holder of the American Fellowship of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, and graduate student in English and German, Bryn Mawr 1894-'95.

Miss A. J. McCutcheon '79, President of the Norumbega Club of Charlestown, is to be congratulated on the able manner in which she executed her plans as chairman of the arrangement committee of the State Federation Meeting of Woman's Clubs of Massachusetts, at Watertown.

Miss Lilie A. Stone, '91, is instructing in Kindergarten work in Utica, N. Y.

Mrs. Frank W. Spaulding—Abby T. Stearns, '68,—is now living at Clifton Springs, where Dr. Spaulding is a member of the medical staff at the Sanitarium.

Mary E. Wilder, '78, is in Paris.

Mrs. Jenny Pearson Stanford, '76, missionary to Japan, is delaying in Berlin for study, on her way to America.

Florence Elizabeth Swift, '81, matron in Worcester Academy, has charge of the house-keeping for over two hundred boys.

The mid-year meeting of the Alumnae Association was held in Boston at the Hotel Vendome, Wednesday, March 11. It was an afternoon tea from three to five.

The friends of Mary W. Carter of Lowell,—“Little Mary,” as we used to call her—will be glad to know that she is teaching successfully in Norwood, Mass., “some of the dearest little children in the world.”

Pennsylvania has always been a good patron of Abbot Academy, but is it generally known what an increasing group of our girls have recently married *nach* Philadelphia, as the Germans would say? We count within the last few years Mary E. Stow (Mrs. H. C. Roberts), Helen Hunter (Mrs. Davis), Esther Dow (Mrs. Ball), and Mary Carter (Mrs. Ward Righter).

Professor Hincks will preach the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class, June 21, and Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, of Detroit, will give the anniversary address. There will be class exercises as usual in Abbot Hall, followed by the tree planting and class song.

VISITS FROM ALUMNAE.

Josephine Rounsevel, '91; Mary Thompson, '93; Mabelle Stone, '94; Catharine Hope Pike, '95; Marcia Russel, '94; Mabel Philbrick Clark, '94; Myrtie Woodman, '93; Grace Dorr, '95; Elizabeth Smith, '95; Ella Robinson, '94; Carrie F. Holmes, '71; Mary Spalding, '68; Dora Spalding, '75; Marion Strong Somers, '95; Mrs. Octavia Putnam Thompson, '68; Mrs. Willard P. Phillips (Margaret Duncan, '68;) Mrs. Lena Dersey Nichols, '94; Sara Quinby, '91; Hattie Tufts Loring, '68; Hattie Bradley, '79; Mrs. Emerson, Mrs. Heald, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Hattie Barnes, Caroline F. Fletcher.

MARRIAGES.

Invitations are issued for the marriage of Marion Hall of Cambridge to Mr. Albert E. Bailey, on the evening of Anniversary Day.

BARD—MCDUFFEE. In Keene, N. H., April 30, Cora Ernestine McDuffee '90, and Mr. Herbert Drakeley Bard, P. A. '90.

BURNABY—PRINCE.—In Spencer, Mass., Jan. 22, Jeannette Prince '78, and Rev. Sidney Augustus Burnaby.

BUCK—LAMPHEAR.—In Beverly, Mass., April 7, Jennie Hurd Lamphear '86, and Augustus Walker Buck, M. D.

RIGHTER—CARTER.—In Boontown, N. J., Feb. 25, Mary Carter '88, and Rev. S. Ward Righter.

SPOFFORD—SWALM.—In Middletown, N. Y., Feb. 5, Florence Corwin Swalm '86, and Mr. Charles Milton Spofford.

DAY—WANNING.—In Birmingham, Conn., June 9, Grace Elizabeth Wanning '89, and Mr. Julius Gilbert Day.

SWAIN—SCOTT.—In Wayne, Pa., April 16, 1896, Jean Coltart Scott and Mr. William Moseley Swain.

CROSS—MARSHALL.—In Laconia, N. H., June 10, 1896, Ethelyn Louise Marshall '94 and Rev. Allen Eastman Cross, Springfield, Mass.

LOTHROP—CLARK.—In Amesbury, June 10, 1896, Mabelle Philbrick Clark and Mr. Arthur Ellsworth Lothrop.

BIRTHS.

March 19, 1896, a son, Mortimer Morris, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Prescott, (Eva S. Smith).

Jan. 8, 1896, a daughter, Dorothy, to Mr. and Mrs. Rosecrans W. Pillsbury, (Annie Watts '82).

DEATHS.

Mary Walcott Emery '55.

Mrs. Arthur Cowdrey, died Feb. 9, 1896.

Died, in Meriden, Ct., March 22, Mrs. Julia Plummer Rockwell Roby.

No member of Abbot Academy during the years '83-'85, can fail to remember the slight form, refined face, charming ways, and genial spirit of Julia Rockwell. Though quiet and unassuming, she was a power in the school, where her daily path was a trail of sweetness and light. After she was graduated from Abbot in '85, she taught at Hampton Institute, with hearty interest in her pupils. A fine specimen of bead work made by Jane Eagle Face All Yellow, which Miss Rockwell brought me, is among my valued treasures. General Armstrong spoke of her with enthusiastic commendation.

But her kingdom was her home, in Meriden, Ct., where for six years she was the happy wife of Mr. Sidney J. Roby, who could say of her,

"No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.
Blessing she is: God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless."

As her health began to decline, she hoped against hope and bore up the courage of her family: but when, after seven months confinement to her bed, and, often, of intense suffering, she clearly saw the will of God, and, in sweet faith, gave up her little daughter Elizabeth, and Sheldon, her baby boy, and her husband and her home and set her face heavenward and wist not that it shone with the glory of the Celestial City.

P. McK.

On the 26th of January, Ione Gildersleeve, once a dear member of this family, died suddenly of heart disease, after an illness of a few days. We remember with tenderness her delicacy of health and the difficulties under which she labored in the accomplishment of her school work; and we shall remember with loving admiration the motherly care which she, the elder sister, gave to the flock of little ones, who, later, with their parents, came from the New Mexican home to make a temporary home in Andover. We gladly learn the lessons which her life taught us.

Mrs. Caroline Munroe Gleason, '56, of West Medford, died February 17, 1897. Her friend and classmate, Mrs. Helen Mills Saville, writes: "Abbot Academy and all its interests were ever dear to Mrs. Gleason. As a pupil she much enjoyed her life there and loved to revert to those days. On several occasions, in company with classmates, we have revisited the beloved institution and its environs, returning with grateful delight that we were permitted to review together the scenes, dear to our hearts, of earlier years and now our loved friend looks on the promised land."

From the Southern Workman and Hampton Record: "Just too late for insertion in our last number, came the news of the death of Mrs. S. J. Roby, who was known to us while on our Hampton Staff, as Miss Julia P. Rockwell. One of the most gentle and beautiful souls with whom it has been our privilege to be associated in Hampton's great work, has gone home to the Father's House. Miss Rockwell came to Hampton from New Britain, Conn., in the Fall of '86, and was for two years a valued teacher in the Indian Department."

Class Organizations.

'96.

"Esse quam videri."

<i>President.</i>	CAROLYN MATHEWS.
<i>Vice-President.</i>	LUCY HOWE.
<i>Secretary.</i>	FLORENCE E. GILDERSLEEVE.
<i>Treasurer.</i>	SARA K. JACKSON.
Class Colors,	White and Gold.
Flower,	Marguerite.

'97.

"Optima persequens."

<i>President.</i>	FRANCES MAERY GORGE.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	FRANCES E. P. HINKLEY.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	GERTRUDE WARE.
Class Colors,	Lavender and Green.
Flower,	Violet.

Officers of Alumnae Association.

1895-'96.

PRESIDENT:

MISS EMILY A. MEANS.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

MRS. LUCY MONTAGUE BROWN, of Portland.
MRS. LAURA WENTWORTH FOWLER, of Dedham.
MRS. ESTHER SMITH BYERS, of New York.
MRS. ANNIE SAWYER DOWNS, of Andover.
MRS. SALLIE RIPLEY CUTLER, of Bangor.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER

MISS AGNES PARK.

COMMITTEE OF APPROPRIATION:

MISS LAURA WATSON, MRS. IRENE ROWLEY DRAPER,
MISS AGNES PARK.

Abbot Academy Faculty.

- LAURA S. WATSON, M.A., PRINCIPAL,
Philosophy.
- MARIA STOCKBRIDGE MERRILL,
French.
- KATHERINE R. KELSEY,
Mathematics.
- NATALIE SCHIEFFERDECKER,
German.
- EDITH ELIZABETH INGALLS,
Literature and Rhetoric.
- NELLIE M. MASON,
Science.
- EVELYN FARNHAM DURFEE,
Elocution and Gymnastics.
- FRANCES MARSH BANCROFT, B.L.
History.
- MAUD ANTOINETTE MUNSON, B.A.,
Latin.
- RUTH BARKER FRANKLIN, M.A.,
Greek.
- PROF. SAMUEL MORSE DOWNS,
Vocal Music, Pianoforte, Organ, and Harmony.
- JENNIE B. LADD PARMELEE,
Violin.
- CLARA L. CARLETON,
Assistant Music Teacher.
- ANGELICA S. PATTERSON,
Drawing and Painting.
- PROF. HENRI MORAND,
French.
- MABELLE ETHELYN BOSHER,
Librarian.
-

- MISS ANGELINA KIMBALL,
Matron at Draper Hall.
- MRS. EMILY R. WILCOX,
Matron at Smith Hall.
- MRS. AUGUSTA M. DOWD,
Domestic Matron at Draper Hall.

Abbot Academy.

THE FALL TERM

Will begin on Thursday, September 17, 1896.

For information and admission apply to Miss LAURA S. WATSON,
Andover, Mass.

"One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."—*Senior Class.*



ALL KINDS OF
FRUIT ~ IN ~ SEASON

Fancy Biscuits, Canned Meats, Olives,
Confectionery, Etc.

J. H. CAMPION & CO.,

ANDOVER, MASS.



“Still so gently o’er me stealing,
Mem’ry will bring back the feeling.”



T. A. HOLT & CO.,

Dealers in

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

Basement of Baptist Church.

ANDOVER.



“Spite of all my grief revealing,
That I love thee, that I dearly love thee still.”
—*Abbot Alumnae.*

HENRY P. NOYES.

FURNITURE.

Park Street, Andover.

SMITH & MANNING.

Dry Goods and Groceries

ESSEX STREET, ANDOVER.

What wakes us in the morning,
With its voice we know so well,
And says to us, "Arise at once?"
That inexorable bell.

C. H. Gilbert, M.D.S.,
Dentist.

BANK BLOCK, MAIN STREET,
ANDOVER, MASS.

Dr. Leitch.

HOURS :

Till 8.30 A.M., 1 to 3 P.M.; after 7 P.M.

Dr. Scott.

MAIN STREET.

HOURS : 1 to 3 P.M. and 7 to 9 P.M.

GEORGE H. PARKER,

Drugs and Medicines.

Fancy and Toilet Articles, Sponges. Cold Soda with true Fruit
Syrups. Ice Cream Soda. Physicians' Prescrip-
tions carefully compounded.

Draper's Block, Main St., Andover.

It announces recitations,
And "silent time" doth tell ;
It bids us do our duty—
That inexorable bell.—'97.

J. ANDREW,
Ladies' Fine Shoes.

In all the Leading Styles. We make a specialty of Colored
Shoes to order. Our prices defy competition. Mail
orders promptly attended to.
Take Elevator.

145a Tremont Street, . . Boston, Mass.

(Formerly 1925 Washington St.)

The Misses Bradley.

Before going out of town for your supplies kindly come in and
see if we haven't what you want as we aim to keep
almost everything in the line of Ladies'
FURNISHINGS.

Hairdressing and Manicuring

Done thoroughly and in the neatest and most fashionable manner

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER.

“For thee the groves green liv’ries wear,
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
And Nature’s ready pencil paints the flow’rs.”
—*Botany Class.*

T. J. FARMER,
Fresh, Salt, Smoked, Pickled Fish,
OYSTERS, CLAMS, LOBSTERS, CANNED
GOODS, ETC., ETC.,

POST OFFICE AVENUE, ANDOVER

G. H. VALPEY.

E. H. VALPEY.

VALPEY BROTHERS,
Meats, Vegetables and Poultry
No. 2, Main St., Andover.

FRANK E. GLEASON,
COAL, WOOD, HAY, STRAW.
CARTER’S BLOCK, MAIN STREET,
Andover, Mass.

ERWIN C. PIKE,
Dealer in Stoves; Ranges, Furnaces
Tin and Glassware, Lamps and Fixtures.
ANDOVER, MASS.

“A single peal of bells below,
That wakens, at this hour of rest
A single murmur in the breast,
That these are not the bells I know.”

—*March 6, '96.*

Park Street Stables.

W. H. HIGGINS, PROPRIETOR.

Carriages furnished for all occasions. A first-class Livery, Sale
and Boarding Stable. New Brake for Pleasure Parties,
Fine Hacks for Weddings, Funerals, Etc.

PARK STREET, ANDOVER

J. E. SEARS,

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, and Slippers.

The Hygienic Felt Innersole for Ladies and Gentlemen
Childrens School Shoes.

BANK BLOCK, ANDOVER, MASS.

L. J. BACIGALUPO,

Confectioner and Dealer in Fruit,

Is prepared to furnish Abbot Academy with Choice
Confectionery and Fresh Fruit.

MAIN ST., ANDOVER.

MANSION HOUSE,

ON THE HILL.

E. P. HITCHCOCK, = = PROPRIETOR.

Enlarged and Newly Furnished. Terms \$2 to \$3
per day. Open the year round.

ANDOVER, MASS.

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."—*Thursday Morning.*

Shirt Waist Styles

CAN BE STUDIED HERE.

The Shirt Waists we are displaying this season are the best the brightest, the most novel creations to be found in any store. Think of picking from a stock of the best makers in the country and paying half or less than half of fair prices.

LAUNDERED SHIRT WAISTS.

The hot weather is here now—most likely, for a good long siege. Are you prepared for it? Surely not, unless you have some of our Shirt Waist Bargains. Here is a choice assortment of Nobby Shirt Waists for

43 Cents Each

Then here is a unique gathering of choicest Percale Waists with extra large sleeves, yoke back, all colors, plain and figured and the cream of desirable patterns. So low in price, too, that the woman who works for her money may dress as well as she who values money lightly. Prices: 59c, 75c, 89c, 98c, \$1.39, \$1.49, \$1.59, \$1.89, to \$1.98.

L. C. Moore & Co's Bargain Emporium

302, 304, 308. and 310 Essex St., Lawrence.

BENJAMIN BROWN, BOOTS AND SHOES.

For Ladies', Misses' and Children's wear. A full line of Baldwin and Lambkin's goods always on hand. Also,
a Full Line of Rubbers.

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER.

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Picture Frames and Wall Paper.

Also, Pictures, Stationery, Artists' Materials, Sewing Machines, Fancy Goods, Choice Confectionery, Toilet Soap, and
Perfumery.

Park Steet, Andover, opp. Town Hall.

“The sky,
 Purpled and paled with dreamy mist,
 Shaken from breezy wafts that lie
 Calmed in their isles of amethyst.”
—An Andover Sunset.

Lovely Books for Lovely Ones.

Harper's Weekly,	Munsey's	Puck	Judge,
Harper's Monthly,	Godey's	Truth	Life
Harper's Round Table	Outing	Town	Topics
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And then with hearing acute,
I detect, in the neighboring wall
The sound of scurrying feet :
'Tis those cute little mice who call,
When the lights go out.—'97.

The Andover Press,

Printing and Engraving

The Andover Townsman,

News and Advertising

JOHN N. COLE, Manager

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The Abbot Courant

January, 1897

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1897

JANUARY, 1897.

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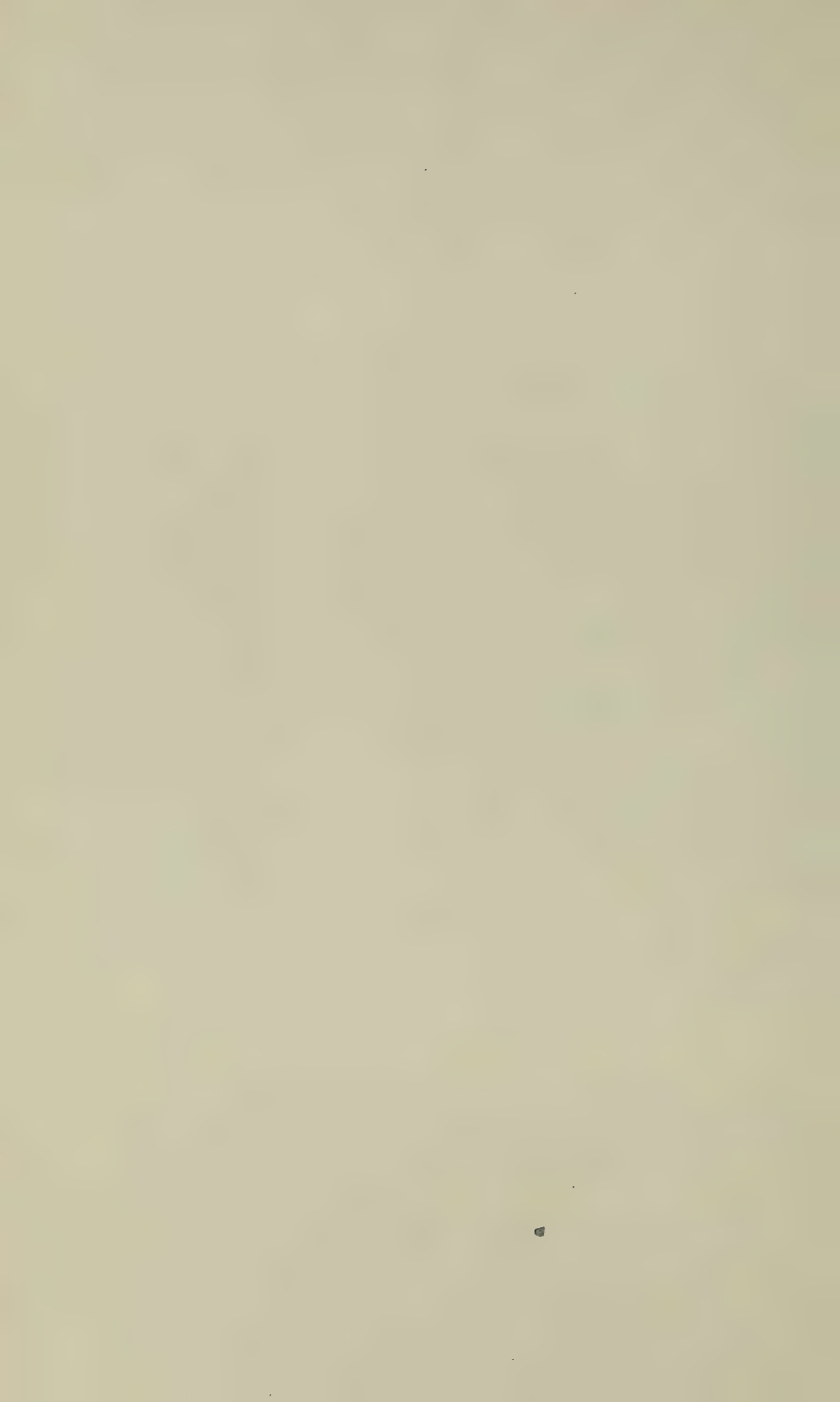
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WARREN F. DRAPER, TREASURER

From a painting by Angelica S. Patterson.

THE ABBOT COURANT.

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VOL. XXIII.

JANUARY, 1897.

NO. 1.

Renewed Residence at Abbot.

"These hallowed precincts, long to memory dear,
Smile with fresh welcome as our feet draw near."

HOW perfectly these lines express the welcome Andover gave us upon our return in the autumn, and how ardently we wish ourselves poets that, with Holmes, Longfellow, Gray, Arnold, and Wordsworth, we too might sing in immortal verse the love and reverence we cherish for *our* Alma Mater.

Certainly, Andover never looked more beautiful in its fall brilliancy than it did this year upon our arrival. From the station we rode up the hill between the stately South and vine-covered Christ Church on to the familiar School Street until we once more saw before us Abbot Hall with its mantle of ivy, "red-faced" Draper and cosy, angular Smith Hall.





Maple Walk seemed fairly to clap its hands as we strolled under the trees, stopping for a little call at Miss McKeen's lovely home.

On either side basket-ball and tennis grounds invited us to come and play, while the grove beckoned us

on, radiant in its full glory of asters and golden rod.

After a brisk walk around the "circle," we entered Draper Hall, and our attention was at once attracted by the handsome new portrait of Mr. Draper, Mrs. Draper's generous gift to the hall that so proudly bears his name.

Hanging as it does by the library door, the portrait is bathed in the afternoon sunlight as it streams down from the window above, and this glory adds new beauty to the already life-like expression of the speaking eyes and noble face. After a peep at the library, the scene of so many busy hours, we passed on to the seniors' pretty parlor and to the sitting room, then mounted the stairs to enjoy the comfort of the first landing. With its broad leathern-cushioned divan, graceful faun, and tall, deep-toned clock, which echoes the note of "Big



Ben," this is certainly a most delightfully enticing spot.

Peals of laughter issued from the rooms above, where already we found that some of the girls were arranging their rooms, hanging pictures and banners, heaping



couches with pillows, setting dainty tea tables, and rapidly creating the typical boarding-school room. Then followed a delightful visit to historic Smith Hall, the first school home of so many of us. Upon the following day school duties began, and we climbed the stone steps of Abbot Hall to learn the prospectus of our year's work.

But days were scarcely sufficient to visit the numerous scenes in our beloved Andover. Just past her two hundred and fiftieth birthday, situated as she is in the intellectual centre of the old Bay State, surrounded on all sides by shrines to which travellers come from afar, she is herself crowded with places of historic interest, alive with rich associations and sacred memories.



Here is the home of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and in the little cemetery on the hill we stop with reverence by her grave. Again the old Theological Seminary invites our admiration as we think of the

long line of illustrious men who have studied and taught within its walls. And as we look at Phillips Academy we do not forget the famous "Phillips boy," whose familiar lines introduce our article, and from whom we quote the following words regarding some of Andover's natural beauties : —

"Do pilgrims find their way to Indian Ridge,
Or journey onward to the far-off bridge,
And bring to younger ears, the story back,
Of the broad stream, the mighty Merrimac?
Are there still truant feet that stray beyond
These circling bounds to Pomp's or Haggett's pond?

Yes, every nook these youthful feet explore,
Just as our sires and grandsires did of yore;
So all life's opening paths, where nature led
Their fathers' feet, the children's children tread."



In conclusion, we are proud to think that for the past seventy years our Abbot has stood within the heart of this "dear old academic town," — one of the noble trio so beautifully immortalized by Mrs. Downs in her "Historic Andover": —

"O, trio, blest, and good, and wise!
Pride in your fair fame never dies,
For of your life the noblest part
Springs deep from out the old town's heart."

GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON WARE, '97.

Economies Abroad.

I SOMETIMES think that the less money we spend for travelling the more we see of a foreign land. The character of its natural beauty ought to be studied with a mind at leisure from the distractions of fashionable people or constant travel. Of its art, the same thing holds true; and the greatest advantage of travel, the knowledge of another nation's ways of life and of thought can only be gained by living with the educated class and as they live, which, for the most part, is not extravagantly.

Certainly, although I have travelled a good deal and in many different ways, the holidays that I look back to with greatest pleasure were taken when my purse happened to be almost empty.

The first requisite for joy and economy when travelling is always a friend. Two can do so many delightful things that one cannot do, such for instance as travelling third class in Italy, sleeping in small inns or taking long drives or tramps in unfrequented places.

Now to be very practical I would like to tell of some of the things we did when the exchequer was low, for what woman has done woman can do, and my memories may be of service to some one.

Once we went to housekeeping in the Rhone valley. We rented a furnished flat for two months. Flat, did I say? I think that is what it must be called in English. Our habitation was the lower half of an old stone house, standing in a garden between an old convent and the castle, on the outskirts of Aigle. We entered at the front door and went up about ten stone steps, then came the door of the best bedroom; we mounted about five more steps of the turning stair and this time the door opened upon the kitchen, parlor and dining-room. Then four or more steps brought us to the level of the other bedroom.

Under the best bedroom a cow, a horse and a goat were stabled. We heard them talking to each other sometimes in the

night, but on the whole they did not make as much noise as we did, and as they never complained of us we fell into the habit of making neighborly calls upon them, and grew quite friendly. Their front door was on the level with our front door but they had no access to our garden, and some one, we never quite discovered who, kept them very clean. The dining-room was built like a gallery, right out among the boughs of the orchard trees. Three of its sides were of glass, and opened wide to the summer air, to the varying lights of morning, noon and evening, as they fell upon the meadow lands of the valley, the peaked red roofs and gray walls of the chateau upon the slope, and on the wonderful mountain ridges. We had to pass through the kitchen to go from the dining-room to the parlor, but that gave an added charm of novelty. A sweet-faced peasant woman came in to do our work, asking four cents an hour for her services. She had a marvelous way of roasting a chicken to a turn, inside a saucepan over a fire of small sticks. There is no doubt about it that when served it was *roast* chicken, but one day when she was ill we tried it and the chicken seemed to be stewed. She also produced for us omelets and wonderful confections of whipped cream and her cooking of vegetables was most delicate.

The first day we wondered very much where to buy our provisions. We wandered up and down the little picturesque streets and in and out of such shops as there were, and could find almost nothing to eat. When our neighbors began to call upon us, light broke in. We must go to the market which was held upon two days of the week from four o'clock until seven in the morning. What a scamper we had upon those mornings! I shall never forget the freshness of them, the beams of sunrise upon the Dent du Midi, upon the winding streak of the baby Rhone between its poplar flats and the distant lake. Then came the cheerful bustle of the town, and the marvels of color and picturesque form, and almost impossible bargains of the market-place. There were heaps of vegetables and fruit, piles of cheeses, stalls for poultry and dairy produce, and such quaint conversations to be heard on all sides between the bargaining housekeeper and the humorous countryman. We each carried very large baskets ;

we had to hire little boys to carry them home, so full they were of all sorts of good things, and it seemed to us that we had expended only a few cents upon our purchases.

During those two months we made excursions to all the well-known places and all the lovely out-of-the-way nooks within a day's journey. Up the valley to Brieg, down the lake to Geneva, we explored, with all the stray paths that turn from this river road, even including an excursion to Chamouni, and on making up our accounts, we found that our expenditure had come to three francs (about sixty cents) a day. When we departed, our peasant wept, because she feared she would not soon find such liberal employers. We found it hard to think that the little presents we had given her merited such tears. But the chief joy of those two months was not the economy, but their tranquil leisure and the fact that the kind people of our own class in life in the town did call upon us, and teach us to some extent their ways of looking at life. We came away with our sympathies and thoughts enlarged, having gained a new point of view.

At another time we went over the St. Gotthard railroad from Lucerne to Milan. A party of three friends had joined us, and we travelled in May to see the flowers that then and at no other time bloom on the southern slopes of the Alps. When you travel first-class, the train goes very fast; we travelled third-class, spending a night at Andermatt. The day of the descent is that which I chiefly remember. The third-class carriage was built in the American form, so that we had plenty of Italian neighbors. It had no cushions, no curtains; it was clean and, so far as we could observe, were they. The train went slowly; we looked about us at all the stations; we bought flowers from the children. Our neighbors became so interested in our delight at the novelty of it all that they gave us a great deal of pleasant information. We did not want the train to go faster, but in the middle of the afternoon we did want our tea. Now in a third-class Italian carriage it is forbidden in three languages to light a spirit lamp. That is, I think, because the Italians are in the habit of cooking much upon spirit lamps. At a little station upon the brink of a descending slope they promised us that we should remain ten

minutes, so we ran out and set up our lamp in the waiting-room. Five of us watched the pot, and of course it wouldn't boil. Then they called out that it was time to get into the carriages: but we shook our heads at the guard and said that our water had not boiled. Three of the men who were managing the train came and watched the pot too. They looked at it severely and said that they could not wait, but they did. At length we all fled into the train again, one carrying the full tea-pot, another the empty sauce-pan, a third blowing out the lamp by the way. Our fellow-travellers all gathered round us, remarking, with delighted smiles and nudges, that they had heard that the English must have their tea, and now they saw that this was true. They would not share it with us, but they looked as if they enjoyed our drinking of it quite as much as we did.

To change both the scene and the season, I would like to add one or two memories of a winter excursion upon the English coast which was taken at very moderate cost. We started for a driving tour in the north of Cornwall in October. We travelled with a sturdy Exmoor pony and dog-cart. Every town and village in this region is well supplied with furnished apartments which in the summer are let by the month or week at a large price to holiday makers. At this season they are almost all vacant and the price for a small suite of rooms, which includes cooking and attendance, is very moderate. We drove from Clovelly over the Bursden moor, taking the track described by Kingsley in the description of the midnight ride after the Jesuits. We visited Kilkampton in whose church is the tomb of the Granvilles. We drove to the site of the old house of Stow, to the mill in Combe valley haunted by the shade of the lovely Rose, to Morwinstow, made celebrated by the eccentric life of the poet Hawker, and to Bude, Boscastle and Tintagel. We stayed two or three or four days wherever the fancy seized us and then drove on. We took in at leisure all the beauty of the moors and downs and a coast not excelled for picturesqueness perhaps by any in the world. We found books in the lending library of every town, and had time to steep our minds in the literature of the place. We always found with the greatest ease a house where we ob-

tained a good sitting-room and two comfortable bedrooms, and where the cooking was good, and at the end of two weeks we found that between us we had managed to spend ten pounds (fifty dollars.) Our method of finding lodgings was simply to drive from one house to another until we discovered what we wanted, and to two or three of our landladies we write yet when Christmas comes round.

Once, some years ago, we spent February in the north of Dartmoor. We used to drive to see the hunt whenever the stag-hounds met, driving up hill and down dale in the most reckless fashion to keep the red coats of the hunters in sight. At the end of our time we spent day after day driving in search of daffodils which grow there in sheltered places as Wordsworth describes them in "hosts" and "crowds." I don't remember what the bill from the livery stable was, but I do remember sending it back saying that it was certainly a mistake, because the amount seemed so small. They sent it back saying that it was right, because they had so little use for carriages "out of the season." If any traveller really wishes to see England at leisure and at moderate cost there are but two rules to be observed. Live in furnished apartments instead of hotels, and avoid the seasons of the Easter and summer holidays. With one or two introductions to friends in the neighborhood that is to be explored, a real insight into English country life will be the result of such a holiday.

L. DOUGALL.



Indian Ridge.

THE recent agitation in the town for the preservation of Indian Ridge has made it seem desirable to the editors of the Courant to arouse the interest of its readers on the subject, and hence the following brief account of its geological history is presented.

Although Indian Ridge was deposited at the close of glacial times, its history dates back to the beginning of that period. The greater cold of that time prevented the melting of the winter's snow, and hence each year's fall was added to the slowly accumulating mass, which became deeper and deeper and more and more solidly packed from year to year, and finally covered the tops of the highest mountains in northern New England. By reason of its own weight, such a great mass of ice must move slowly down the sloping mountain sides, and break off and carry along great rocks and boulders, which would gradually become worn and scratched and rounded and broken into smaller pieces, until finally some of them would make coarse gravel and sand.

These glaciers extended far south, sometimes following great river valleys already made, sometimes ploughing out courses for themselves, and always carrying long lines of rocks and earthy matter along the outer edges and down through the centre. After a time there came another change of climate, the glacier slowly melted and retreated northward, and the material carried upon its upper surface and along its sides was washed down by the glacier rivers, and was deposited in formations varying with the local conditions.

The form of deposit most interesting to Andover people is that of a long, narrow ridge, varying in height from forty to one hundred feet above the surrounding country. There are three such parallel ridges, known as East Ridge, Indian, and West Ridges. They extend south-east in a more or less winding course, occasionally breaking up into rounded hills separated by rounded depressions. Pomp's Pond fills such a depression, while near by

it one can easily see a smaller but empty hole, called by scientists a "kettle hole." This regular ridge-like formation can be traced by an observer on a rapidly moving railroad train going toward Boston, through Ballardvale, Wilmington, Reading and so on. Those who have travelled through the state of Maine must have seen many similar ridges, all extending generally southward, like great fingers, toward the coast. Fifteen or twenty such systems have been traced and described in that state. These ridges are composed of clay, sand, gravel and pebbles of all sizes, some even four or five feet in diameter. Sometimes the material shows plainly an attempt at stratification, but often it does not. The larger stones can, many of them, be traced to their origin in ledges far to the north. The ordinary thoughtful observer, though not a geologist, can not fail to conclude that such gravel ridges did not originate where they are now found.

In 1841 and 1842 President Hitchcock of Amherst College published some interesting papers on his study of Indian Ridge, and in 1874, or thereabouts, Rev. G. F. Wright, now Professor at Oberlin, made a special study of this ridge and other similar neighboring systems.

For a long time, the mode of formation of these ridges, to which James Geike gave the name of "kame," was a subject of disagreement among geologists, but recent observations in the glacier region of the western United States and Alaska have done much to clear up the whole matter. These ridges are now thought to be of the nature of medial moraines. As the upper surface of the glacier melted, the rocky and earthy matter resting upon it would tend to be washed into lines which would grow thicker with further melting and washing, and after a time would serve to protect the ice beneath, and so, projecting ridges would be formed; finally when the last great masses of ice melted, these accumulations of gravel, sand and pebbles would settle down into the narrow, winding, and more or less parallel systems of ridges, of which Indian Ridge is one. Occasionally the ice lingered in a more or less rounded depression, and when it finally disappeared, in some cases a pond was formed, such as Haggett's Pond, or the smaller Pomp's Pond. The long, lens-shaped hills

like Prospect Hill have a slightly different history. They are supposed to be the modified portions of a moraine which for a long time marked the southern edge of a glacier.

We are wont to think of glacial phenomena as being most remarkable in distant countries, but probably no other kame has been more carefully or intelligently studied than has our own Indian Ridge. The facts and conclusions presented in this paper have been taken wholly from Prof. Wright's work, since he has made the most recent investigations of this phenomenon. A quotation from one of his papers makes a fitting conclusion to our brief study of Indian Ridge.

"Thus it appears that the citizen of Andover does not need to go to Switzerland nor to Greenland to study glacial phenomena. But he may enjoy that privilege to his heart's content among his own hills and gravel deposits. A most instructive portion of the skeleton of a continental ice sheet is spread out before his own doors. It is in gravels contemporary, in the period of their deposition, with the formation of Indian Ridge, that the palaeolithic implements of northwestern Europe and eastern North America are found. It is not improbable that the peat bogs and kettle holes and ponds of Andover may furnish material aid in determining the antiquity of the Glacial Age, and so, of man in America."

KATHERINE R. KELSEY.



In Memoriam.

TO A. F. M.

The moonlight streamed into the casement wide,
In the dead silence of the midnight hour,
When wakened gently by some unseen power,
A lovely vision floated to my side.
O ! friend of other years thus glorified,
How wondrous fair has been thy heavenly dower !
Thyself, — and yet not so, — the perfect flower
Doth far transcend what love could paint, or pride.
“ My sister, is it well with thee ? ” she said
In tones so lovely, musical, and mild,
That like an echo from celestial choir they fell,
And straightway awe and fear together fled,
As if diviner sense were thus defil'd,
And heart to heart I answered, “ It is well ! ”

E. E. I.

A Sixteenth Century Wooing.

THE faint echo of Easter bells is vibrating through a northern glen; delicate and subdued tints of sunset loveliness brighten the rich verdure, enhance the beauty of stately castle, distant church, gliding stream, and humble farmhouse. but seem to love best the broad, white road and its two solitary travellers.

"A haunte of ancienne peace, this glenne, Rosalind," the youth is saying, "a fitting haeme for the swete, faire flowre I've found." The words fall with soft, sweet cadence; the dreamy, musical rhythm you would expect from one who lives with ideals, — the gentle, charming voice of a poet.

The pale, blond loveliness of the maiden is tinted with a deeper color, that harmonizes better with the crown of golden hair; but the blue eyes have an earnest expression, bordering upon sadness, as she answers, "'Tis faire to the eye of the stranger; but the memories are very sad. Yonder freestone mansion was the home of Percy; there Richard Norton lived with his five sons and here they made the banner of 'The Five Wounds of Christ.' Many glen homes are sorrowing, ours amongst the rest. The revenge was swift and terrible, but God is just."

The youth is silent. His sympathies are all with the south-folk and their cause; but his heart yearns toward this beautiful "glenne flowre" and he echoes, "God is just!"

The second harvest lies goldening in the northern glen. The newly washed landscape smiles through its tears as the sun kisses it goodnight, and the twilight song to the nestlings is low and sweet. The new moon peeps above the hill, and reflects itself in the spring by which are standing Edmund Spenser and the "faire flowre of the glenne."

'Tis the same low musical voice we hear saying: —

"An ideale nooke for the nymphs
That sweetly in accordance tune their voice
To the softe soundings of the water's fall,"

and "You shall be queene of the nymphs, Rosalind, and ware upon your golden locks this crowne of gaudie girlonds."

The girlish face is beautiful beyond words in the soft dreamy light; the white-robed form with hands clasped in reverie looks not unlike the laurel crowned statues of the south. A frank, bewitching smile lights up her face as she answers, "Faire words come easy to Cambridge bred men; but you, Edmund, run to similes as easy as mountain rills to rivers. Will you never come out of your tower room at the Hall, and give out to the worlde what is yours to give, and receive its homage?"

"My chieftest endeavour, Rosalind, is not to win world girlonds but to write something in some respecte or other rare, quient and odde in every pointe."

"Ah, well, but your modestie will ever be hiding your work; your voice will never be heard beyond this glen."

"This glenne is the fairest spot in the worlde to me Nymph Rosalind; but abide! Yonge birdes that be newly crept out of the nest, by little, first prove their tender wings before they make a greater flight. So flew Virgil, Petrarque, Boccace, so why should I hasten?"

The voices grow fainter as they retrace the broad, white glen road. At times it is the stronger, more musical voice of the youth, repeating some sonnet ablaze with southern fire and passion, intensifying its intensity as the sentiment bespeaks his own strong love: again it is the sweet treble of the maiden recounting the peaceful happy days before the avenger made desolate the fair glen homes.

The youth listens with fainting courage and is silent. Before him floats the vision of England, reformed, revived, redeemed through these awful fires of purification; beside him walks the realization of a poet's dream, beautiful, gentle Rosalind. Will his great love blot out the awful memory of the vengeance of his sect? He dares not answer; he only trusts "God is just!"

The warm fagot firelight dances grotesquely on the broad low walls of a yeoman's home, and before its bright blaze sits the "flowre of the glenne," carelessly fingering a harp and humming the air of an Italian ballad. Softly the rich murmur rises leaving

its trace of hidden tears as it falls again, at last fading quietly away as Edmund Spenser bends over her whispering : —

“ Ah, tell me, in what region grew,
Such fruits, transcending all compare?
Methinks, I Love's own offspring view,
Such graces deck your shape and faire.”

“ Ah, Edmund, is this some new creation? ” “ Nay, nay, a worthier hand than mine penned the thoughts, but never fairer form called them forth.”

“ Still, still, faire wonder, what of your work since I saw you? ”

“ When the faint gray dawn broke upon the glen my work began and on through the long, long day, far into the night it continued — my one work, a constant prayer for you, Rosalind. Am I answered? ”

The silence is broken, — it is the sweet treble, and through the tremulous tones is a fine thread of decision. “ Edmund, all the glad bright days of the past plead your cause ; all the rapturous hours of reading and song command me to your side : the full realization of a girlish ideal and the bright future with your gifted life beckon me on ; but — against these are the memories — awful memories of the recent past ; the unknown miseries of an uncertain future, and like a pall above us, floats the banner of ‘ The Five Wounds of Christ ’ bidding me be a true daughter of the faith.”

The golden head droops wearily, the hot tears course down the pale cheeks, the renunciation is made — self, conquered, — God, glorified.

There comes no word of distrust, reproach, or regret. Edmund Spenser reads aright the struggle, and with all the yearning tenderness of which his soul is capable he answers, “ ’Tis well. ‘ Into thy handes, sweet lady of my soul,’ the heart that is broken I commend. The cup I take, God is just! ”

A frosty breath rustles the fallen leaves along the broad, white road ; — the third autumn is falling in a northern glen.

KATHERINE F. STILLWELL.

Marcella.

“**B**EAUTIFUL! beautiful!”

“And with a long breath of delight Marcella Boyce threw herself on her knees by the window she had just opened, and, propping her face upon her hands, devoured the scene before her with that passionate intensity of pleasure which had been her gift and heritage through life.”

With these picturesque words Mrs. Ward introduces us to her heroine. There is something in this outburst of youthful enthusiasm which at once wins our sympathetic interest and makes us feel a kinship with Marcella. As we read further and hear her passionately interceding for John Hurd's life, not only with her lover but also with the grand old man, Lord Maxwell, we are indignant with her for an unreasoning partisanship which can so wound the hearts of these who love her. We are ready to cry, “Her daring, her presumption, have carried her beyond all bounds.”

But our ardent admiration is awakened by the absolute sincerity with which she proves her principles in the sacrifice of a year of her young life in hard and thankless service for the poor. With enthusiasm, courage, and sincerity as the foundation of character, what possibilities Mrs. Ward gave herself for the development of a truly noble woman! It was therefore with unusual interest that we read “Sir George Tressady,” knowing it to be the sequel to our former favorite, “Marcella.” Upon later acquaintance does she disappoint her promise?

A brief outline of the plot may not come amiss: — Sir George Tressady, a typical young Englishman, returns home after years of travel. He enters Parliament, becoming the enthusiastic and gifted supporter of Lord Fontenoy, the founder and leader of the new party, which frankly represented “birth and wealth, the Church and the expert.” He is thus a prominent member of the moderate Conservative party, at whose head stands

Lord Maxwell, the husband of Marcella. Early in his career Sir George marries Letty Sewell, a weak and selfish woman. He meets Marcella in a social way, and through an accident, which threw them intimately together, comes to know her and feel her charm, and from her receives higher ideals of life. Letty grows foolishly but naturally jealous of Marcella; and when Sir George deserts his party, and speaks in Parliament in favor of Lord Maxwell's bill, Letty, in her rage, writes Marcella an insulting letter. Marcella goes to Letty and tries by a noble influence over her to repair the mischief. She succeeds in bringing about a partial reconciliation between the husband and wife. In the last chapter Sir George dies while trying to rescue some of his miners. His last thoughts are of Marcella, to whose care he tenderly commends the unhappy Letty.

In this later novel, Marcella's character is developed in three directions. We have a picture of her at home, as wife and mother; as a social leader and reformer, but chiefly as a friend of the hero.

Mrs. Ward says of Marcella at home:—

"But if in some sort Marcella always seems to be dragging those that loved her through the heart of a tempest, the tempest had such golden moments! No wife had ever more capacity for all delicacies and depth of passion toward the man she loved, . . . in the midst of her 'causes' when life and its burdens were upon him [Lord Maxwell], she could fling the prophetess and the reformer aside to make herself child and bride again, so . . . that all the perplexities and difficulties she imposed, had never yet seemed to Maxwell anything but divinely worth while."

Marcella's were no petty schemes of reform; they were nobly conceived and nobly executed. Mellor was improved, and its servants taught to look upon their mistress as a friend. The life at Mile End is comparable, in spirit and method, with the college settlement idea of our own large cities.

Sadly in contrast with these beauties of character are the revelations of Marcella's nature in her relation to Sir George Tressady. That she should in the interest of party and her

husband so betray the sacred trust of friendship as to cause Sir George's base desertion of his principles is scarcely conceivable. No wonder that now her husband's victory seemed turned to bitterness. Remorse was not enough; her agony, her longing for reparation found vent in her cry, "Aldous, help me! If we cannot repair this mischief — you and I — what are we worth?"

This passionate repentance bore immediate fruit. Marcella put aside all thought of self, all wounded pride, and went to Letty. She would receive no repulse; she listened with wonderful patience to Letty's cruel and insulting words. The thought of her own fault made her humble; and when Letty showed her real suffering, Marcella's pity and remorse made her all compassion, all tenderness. Mean and selfish as Letty was, there was a spark of nobility in her nature which responded to Marcella's influence. The right chord was touched, and the husband and wife were brought, in time, to a greater peace, if not happiness, than they had yet known.

Thus grandly did Marcella correct her error, and it is fitting that we should last see her, as did Sir George, coming with comfort to a dying man in all loveliness and purity, saying, "Is it so bad, my friend? Have courage; the end is near."

BESSIE SARAH STOW, '97.



A Tale of the Revolution.

THE following incident was told to me some years ago by a girl friend in whose family it had been handed down.

It was a cold night in the early part of November, 1776. The wind blew drearily around the houses of —, New York, and fluttered the dry, brown leaves against the windows. The gloominess of the weather accorded well with the times, for only a few days ago, on the twenty-eighth day of October, Washington had been defeated at White Plains, and the struggling colonies were in a state of great despondency.

In the parlor of one of the handsomest residences of —, a woman sat before the open fire, surrounded by her four children. The youngest, a little boy of three, was vainly struggling against that invincible enemy, sleep. It was past his bed time, but his mother did not know it, for her mind was far away with her husband, a brave and loyal captain in the army. Was he safe, she wondered, after that defeat of October twenty-eighth? She certainly had no reason to think the contrary, but still she ought to hear from him in a day or two at the latest.

Suddenly her meditations were stopped by a snapping noise, which seemed to come from her own hand. She looked down and found it was her wedding ring which had broken, and which fell to the floor when she wonderingly moved her hand. The children gathered around with surprised questions and exclamations. The mother put the ring away and the children to bed, but in a terribly nervous and excited state of mind. The thought kept forcing itself into her mind, and would not be put out, that the breaking of the ring was connected with some disaster which had happened to her husband. She herself soon went to bed, but could not sleep, and passed the whole night in restless anxiety.

The next day while she was out doing the day's marketing, a man rode hastily up to the house and asked to see her. The

servant informed him that she was out, so he told her to tell her mistress the sad news he had brought. It seemed that Captain — had been wounded at the battle of White Plains. Taken to a farm near by, he had lain in a fever until the previous night when he rallied long enough to send a farewell message to his wife. He had died at quarter before nine, and it was precisely at that moment, as his wife afterwards remembered, that the wedding ring had snapped.

To My Lady.

A birdie will sing from his nestie above,
 Heigho, my lady !
And I will sing of my own little love,
 Heigho, my lady !
I envy the rose that you hold in you hand,
The daintiest one in the whole of the land !
And I'd fain be the blossoms you crush as you pass,
So lightly, so brightly o'er the green grass,
 Heigho, my lady !
And here would I stay forever and aye,
 Heigho, my lady !
And sing songs of love to you far above
In your casement, my lady !
Could I win from your face — but one smile of grace,
 Heigho, my lady !

BEULAH FIELD, 1900.

A Short Visit to Constantinople.

AT last we have arrived. Oh, what a dirty, noisy and disagreeable city you would be apt to say as you find yourself in a dingy, dark little station! Before you have time to look about, four or five queerly dressed men rush up to you and ask if they may not carry your trunks. In the city of Constantinople carriages and wagons are seldom seen, so men whose business it is carry your trunks on their backs to the destination desired.

But ah, what a transformation as one enters the heart of the city! There lies the Bosphorus glittering in the sunshine and simply covered with little canoe-like boats that skim the waters. Now and then a stately ferry-boat is seen passing from one island to another, and then to the main shore. As we near the water, shouts greet us, urging us to take a boat or rather *kia*k. Stepping into the *kia*k we cross the river. At the oars is a large, swarthy figure, very much browned by the sun. On his head is a red cap which is twisted with yards and yards of white cloth. His loose embroidered jacket and trowsers give him a very romantic and oriental appearance as he sits and pulls the oars with smooth and steady strokes.

Now we have come to the residence portion of the city. The houses are not very imposing as most of them are made of wood. Let us enter one of them and see how they differ from ours. The principal room is the sitting room. This is surrounded with a low and broad divan, covered with beautiful rugs and cushions. Instead of pictures for ornaments, rugs of the prettiest and finest patterns adorn the walls. In one corner, a pretty lamp of many different colors is seen hanging and when lighted casts a very soft and pretty light over the room. The effect is really charming. The other rooms are all very plain, containing only articles of necessity.

But hark, what do those strange, weird voices, that we hear

every few hours, mean? Every mosque has its minarets, tall tower like structures, and from the tops of which the voices of the priests are heard chanting in a most melancholy tone. The Turkish mosque is a most beautiful and stately looking edifice, with its large, white domes and tall minarets. It is also a great gathering place for all kinds of birds; even during services they are at liberty to come in and chant their little hymns.

We must not leave Constantinople without walking through its streets. They are all rather narrow and rough, though their ups and downs give them a very pretty and quaint aspect. A very objectionable ornament to the streets of this city, is the vast number of dogs that lounge about and give most unearthly yells at all hours of the night. Dogs are considered sacred by the Turks and so are well protected.

Constantinople is noted for its many pretty parks. It is in one of these that a Turk most enjoys himself. Ordering a cup of Turkish coffee and a long pipe, with crossed legs he smokes and drinks the hours away. Before we leave the city let us take a last glimpse of the Bosphorus. Its banks are high and covered with beautiful trees. Now and then, as we go along we catch a glimpse of some ruined castle between the trees. Beautiful islands are seen in the distance, giving it all a very charming and picturesque appearance. Last of all we see the many palaces belonging to the Sultan, large, white structures of beautiful designs. In these most of his wives reside and often while passing, one can see a beautiful face at a lattice-covered window, looking with an expression of longing at the outer world.

But our *kiak* is waiting to carry us back, and as we turn to take a last glance we see Constantinople disappear in the distance.

ZABELLE MANGASARIAN, 1900.

A Riddle.

O, a brave little sword is the one I wield,
With its hilt of shining gold ;
It dashes and flashes across the white field,
If held by a warrior bold.

“ Have you a shield like the knights of old ? ”
“ I have, my pretty one, see !
Its dints will many a tale unfold,
For vanquished never were we.” ●

Put away the weapons of shining steel,
A mightier still I'll show ;
It's ugly and black, but its magic we feel,
'Tis an enchanter's wand, I know.

And many a merry tale it tells
As it glides so smoothly along ;
To cloud-land we go by its fairy spells
In story-book and in song.

O, read me this riddle, my pretty one,
With the locks of shining gold ;
If I show you a thing so easily done,
You'll say I shouldn't have told.

Egypt in Dreamland.

“OH dear,” groaned Billy, “Egypt is so dry!”

“That’s true,” answered a sweet voice, “if it wasn’t for the Nile, it would be very dry, indeed.”

Billy started up from his history. When had any one entered his room? He glanced hastily around until his gaze fell on the prettiest little creature, perched on the top of the book-case, who laughed gaily as his eyes grew larger.

“Well, who are *you*?” stammered Billy, “If it wasn’t all nonsense I’d take you for a fairy.”

“I am a fairy, an Egyptian fairy, and I came to show you something interesting — something as good as a circus. Those old kings of Egypt are very dull indeed, unless you catch them on a lark. Now, just shut your eyes, please.”

“What for?” said Billy.

“Shut your eyes,” repeated the fairy. Billy didn’t wish to obey, but the fairy was so bewitching with her black, black hair, and dark sparkling eyes, that he could not resist her. After an odd sensation of motion and confusion, the fairy ordered “Eyes open!” Billy obeyed.

Instead of the brightly lighted room, the soft carpet, the study table and book-case — surely he was dreaming. The stars were shining brightly over his head; desert-sand was under his feet; and a great dark object loomed up on one side, which was certainly the largest of the pyramids.

Billy trembled from head to foot. “Do not be frightened,” whispered his companion, “there is really nothing to be frightened about, if you simply keep mum.” Thereupon Billy closed his mouth tightly and sat against a small hillock of sand, prepared to watch.

As he looked closer he saw an immense beam of light stretched from the top of the pyramid to a spot on the desert, not far from

where he was sitting. Shadows and ghosts were coasting on this, from top to bottom.

"Here comes King Pharaoh," whispered the fairy, "see how fast the Israelities flee before him." Sure enough, a number of the Israelite slaves were coasting on the bricks they had made; the task-masters came after; and then King Pharaoh, slipping and sliding in a very undignified manner.

"Queen Dido and her sister." Billy looked again and saw Queen Dido and her maidens sliding together with Æneas, following, trying his best to tell her the story of Troy. Next all the Ptolemies coasted one after the other, and as if that was not a sufficient display, they pushed down, one by one, the ghost books of Alexandria that had been destroyed by the Mohammedans. One of these books, hitting Cleopatra, almost knocked her from the beam.

Then other noted characters, kings, queens, princes and scholars, took their turn, and the fairy whispered the name of each one until Billy was anxious to study about them again. "Oh," he murmured contentedly, "that *is* interesting, but can't I just see Dido on the funeral pyre?" "Certainly," said the fairy,—"presto!" and looking, Billy saw the dark pyre pushed from the top of the pyramid. He saw Dido stab herself; he saw the pyre all aflame; he heard the attendants moaning and groaning.

That was too dreadful, and he tried to shut the scene from his sight.

Just then, far, far, in the distance he heard faint singing. Memnon was singing to the morning sun. The stars, pyramid, and desert-sands faded away, and Billy opened his eyes in his own room.

JULIA FARRELL MILLER, '98.

The Armenian at Home.

REMINDED of the words of a noted writer — “The home life is the index to a nation’s character,” we may, perhaps, become better acquainted with the Armenian people if we take a glance into their homes.

The houses are very plain, built of sun-dried bricks and stones, and covered both without and within with mud-plaster ; the roofs are flat, and because the materials used are neither strong nor water-proof, they are apt to leak, so that after every severe rain or snow storm, it is necessary for the roof to be hardened, which is done by a large stone roller with a hole in each end, into which a handle is inserted, in order to drag it back and forth over the whole surface.

The houses are joined together, side by side and back to back, so that a whole section of a town looks like a continuation of one building, although there is no connection between them in the interior, while a favorite method of passing from one house to another is by walking across the roofs.

The interior is necessarily not very well lighted, for the windows are small, and since glass cannot be procured by every one, brown paper is pasted over the opening.

There are usually four or five rooms in a house. One is used as a reception room, and has cushions on the floor around three sides of the room, while at one end is a raised divan, covered with rugs and upholstered with cushions. Here the callers are entertained, the feasts given, and it is often used as a sleeping room when there are guests in the house.

Besides this room, there are the kitchen, dining room, sleeping room and store room.

The sleeping room serves the place of a sitting room during the day time, for they do not use bedsteads, but sleep on mattresses filled with wool, which are rolled up together with the other bedding and put away in the morning.

The people have but two meals a day, one at about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and the other at five or six in the afternoon; the women do the house work and look after the children, while the men go to work about sunrise.

As a rule, the Armenians are industrious, ingenious and skillful, besides being ambitious and desirous of education, and work very hard that they may be able to send their children to school.

Perhaps, after the hurry and bustle of our lives here, where there is so much happening at once, and so little time for needed rest and recreation, the lives of the people there might seem monotonous and wearisome. But it is not so to them, and they accept the daily routine as a part of their life, in fact probably very few have even thought about it, or wished it different.

They live their quiet, uneventful lives, learning better and better how to love each other and respect themselves; thus it was before that dreadful calamity came upon them, which has crushed them to the ground.

What a change has been wrought within the last year!

From that distant land come the wails of the suffering people. That beautiful country is bare and desolate, the prosperous towns are laid waste, the once peaceful homes are in ashes, and families separated. Think of the vast number of widows and orphans left in that forsaken land, mourning the loss of the loved ones whom they will never see again.

Is it strange that they begin to think that God has forsaken them? It does not seem possible that in this enlightened nineteenth century such barbarism can exist.

As I think of the former happy lives of those poor people, and contrast it with their present condition, I ask, Are we doing anything to help?

AGNES BROWN, '99, Harpoot.

Editorials.

During the last six months the world has lost many of its noblest workers and most highly gifted minds. Among these illustrious dead are Archbishop Benson, Harriet Beecher Stowe, William Morris, Professor Child, and George Du Maurier.

In the death of Archbishop Benson, the Church of England mourns a tireless worker, an able writer, and an eloquent preacher, and as the friends of Harriet Beecher Stowe laid her beside her beloved husband in the Chapel Cemetery at Andover, a grateful people commemorated in deathless praise her immortal service in the interests of justice and liberty.

Different in line of work, but inspired by the same great spirit of philanthropy was William Morris, the English poet and socialist whose varied work comprehended manifold plans for the improvement of the race. Born in 1834, in a small village of Essex, and receiving there his early education, he went later to Oxford, meeting Burne-Jones who became one of his dearest friends. Among his literary works are "The Earthly Paradise," "The Defense of Guinevere," "The Life and Death of Jason," "Sigurd, the Volsung," and "The Fall of the Niblungs." But Morris' work lay not alone in poetry. In addition, he wrote pamphlets and treatises upon socialism, established a superior dye house and the Kelmscott Press, and encouraged an improved system of importation. He was indeed a man of world wide influence, of untiring energy and unlimited resource, all of which he devoted to the welfare of the world at large.

Professor Child dedicated his whole life to critical and editorial work, rending incalculable service to the advancement of literature in his editions of Chaucer, Spenser, and Scotch and English ballads.

The last to die was George Du Maurier, who passed away so suddenly in October, that the literary world has not yet ceased

to mourn his loss. He was born in Paris, attended school and college in London and Belgium, and later used his unusual artistic genius in the inimitable and famous illustrations of Punch. What need we say of "Trilby," save that,

" Few knew her but to love her ;
Few named her but to praise ! "

A noble band of poets, scholars, and philanthropists ! To students, their lives are an inspiration and teach an impressive lesson — great powers highly developed, and faithfully dedicated to all that is noblest and best.

Never has magazine literature been more alluring than it is to-day. The sharp competition among the old well established magazines as well as among the numberless cheaper periodicals, makes it impossible from financial reasons for an editor to represent in his magazine interests less universal than those of the entire reading public. Instead of there being magazines devoted respectively to art, to science, to fiction, to history and other special lines of interest, all of these interests are represented in each number of each monthly publication. The art student or the devotee of science is obliged to consult them all, in order to get the really valuable information upon his subject which many of these articles contain. However we may deplore this state of affairs we are as helpless to change it, as to control the jealousy of the European powers. The best that we can hope to do is to prevent ourselves from yielding too freely to the temptations offered by the convenient presence of this literature.

Every thing is done to make resistance difficult. Bright posters challenge our interest in advance, attractive titles, interesting articles, distinguished authors, clever illustrations and withal the seemingly nominal price tend to make the reading of the magazine a matter of course. As students, we plan to read one article upon a subject which has interested us, but in too many cases we are hurried on from page to page until we find ourselves absorbed in the clever rhymes and illustrations of the advertise-

ments. We have used all of our legitimate reading time in this desultory manner; to be sure we can talk upon current literature and perhaps quote the latest of Bliss Carmen's sonnets but we have no time to make friends with the people whom Scott or Dickens or Thackeray or George Eliot would have us know. We have spent so much time in the consideration of phases of life, that we have no leisure to study life in its broad relations as it is portrayed by the English masters. The danger that the magazine shall crowd into neglected book shelves literary master-pieces is a real one. Let us see to it that we do not fritter away our time at the afternoon teas of literature, when we might have the substantial comfort of the friendships which grow out of a prolonged house-party. The magazine has a right to be. It is for us to see that it does not usurp the place which belongs to the older literature.



School Journal.

The Abbot Commencement of 1896 had certain characteristics in common with its predecessors; there was the usual array of fluffy muslin gowns, the customary gathering at Abbot Hall, at the tree planting, at the Old South Church and in the Draper Hall dining-room; the company of interested relatives fanning their nervousness into complacency and on the part of the audience the thrill of sympathy which it always feels for the girls going out into life, their faces tremulous with hopes and fears. But Abbot Academy is proud to send out not types but individuals and it is this constantly varying element which makes each Commencement a special occasion, not alone to interested relatives but to the never weary Andover audience which attends the exercises each year.

The Baccalaureate sermon by Prof. Edward Y. Hincks was an inspiring appeal to the graduates to cultivate earnestly the best gifts in order that their goodness might not lack resources for the world's need. "Be good," he said, "Yes, and be clever too, for the age demands the consecration of all your gifts."

In addition to the usual program, on Monday afternoon the class gave a tea under the old oak. It was a delightfully informal affair and under the spell of the music wafted from the shrubbery, the little gathering of mothers, teachers and guests felt at home with each other and conversation made itself.

Monday evening was devoted to a Musicale given by the pupils of Prof. Downs, assisted by the Fidelio Society

PROGRAM.

PART FIRST.

PART SONG: The Message of the Flowers, *Berger*
The Fidelio Society.

PIANO: { a. Andante for two pianos, *Chaminade*
 { b. A Norwegian Dance, *Grieg*
Misses Paul and Marian Morse.

SEMI-CHORUS: Song of the Country, *Schumann*
Misses Perley, Dow, Edwards, Smart, George, Porter, Coffin and
A. F. Morse.

SONG: The First Song, *Gumbert*
Miss Ethel Perley.

PIANO: Polonaise in E Major, *Liszt*
Miss Helen Brooks.

PART SECOND.

CHORUS { a. Waldvoglein, } *A. Jensen*
 { b. Feld, Wald, und Liebesgottes. }
Misses Smart, Carlton, Briggs and Marion Morse.

SONG: May Dew *S. Bennett*
Miss Alice F. Morse.

PIANO: { a. Album Leaf, } *W. Mason*
 { b. Am Genfer See, } *Bendell*
Miss Annie Smart.

PIANO: Variations upon a Theme by Beethoven, . . . *Saint-Saens*
Misses Carlton and Brooks.

PART SONG: The Bloom is on the Rye, *Bishop*
The Fidelio Society.

THE COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.

TUESDAY, JUNE 23, 9 A. M., AT ACADEMY HALL.

SEMI-CHORUS: "The Message of the Flowers." . . . *Berger*
Members of the Fidelio Society.

ESSAY: Influence of the Bible upon English Literature . . .
Miss Campbell.

ESSAY: Spring Birds
Miss Dowst.

ESSAY: The Interdependence of Art and Religion
Miss Gildersleeve.

SONG: Eclogue *Des Libes*
Miss Marion Dow.

ESSAY: German Folk-lore
Miss Howe.

ESSAY: The French Sappho
Miss Morse.

ESSAY: The Place of the Dialect Story in American Fiction . .
Miss Saunders.

PIANO: "Gods of Field, Forest and Love." . . . *Jensen*
Miss Annie Smart, Miss Marion Morse.

ADDRESS TO THE CLASS
Miss Mathews.

TREE EXERCISES.

TRANSFER OF THE SPADE

Miss Mathews, Miss George.

TREE SONG *By Miss Stevens*

Deep in the cool brown earth, to-day
 With hope we plant this tender tree
 Whose buds, beneath the sun's warm ray,
 Shall bloom by Heaven's decree.

Each year its branches, wider grown,
 Afford a home for birds and bees;
 Its spicy fragrance shall be blown
 By every gently passing breeze.

And as its roots take firmer hold,
 Its branches reach towards heaven's far blue,
 So may our lives, as we grow old,
 Show strivings for the good and true.

TUESDAY, JUNE 23, 10.45 A. M., AT THE SOUTH CHURCH.

VOLUNTARY AND MARCH

CHANT: "The Strain Upraise." *S. M. Downs*
 Fidelio Society.

INVOCATION

Rev. C. W. Dockrill.

RECITATIVE AND ARIA: "Fear ye not O Israel." *Buck*

Miss Ethel Perley.

ADDRESS.

Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, D. D., Detroit, Mich.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

By Prof. John Phelps Taylor.

PARTING HYMN: "My Times are in Thy Hands."

Words by M. A. Waring.

Music by S. M. Downs.

PRAYER and BENEDICTION

Dr. Boynton chose for his subject "The Optimism of Browning,"
 and urged the class before him not to neglect the invigorating helpful-
 ness of the greatest of Christian poets.

Alumnae Meeting in Academy Hall at 2.30 P. M.

In the middle of the forenoon of July 24, a fire broke out in the bottom of the waste paper chute in Draper Hall. An alarm was immediately given and a great many of the townspeople ran in, indeed almost all the people of Andover, young and old, were assembled in Draper Hall. The furniture was dragged out on the lawn, and the fire was partly extinguished, but as there was a strong draught, the flames climbed up rapidly in the chute and reached the art rooms on the third floor, where much injury was done to the casts by fire and water.

Draper Hall must have been in great confusion when the fire was put out, for the McKean Rooms and all the rooms near the dust chute were more or less burned, part of the furniture was out on the lawn and in spite of Dr. Merrill's well organized efforts, the water was several inches deep in the corridors. Yet when one looks about the building now it is very hard to realize that all this damage was done, for not a trace of fire is left. Indeed when we came back in the fall, instead of finding our beloved Draper almost in ruins as we expected, we found the front halls and rooms beautifully tinted, a new hard wood floor on the first stair landing, and last but not least, new metal lined chutes.

We have met together for Hall exercises four Saturday afternoons this term. The program on Oct. 3, was reminiscent of past experience and acquisitions; compositions relating to incidents of the summer, recitations of prose and poetry learned last year, and music with years of practice and study behind it.

On Oct. 17, Miss Bancroft gave an informal talk upon her trip from Liverpool through the Stratford country to London.

Oct. 31. Flag-day was devoted to patriotic songs by Mrs. Julia Houston West and to the poem written by Mrs. Downs for the celebration of Andover's 250th Anniversary and publicly read by her for the first time on this occasion.

On Saturday, Nov. 28, under the guidance of Rev. Mr. Palmer, we spent a most delightful afternoon with Robert Burns.

On Thursday evening, Sept. 17, Miss Watson welcomed the school in her parlor. The reception was an informal one and generated a feeling of good fellowship which made the first evening of the term a happy one.

Early in October, Miss Watson gave a reception in her parlor to the day scholars to meet the Senior class. The president and vice-president of the class received with her. The afternoon was an especially pleasant one, as the girls who meet rarely except in connection with school work were brought together in a social way.

On Friday, Oct. 2, the Senior class gave a tea in the Seniors' parlor to the teachers, trustees and their other Andover friends.

On Tuesday, Oct. 6, the corridors on the third floor in Draper Hall united in giving an entertainment to help furnish the stair landing connected with their floor. The Magic Mirror in tableaux accompanied by reading and soft music gave the school a delightful evening. The proceeds of the nickel admission fee amounted to five dollars which, with some money already on hand, framed two large photographs of paintings by Richter, "The Building of the Pyramids" and "The Raising of Jairus' Daughter."

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 27, the Senior class gave a reception to the school and some of their Andover friends. They entertained their guests with a bright little play, "The Class Day Conspiracy." The atmosphere of the farce was so decidedly modern that the actors felt at home with the dialogue and gave it with all the naturalness of an impromptu. The spontaneity of the acting and the absence of all self-consciousness on the part of the actors would have delighted a far more critical audience. The newly organized Banjo Club played for the first time in connection with this reception. They played well. After the refreshments had been served, the happy company danced away the short remnant of the evening.

On the evening of Oct. 31, the family of Smith Hall was invited to the dining-room to celebrate Hallowe'en. As each girl entered the room a slip of paper, bearing a name, was fastened to her back, and we soon found ourselves in a most distinguished company including Queen Victoria, Mrs. Grover Cleveland with her daughter Ruth, and many other noted people. We did not feel obliged to act our characters all the evening, however, but indulged in the usual Hallowe'en sports of throwing apple parings over our shoulders to learn the initial of the name of our future husbands and in the less characteristic fun of potato and clothes-pin races.

Later in the evening our fortunes were given us on bits of paper enclosed in walnut shells. These were written expressly for the family by one of its members, and proved very interesting. This pleasant evening closed with light refreshments of cake and fruit and an amusing game of Quaker Meeting.

The Hallowe'en celebration in Draper Hall was like that of Smith Hall with the addition of a *Spook Dance* in which the ghosts of Bryan and his followers moved in a doleful procession about the dining-room chanting a weird rhythmic dirge.

The friends of Smith Hall invited the Faculty and the school to a garden party given in their parlors on Tuesday evening, November 17. Each guest represented a flower either in her costume or by some symbol which she wore and the effect of the various costumes was very grotesque and amusing. Lady's delights grew up in the pathway as they do in the out of door gardens and were variously represented by sweet chocolate, a spring bonnet and a cadet in uniform, while the Sweet Williams, photographs of our president elect, aroused our patriotism as well as our mirth. The idea of the party was charmingly carried out in the first prize, Chas. Dudley Warner's "My Summer in a Garden," which was given to the one who guessed the greatest number of the flowers represented.

On Saturday afternoon, Nov. 21, Miss Merrill invited some of her Andover friends to meet Miss Dougall. The members of the Smith Hall family acted as ushers and by their tact and instinctive kindness did much to make the reception delightfully informal. The guests wandered freely through the parlors, halls and music room and the genial hominess of those rooms put every one in a happy frame of mind.

During Miss Dougall's visit in Andover the Senior class had the privilege of meeting her in Miss Watson's parlor.

The Thanksgiving recess, although unusually quiet on account of the small number who remained, was also unusually pleasant and cheerful. A trip to Boston for purposes of sight-seeing under the chaperonage of Miss Durfee and Miss Terrill made Wednesday a memorable holiday. The chief feature of Thanksgiving Day was the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Downs, our only guests. The never-to-be-forgotten hour of the day was that following dinner when we were invited up to the large music room "for a little music." We listened entranced while Mr. Downs played grandly and sweetly from the great composers and talked of them and their works. We did not wonder at the remark dropped by one of the girls as we came down: "When E.—comes back, I will let her talk as long as she wants to, and then I will begin."

In addition to the school entertainments the town has offered many attractions to the school this fall. On Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21, some of the Abbot students attended the South Church Fair in the Town Hall.

Tuesday evening, Nov. 10, was a brilliant one at the November Club House, the attraction, a veritable *Miracle Play*, The Deluge, selected

from the Chester group. Members of the English Literature class were privileged to attend, and never did they pass an evening of greater enjoyment and profit. As far as possible the appointments of the theatre were in harmony with the requirements of the Elizabethan age. In front of the stage whose painted frame in the rear represented the ark, was the rush-strewn platform for Elizabeth and her court. And what a gorgeous train it was, with heralds and pursuivants ushering the imperious queen down the broad aisle to her splendid throne on the straw! Beautiful maids of honor and splendid lords attended her, while obsequious pages and clamorous apple women thrust themselves upon her notice. Never-to-be-forgotten are the words and action of the play. Mrs. McCurdy, as Noah, was truly impressive and deserved much praise for her patience and magnanimity in dealing with refractory Mrs. Noah. Finally, by the assistance of Shem, Ham and Japheth, she was forcibly parted from the gossips and thrust into the ark, the animals having been more expeditiously disposed of upon successive sheets of white paper. An interlude, in which Miss Chamberlain, one of the gossips, bewailed the horror of the deluge, was so admirably rendered in action and song, that it passed into the sphere of high art.

No more instructive, picturesque and unique entertainment has been seen in many a day, and the Abbot party remember it with unmixed delight.

On Nov. 14, Abbot Academy attended the first of the new series of Andover-Exeter games and rejoiced in the triumph of the blue.

On Nov. 16, through the kind invitation of the Literature department of the November Club the Senior class attended the lecture upon Geoffrey Chaucer given by Prof. Kittredge of Harvard University. Prof. Kittredge gave a comprehensive summary of the important movements of the fourteenth century. He then spoke of the relation of Chaucer to his times, of his spirit, his art and his influence upon the English language. In speaking of the spirit of the poet Mr. Kittredge laid especial emphasis upon the fact that Chaucer is neither preacher nor satirist but essentially an artist with such an enthusiasm for human nature, just as he finds it, that he portrays with equal pleasure the pardoner and the parson. Prof. Kittredge closed his talk with readings from the "Canterbury Tales."

On Friday evening, Nov. 20, Mrs. Churchill gave a reception for the Senior class in the Theological Seminary, the teachers and Senior class in Abbot Academy and a few other friends. A course in applied Homiletics in which preacher and audience criticised each other in

playful vein, hiding many keen practical suggestions under a show of fun, put the audience into good humor for the climax of the evening's entertainment, Prof. Churchill's reading of The Thanksgiving Sermon.

INSTRUCTIVE EXCURSIONS.

Miss Terrill and Miss Bancroft with a small company of Abbot students attended the lecture upon Doric Temples given by Dr. Dörpfeld in Cambridge Oct. 20. The lecturer made a threefold appeal to his audience as he spoke in German upon a subject interesting alike to students of Greek and of the History of Architecture. The lecture was amply illustrated with stereopticon slides

Several members of the Faculty and student body availed themselves of the opportunity to attend the A. M. A. Jubilee meetings in Boston Oct. 20-22. They proved to be very inspiring. The meetings of special interest were the noon patriotic services in Faneuil Hall and those in which native workers among the Indians and negroes gave intelligent testimony of the value of the Association to them and to their race. Music by the Fiske Jubilee Singers gave pleasing variety in all the services.

On Nov. 18, the Zoology class, accompanied by Miss Mason, visited the Agassiz Museum. We were especially interested in the specimens of the lower organisms as our study has been chiefly on these forms.

Miss Terrill and Miss Boshier were privileged to attend the lecture by Ian MacLaren in Boston, Saturday, Nov. 28. Their enthusiastic reports of his delightful portrayal of Scottish character make the people of the Bonnie Briar Bush stories seem true types of that austere nation.

On Dec. 5, the Senior class with Miss Bancroft visited the Boston Art Museum, the Public Library, Trinity Church, the Doré Gallery and the St. Botolph Club.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Reports from the home and foreign fields are given as usual in the chapel each Friday morning.

Every Sunday evening the society of "Christian Workers" meet for a twenty-minute prayer meeting in the sitting room of Draper Hall. Mrs. Stanford, '76, at present a missionary in Japan, led the meeting one evening and later five dollars was given to her by the girls for use in her work.

On Saturday evenings, we meet in the chapel for our customary

weekly prayer meetings. Two pretty plants given by the "Christian Workers" brighten the desk each evening. The opening meeting of the term was led by Miss Watson. We have also been led by Miss Merrill. Miss McKeen gave us a very earnest, helpful talk on the "Virtuous Woman." We have had three distinctively missionary meetings this year. Mrs. Jennie Pearson Stanford, a missionary in Japan, compared in a very interesting manner the girls' life in a Christian school in Japan with ours in Abbot. Mr. Gutterson, the district secretary of the American Missionary Association, gave us a talk on the missions in our own country, while two of our own number, Miss Brown and Miss Gutterson, told us some things that they remembered of their early lives spent, the one in Turkey, the other in India. We have been fortunate in hearing from Mr. Shipman, Mr. Palmer, Dr. Merrill and Mr. Earle, one of the company of evangelists who have been holding meetings in the South Church the first week in December. The meeting on the Saturday evening before the Thanksgiving recess was very interesting indeed. Each girl brought a written statement of something for which she was especially thankful and these were read to us.

Our Thanksgiving offering this year amounted to twenty-five dollars, which we sent to Mrs. Clara Hamlin Lee, who has opened a Home for Armenian Orphans in Marash.

The special service of verse and song on the Tuesday morning before we disbanded for Thanksgiving was full of the joyous, hearty feeling which always pervades it and gives it that tone so suited to the Thanksgiving season.

Tuesday morning is truly Miss Watson's morning. Graceful flowers from the Senior class are ever a reminder of the grateful affection felt by "Miss Watson's girls," while her earnest words of counsel and cheer never fail to

"Refresh the out-worn, to
Praise, re-inspire the brave!"

The Thursday morning music services with Prof. Downs are among the most wholesome and inspiring influences of the week. We come from them physically more vigorous, mentally more alert and with our ambitions quickened, purified and ennobled. In spite of the dull weather through the fall, the voices have been elastic and have responded with full volume to the trumpet tones which Prof. Downs always finds in his instrument. Old scholars are especially fond of returning for this service and strangers who visit the school on Thursday morning carry away bright memories of the service.

On Friday evening, Nov. 13, a number of the students went to the South Church, where they had the pleasure of hearing and afterwards of meeting Mrs. Bottome, president of the King's Daughters, and Mrs. Davis, the secretary. The subject of Mrs. Bottome's address was "Be Filled with the Spirit," after which Mrs. Davis spoke upon the meaning of the bit of redemption metal which the order uses as its badge.

Items of General Interest.

"Abbot Academy, which has an unusually large number of pupils this year, is imbued with the spirit of patriotism. Friday morning at chapel a stirring patriotic address was made by the professor of English Literature, Miss Edith Ingalls, the gifted niece of Senator Ingalls. Flag Day was observed with elaborate decorations and exercises in Abbot Hall. Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs read her poem composed for the Andover celebration, and Mrs. Julia Houston West sang "The Star Spangled Banner."—Boston Transcript, Nov. 6.

The distinguished German scholar, Professor Kuno Francke of Harvard University, has been engaged for two lectures upon Faust before our school in the latter part of January.

Abbot Academy took a special interest in the Andover Magazine, two of the faculty being on the list of its contributors, Miss Watson and Miss Bancroft, an exquisite poem from the German being from the pen of the former. This generous and unique effort of the ladies of the Chapel congregation to assist the ladies of the South Church in their repairs upon the vestry was entirely successful both as a literary and financial enterprise.

During October and the early part of November a lively interest was taken in basket-ball. The choosing of permanent sides increased this interest and awoke a spirit of friendly rivalry among the players. Miss Durfee and Miss Terrill captained the opposing sides. At first Miss Durfee's side seemed to be much the stronger, but toward the last of the season the teams became more evenly matched. For this general improvement in team work we must thank Mr. Drake who kindly gave us several helpful drills. In the two best games the scores stood, in the first, four to four, and in the second, thirteen to twelve in favor of Miss Durfee's side.

Basket-ball is a game well adapted to out-door exercise. The principle of the game is something like that of foot-ball, but the strict rules do away with all roughness. When spring comes we hope that the

interest in the game will be revived, and then we wish to form picked teams.

It is the easiest thing in the world to organize a Walking Club, especially, in a picturesque, historic, old town like Andover. So, when the idea of forming such a club was suggested by a member of the Smith Hall family, the proposition was eagerly accepted, and—behold! The Abbot Walking Club, then and there, sprang into existence. We have no fees, no restrictions, and very few rules; we did however, decide to walk only twice a week, Monday and Friday. Sometimes we took short walks with no special goal in view, and upon these occasions we had great fun and came back much refreshed. One excursion that I particularly enjoyed was made upon a beautiful October day to Prospect Hill, some two and a half miles from the Academy. From the summit of the hill we viewed one of Andover's most gorgeous sunsets. A similar trip to Mill's Hill has been indefinitely postponed as the weather has been too dull for the out look, and, in fact the many disagreeable days of this term have interfered with more than one of our plans, but the very fact that a newly organized body has survived so much dull weather, argues well for the vigor of the Club.

Faculty Notes.

Fräulein Schiefferdecker's summer in Europe was a most interesting and successful one. Sailing from New York by the Red Star line, she landed at Antwerp, travelling thence to Brussels, The Hague, Delft, Amsterdam, Cologne, and by boat up the Rhine to Wiesbaden; — thence to Frankfort on the Main, Eisenach with its old, picturesque castle, the Wartburg where Luther translated the Bible, Leipzig and Görlitz. All the Fräulein's "old girls" will be deeply interested in her visit to the little town in Saxony called Pretzsch a. d. Elbe, in whose very old and quaint castle lives the beloved sister of whom they have so often heard. Together they went to Berlin where, at the great art store of Amsler and Ruthardt, Fräulein Schiefferdecker invested the penny contributions of past German classes. It is truly astonishing to see the beauty representing the weekly journeys of that mysterious little bank — the twenty-one pictures of Kaulbach's Schiller gallery bought at Munich by Miss Watson in 1893, — and now, these ten pictures from the Goethe gallery, beautiful copper plates, the beginning of a collection Miss Schiefferdecker is anxious to complete next summer.

The second edition of Miss Schiefferdecker's "Hochzeitsreise" by Benedix was hastily published early in the autumn to meet the large

demand which had completely exhausted the original supply. The witty little play, now edited with attractive, scholarly, and helpful notes will always have delighted readers among the beginners of German.

Immediately upon the close of School last June, Miss Bancroft sailed for Europe in the party of Dr. Cheney. They visited the famous art galleries of the continent, — were in Dresden, Berlin, Paris, Florence, Venice and Rome, still reserving some time for a flying visit to many of the literary shrines of England.

We all remember with great pleasure the delightful Saturday afternoon when Miss Bancroft let us roam at will over the sweet fields of Warwickshire, through the well-loved streets of eloquent Stratford, on into the very birthplace of Shakespeare and back again to the busy hum of London. We shall not soon forget her graphic pictures of Westminster Abbey whose stately towers we also trust may be *our* "first and last glimpse of London."

During the brief absence of Miss Patterson, who will resume her work in the winter term, her place has been ably filled by Miss Case of Boston.

A clipping from Miss Patterson's letter written at Venice, Oct. 30, will be interesting to all:

"Spain is a melancholy and romantic country with austere mountain scenery, softened by violet atmosphere and whole provinces of dreary, barren plains that might rival the fertility of Lombardy if the people were only able to achieve so much irrigation. Their inactivity and deadness of the present day are positively oppressive, but the land is full of solemn beauty and reminds one of Doré's imaginative illustration of Don Quixote. We got on perfectly well without a courier and didn't suffer from the heat except perhaps in Seville, for Ronda and Granada were high and breezy and there was a cool wave at Cordova and Madrid. Toledo was hot again and very arid and our hotel so unhealthy that we were obliged to fly, and having an extra day we gave it to Avila which was romantic and mediaeval beyond anything to be seen out of picture books. We had a long ride to Zaragossa and then past Montserrat with its weird summit to Barcelona where we had a very delightful stay. What a very beautiful and impressive cathedral it is there! We made a flying trip to Tarragona too but did not think it equal to the other towns in individual characteristics and from there we followed the Mediterranean shore to Genoa and then here, where we have been nearly three weeks. Our palace is fifteenth century and fast dropping into the sea. It is near the end of the Grand Canal, so that

we can look into the lagoon; perhaps you remember it as it is a marked one on the guide-book. We have a perfect gondolier — Antonio — and I shall get his address so that we can tell all our friends about him. We go on to Ravenna and Siena next week and then to Florence and Rome, sailing from Naples on the sixth of December."

Miss Watson and Miss Bosher plan to spend the Christmas holidays in Bermuda.

Miss Bertha Terrill, Mt. Holyoke '95, is conducting the Greek classes this year.

Faculty Alumnae.

Mr. and Mrs. Draper and Miss Lina Kimball gladly accepted an invitation from Miss McKeen to spend Thanksgiving Day at Sunset Lodge, where after an ideal Thanksgiving dinner they joined in delightful reminiscences of old scholars and friends, suggested by the many gifts to Miss McKeen, which meet the eye in every part of the house. The best part of the feast came when Miss McKeen kindly read extracts from the history of the last years of her connection with the school, which, at the request of the Trustees, she is writing in continuation of the valuable history, which she and her sister prepared at the time of the Centennial in 1879. Her vivid portrayal of persons and events will be of special interest to those who shared in the perplexing trials and triumphant successes of those years, and will also be invaluable as history in all the future.

It is pleasant to have these words from Miss Alice Hamlin, one of the sufferers from the Mount Holyoke fire—

"Were you burned out?" Yes, I was! I was in the part of the building that went first, the fourth floor, south wing. All that I had left in my trunks perished and a good many things in my room besides. For a time I felt quite afflicted, but I am once more pleasantly settled, and I find that it is possible to recover from that first, strong sense of sorrow and loss, when all one has lost is material.

I sincerely hope that so far as the college is concerned, the calamity may be the seed of great future gain.

I enjoy my work thoroughly. I find some excellent students here and I am allowed to do just what I choose with the course. Mt. Holyoke is developing rapidly and every member of the Faculty has the opportunity to advance her own department as far as she will.

Miss Ruth B. Franklin has returned to her work in the Rogers High School, Newport, R. I. In addition to her school work in History and

Greek, she is active in two clubs and the treasurer of the Working Girls' Club of which she gave us an interesting account last year.

We have been rich this term in the unusually large number of visits from former teachers. We expect to see Mrs. Harlow and Mrs. Sperry for their duty as Trustees brings them back to us, we assure them that they can not come too often. Miss Emily A. Means keeps in close touch with us too, as President of the Alumnae Association. Mrs. Ellen Wilbur Burgess certainly came within our borders, for she supped with Miss McKeen, and Mrs. Josephine Richards Gile dined at Smith Hall. Oh ye old French scholars, listen! and you who are struggling with the mysteries of French speech, take courage! Mrs. Gile and Mrs. Tyler, who came with her, actually chose to speak French that night at Smith Hall, and spoke it well too, after years without practice. Mrs. Adela Payson Usher,—how well many remember that enthusiastic and inspiring French teacher!—came to us long enough to visit two classes, one German and one French, but her love for the school and interest in it are as warm as ever. Has Miss Chadbourne really been here? She darts in and out like the humming bird, we have a glimpse of her, and behold, she is gone!

Literary Alumnae.

Upon the twenty-seventh of September, it was rumored that Miss Alice French (Octave Thanet) was visiting her cousin, Miss Kate Roberts. Through the kindness of the latter, several from Abbot had the pleasure of meeting Miss French, that lovely Sunday afternoon, greatly enjoying her delightful conversation and delicious repartee. Upon the following morning there was an informal reception at Abbot Hall when every student had the proud distinction of a personal introduction. Miss French paid Abbot a beautiful tribute in her high estimate of that ideal of Christian womanhood the school has ever held before her daughters.

Nov. 8.—“The country home at Clover Bend, Lawrence County, Ark., of Miss French, the authoress, widely known as “Octave Thanet,” was burned yesterday. A large and valuable library was destroyed.”

One of our most satisfactory visits from old scholars, this term, has been that of Miss Lily Dougall. She was in Abbot Academy in the spring of '83, a member of the French Hall family and this fall came back for the first time, in all these years, to visit Miss Merrill and the school. She could scarcely believe that the brick Abbot Hall had been moved, but finally adjusted herself to the new order of things, every-

thing but Davis Hall has been changed since she was in school. You who enjoyed listening to the reading of "Beggars All" and "What Necessity Knows," don't you wish you could have *heard* Miss Dougall tell a story, as we did? After the guests had gone home, — for Miss Merrill gave a little reception one day in honor of Miss Dougall, — we all clustered about her in Miss Merrill's room and heard how a girl did really walk off a moving train in her sleep, as did the "Madonna of a Day," and what afterwards befell her.

"A Venetian June" means love-making, and Annie Fuller, '72, has told the story most charmingly, leaving just enough to be surmised at the end. Her previous successes in books with an American background, have prepared us for the delicate character-sketching and interesting study of life which are all the more attractive in picturesque Venice." — Congregationalist, July 30, 1896

Among the works of our Literary Alumnae we shall include the work of one who was neither a graduate nor a pupil of Abbot Academy, but whom we have long ago adopted as our own. — ED.

Mrs. Downs, whose comprehensive and intimate knowledge of New England history was so marked a feature of her article upon "Historic Andover" in the New England Magazine of last June, has recently published her poem written for Andover's two hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

Fragments of the poem had appeared in several daily papers, but many enthusiastic friends were eager to see in its entirety a poem whose power, pathos, and beauty had elicited so much praise at the time it was read.

It is indeed, a masterly composition, and those who have followed the historic development of the narrative from the exquisite English Andover across the wintry seas, through all the stormy scenes of pioneer life, — the witchcraft, Revolutionary and Civil War eras, cannot hesitate to prophesy for it a high and permanent place in American literature. As a study of poetic form, it has few rivals in the exquisite adaptation of rhythm and thought. The reader can almost feel the motion of the waves in the poem of the voyage, and can almost catch the noise of battle in the martial lines of Bunker Hill. From beginning to end there is the background of lofty Puritan sentiment reaching the climax of its expression in the death of the young Andover boy, Walter Raymond, who would not steal or lie because —

"They do not teach, you see, their boys
That way in my old town."

From the Townsman of December the fourth, we quote the following account of the illustrated work :—

“It gives us great pleasure to say that Mrs. Downs’ poem *Historic Andover*, will be issued by the Andover Press early next week. It is fully and beautifully illustrated and taken as a whole is a model of typographical and artistic excellence. Particularly noticeable and unique are the numerous views from our mother town, Andover, England.

Among them is the old Norman Church of St. Mary, where our ancestors worshipped, and in whose green and quiet Churchyard their parents are buried. The meadows on the Ande, the river which gives the English town its name, likewise make another lovely illustration. We might go on indefinitely, but hasten to say that the views of places, buildings, and historic objects in our own Andover are no less novel and original.

The fire place in Anne Bradstreet’s parlor, has never been reproduced before; and a full page, containing Bishop Brook’s house in the middle, and a famous historic house on either hand with a quotation from Bishop Brook’s eloquent address at the dedication of Memorial Hall, is not to be matched for interest by any illustration we call to mind.

Below the verses celebrating the patriotism of our soldiers in the War of the Revolution, is a picture of the marble tablet in the Memorial Hall, while a careful reproduction of Walter Raymond’s portrait gives added point and emphasis to the pathetic ballad which recounts his heroic life and death.

Besides the long list of indexed cuts, there are many exquisite bits, initial letters and homely reminders of the long ago days in New England. For instance, Indian snow-shoes, the warming pan which hangs in Anne Bradstreet’s upper entry, and the hour-glass which may have stood on Parson Phillip’s pulpit in the first meeting-house of the South Parish.

We are sure that the pleasure felt when the poem was read last May, will be experienced in at least an equal degree by all who examine the handsome covers, generous margins and fine illustrations.”

The Abbot Club.

The November meeting of the Abbot Club was in charge of the committee on music. A very beautiful paper upon music was read by Rev. Mr. Haarvig, of Allston, who afterward performed a piano solo with the skill of the educated musician. Miss Priscilla White sang two songs.

The next meeting of the Club was upon the fifth of December. The program consisted of an address upon prison work by the well known and gifted philanthropist, Mrs. Johnson. Miss Ingalls then made a few brief appeals in the interest of Abbot emphasizing the crying need of a new administration building. The paper contained a loving tribute to Miss McKeen whose unfading affection for the "dear old girls" has so strengthened their interest in the school and its needs.

Gifts.

The kind thoughtfulness of Miss Elizabeth Clough, of Andover, has provided us with a little memento of Madam Abbott which will be warmly cherished. It is a graceful, old-fashioned vase, milk-white, adorned in gilt, with the emblem of immortality, the wreath of ivy and bay and the inscription, "Remember Me."

The library has recently been enriched by three volumes of Lily Dougall's works, a gift from the author. The class present of '96 has lately been placed upon our shelves, "The History of Modern Painting" by Muther, in three large volumes. A highly appreciated gift of money from Mr. Aaron Cummings of Andover has procured for us the recent superb publication "The Eternal City," a work upon Rome by Clara E. Clement, in two fine volumes.

Many Smith Hall girls will be glad to hear that the time-worn Bible presented to the Smith Hall family in 1869 by Miss McKeen, has been replaced by a new and beautiful Bible given by the same kind friend.

Since the tinting of No. 1 through the generosity of Miss Annah Kimball, it has become a veritable symphony in greens and yellows. No gift could have given greater comfort and happiness.

Through the kindness of Mr. Arthur Johnson, the teachers' rooms not already tinted have been variously tinted in fawn color, green and blue.

Mrs. Wilcox's fine collection of Stratford photographs was of great assistance to the English Literature class in their study of that hallowed shrine. They gratefully acknowledge her kindness in lending these pictures, and her generosity in contributing a photograph of the Stratford bust to the school collection.

Year after year, through the courtesy of the Theological Library, the Spenser class has been privileged to enjoy Christopher North's inimitable papers in Blackwood's Magazine. They are an unfailing inspiration and delight.

Christmas - Tide.

And as ye happy Christmas tyme
Draws near on fleetest wing ;
And as ye merrie bells do chyme
And happy songs do sing, —
These greetings give to one and alle,
And bid each one be gaye, —
And laugh and feast to heart's content,
On ye blithesome Christmas daye.

BEULAH FIELD, 1900.

Alumnae Notes.

Class '66.—Two Abbot girls, of the class of '66, have sons who are teachers in Phillips Academy—Gilbert N. Lewis, son of Mary Burr White Lewis, and Mr. Benner of Waldoboro, Maine, son of Sarah C. Allen Benner.

Miss McKeen has received a copy of the "Maelstrom" published by Miss Wheeler's school, Providence, Rhode Island. The magazine has many beautiful illustrations and glimpses of the school.

Class '69.—The house of Miss Martha Gleason in Constantinople was raided during one of the recent massacres, notwithstanding the fact that the American flag hung from the window and the servant shouted, "This is an American house."

Class '70.—Miss Anna L. Dawes of Pittsfield, daughter of ex-senator Henry L. Dawes, spoke on the Indian question at the meeting of the American Missionary Association in Boston, October 23.

Class '82.—The class had a partial reunion at the home of Mrs. Irving A. Porter, (Alice Parker) in West Medford. The invited guests were Miss Abby McCutcheon, Mrs. Nellie Dennis Cole, Mrs. Eugene Wilde (Effie Dresser,) Mrs. Charles Miller (Lillian Wilcox) and Miss Edith Ingalls. The guest of honor was the class president, Miss Annie F. Frye, Rockland, Maine.

Class '86.—Eight of the class gathered for their decennial reunion in June, and letters from the other members of the class were read at the dinner. The following addresses were collected at that time :

Claribel Brooks,	16 Union Park, Boston.
Grace Carleton,	Mrs. Forrest Dryden, 1075 Broad St., New- ark, N. J.
Phebe Curtis,	Mrs. George B. Vilas, Kenosha, Wis.
Mary Gorton,	Mrs. Frank Darling, Hampton, Va.
Alice Jenkins,	Mrs. H. E. Morse, Newton Highlands, Mass
Annie G. King,	Calais, Me.
Jennie Lanphear,	Mrs. Augustus Buck, 185 Main St., Fall River, Mass.

Mary Libby,	Mrs. S. Reed Allen, Ambia, Indiana.
Harriet Raymond,	Mrs. Frederick Lewis, 453 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, Conn.
Louise Pitts,	Mrs. Calvin P. Vary, Newark, N. Y.
Florence Rowley,	Mrs. J. H. Richdale, 115 Superior St., Victo- ria, B. C.
Julia Spear,	Mrs. W. F. Boyd, Alamosa, Col.
Florence Swalm,	Mrs. C. M. Spofford, Georgetown, Mass.
Frances T. Swazey,	Brunswick, Me.
Lucia Trevitt,	Mrs. Geo. W. Auryansen, Newtonville, Mass.
Alice Twitchell,	64 Neal St., Portland, Me.
Julia Wallace,	Peekskill, N. Y.
Maria Hitchcock (Allen) deceased July 12, 1895.	

Class '93. — Annie Downs Ingalls is principal of the Knox Free Kindergarten in Louisville, Kentucky. She writes, "I have four excellent assistants, and the children (colored) are as usual inimitable."

Class '94. — Mary I. Baldwin is studying kindergarten work in Lowell, Mass.

Ella M. Robinson is teaching French and the Sciences in the Lawrence High School.

Mabel W. Stone is assistant principal in one of the large graded schools of Manchester, Conn.

Aida Dunn has returned home after a delightful year of study and travel in the old country.

Winifred Barber is spending the year in Germany.

Julia Sanborn sails in February for Italy to spend an indefinite time in travel and study.

Class '95. — We were glad to welcome so many of the class at Commencement last June.

Katherine Hope Pike has given up her course of study in the Boston Medical School to make a home for her sisters at "The Rand," West Rutland Street, Boston.

Mabel Duren is spending this year in Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, giving her time chiefly to literature, and finding pleasure and advantage in society, work, and in the Glee Club. She writes: "I came to this place an entire stranger; one of the Y. W. C. A. came to meet us and brought us up across the little Cameron River, through the town to our campus and to Gridley Hall, where Miss Evans greeted

us very cordially and made us feel instantly at home. That first night as I stood in the corridor, looking out at a bonfire, the flickering light shone on the face of Ruth Haven beside me; she has since been a very pleasant congenial friend to me. She was in Abbot Academy in '93-94, I think, at Smith Hall." Miss Duren is enthusiastic about Carleton College. Some of our readers may remember that Mabel Wheaton and Nellie Abbot—Mrs. Joseph Sawyer—came from Carleton to Abbot.

Helen Jackson is preparing in Abbot Academy to enter the classical course at Mt. Holyoke in the fall of '97.

Class '96.—Nellie Campbell is continuing her study of French and, in connection with the Woman's Club of Danvers, is taking a course in Parliamentary Law. Following Dr. Boynton's suggestion she is studying Browning with a friend.

Harriet Dockrill and Elizabeth Entwistle are studying and teaching in the Training School in Lawrence.

Ella Dowst is taking fencing lessons and gymnastic work. She is studying in connection with the Historic Art Club and attending lectures on Dutch Art.

Lucy Howe is working for a degree in the University of Indiana.

Sara Jackson is studying art in the New York Art League.

Carolyn Mathews is taking a course in kindergarten in New York City.

Alice Morse has been engaged to teach in the public schools in Bath, Maine, after Christmas.

Marcia Richards is teaching in Greenville, Mass.

Jessie Ross is studying English cathedrals in a small club.

Frances Saunders has private pupils at her home in Boston.

Fanny Stevens is teaching sewing in the schools in Concord, N. H.

May Young is taking music lessons and studying biology in a private laboratory in Bay City, Mich.

Florence Gildersleeve with her family has moved to Cambridge, Mass.

Lilian Franklin, Florence Holt, Ruth Loring, Helen Marland, and

Grace Pearson are busy doing the hundred and one things which fall to girls at home.

Among those who have visited Abbot Academy during the summer and fall are: Clara L. Foss '82-'83, Ella C. Wheeler '82-'83, Marion Morse '95-'96, Lydia C. Noyce '80, Anna Tucker Nettleton '93, Lilian Dougall '83, Nellie Campbell '96, Adela Payson Usher, Mrs. Jane Pearson Stanford, Mrs. Frances Kimball Harlow, Mary Thompson '93, Frances Saunders '96, Lilian Franklin '96, Alice Morse '96, Fanny Stevens '96, Katharine Walker '95-'96, Grace Pease '95-'96, Martha Hitchcock '93, Ella Castle '92-'93, Mabel Stone '94, Emily Knevals '82-'83, Mrs. Josephine Richards Gile, May Louise Storrs '90-'91, Blanche Morton '92, Helen Wilbar '92-'93, Helen Stiles '92-'93, Alice Carpenter '95-'96, Grace Norton '94-'95, Mrs. Henrietta Learoyd Sperry, Lillie H. Stone.

Abbot Academy must feel a vital interest in the Armenian Question, so long as some of our Alumnae are in the storm and stress of this struggle for life and liberty. From Mrs. Clara Hamlin Lee and also from Mrs. Olive Twitchell Crawford we have had thrilling accounts of terrible sufferings and outrages, but the word from Turkey that has brought the imperilled condition of Americans there most directly to us, came in a letter from Miss Martha Gleason, '69, whose house in Hass Keny was laid waste and one of whose servants was slain, while she and her companion were with the family of Dr. Greene on the island of Proti. In spite of the fact that the American flag was unfurled above the house, it was thoroughly looted and one man slain, and yet we are told that Americans have ample protection in Turkey. Miss Gleason writes that it was a satisfaction to lose everything, for it brings her nearer to the poor Armenians whose suffering and deprivations can not be described.

Aida Dunn '94 has written Miss Ingalls the following charming account of her visit to the Lake District:

"I have often wanted to let you know of the beautiful time we are having reviewing our literature and reviving our associations with Wordsworth and Southey. Our hotel is just a mile from Greta Hall and from the church-yard where Southey is buried. The old sexton pointed out the fine monument in the church, also Southey's grave and those of his children. The sexton's English was rather a mixture of Scotch and Cumberland dialect and we found some difficulty in understanding him. He is eighty-two years old and has talked with Wordsworth many times. 'A nicer gentleman than Wordsworth never lived. He was not proud

and haughty as some of our English.' I wish I might write his dialect. Two days we spent at Ambleside Windermere, and from there made excursions to Lake Coniston, Ruskin's home, and to Rydal Mount but : unfortunately the latter as well as Greta Hall are so strictly private that we could see them only from a distance. The coach ride from Ambleside was very interesting and beautiful. Below the house, Rydal Mount, on the lake shore is a huge rock, mounted by natural steps called ' Wordsworth's seat.'

Grasmere lake and village soon came into view and Wordsworth's little lime-washed house by the roadside. The country is truly beautiful, but no finer than many parts of our own good land. I have been abroad so long that my patriotism will come out, and I think nothing, in some ways, quite so good as the United States of America.

We stopped a short time at the little church and grave-yard where Hartley Coleridge and Wordsworth are buried. The photographs which I bought while at school give one a very good idea of the place.

My art and literature books will quite overflow I fear. We have bought about five hundred photographs during the past year. I hope the girls are continuing to collect photographs. It impresses things so much better upon one's mind."

ENGAGEMENTS.

Alice H. Joy, class '89, and Mr. Richard Ames of Deerfield.

MARRIAGES.

Brayton-Davis. — In Fall River, Mass., June 24, Florence Elizabeth Davis '91-'92, to Mr. Dana Dwight Brayton.

Lewis-Billings. — In Providence, R. I., Nov. 18, Josephine Billings, '91-'92, to Mr. Joseph West Lewis. At home during January at 217 Lexington Avenue, Providence, R. I.

Kelsey-Haldeman. — In Clinton, Ill., Sept. 2, Gertrude Hester Haldeman '95, to Mr. Carl Kelsey.

Moorhouse-Mitchell. — In Ottumwa, Iowa, Nov. 17, Merry Mitchell '93, to Mr. William Russell Moorhouse.

Richards-Wentworth. — In Rochester, N. H., Sept. 15, Laura Belle Wentworth '95, to Dr. Byron Ulysses Richards.

Mowry-Jenks. — In Providence, Dec. 2, Abbie Jenks to Mr. A. Putnam Woodman Mowry. At home after January first in Danielson, Conn.

COX-GAGE. — In Centre Church, Haverhill, Mass., Sept. 9, Katherine Reed Gage, '87-'88, to Mr. Theodore Cox. At home Thursdays after Nov. 1, at 119 Locust Hill Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

BARKER-CLARK. — In La Porte, Indiana, July 29, Marjory Clark '94-'95, to Mr. Norton Wallace Barker.

MORSE-JENKINS. — Nov. 19, Alice Cary Jenkins '86, to Mr. Howard Ernest Morse. At home after January 1, Allerton Road, Newton Highlands, Mass.

STEPHENSON-BEAL. — In Detroit, Mich., June 25, Mary Harriet Beal '91-'92, to Mr. John Alexander Stephenson.

STURGIS-TWITCHELL. — In High Street Church, Portland, Maine, Oct. 28, Emma Frances Twitchell '87, to Mr. Alfred Sturgis.

. DEATHS.

In Waterville, New York, Claude Wilson, M. D., died of pneumonia, April 22, 1896. He was the husband of Anna A. Hodges '75, and the brother of Mrs. Isabelle Wilson Pettee '74, of Japan.

In Haverhill, Mass., Oscar D. Cheney, M. D. He was the husband of Sarah S. Hunking '66. Both Dr. and Mrs. Cheney were very generous in their gifts when Draper Hall was furnished.

"Mrs. Susan M. Frye died Wednesday, July 29, '96 at her home in Rockland, Me., aged 71 years. She was born in Winterport and married Dr. Thomas R. Frye, after which she came to this city to reside. Dr. Frye had a wide reputation as a physician in eastern Maine and many became acquainted with the gentle woman who was his wife, and of those who read this notice there will be none who will fail to mourn her loss and cherish her memory. Mrs. Frye was an eminently Christian woman with all the characteristics that become a true Christian. Her life was full of beautiful deeds and her survivors can look back over her career with mingled feelings of pride over what she has been and sorrow that she has departed from their midst. The deceased had not been in the best of health for some time but death came rather unexpectedly. The funeral occurred Friday, Rev. C. A. Moore officiating. Mrs. Frye is survived by two children, Charles R. and Annie Frances Frye."

Class Organizations.

'97.

"Optima persequens."

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<i>Vice-President</i>	FRANCES E. P. HINKLEY.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	.				GERTRUDE WARE.
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<i>Flower</i>	Violet.

'98.

"Unus amore more ore re."

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<i>Treasurer</i>	EDITH MARGARET TYER.
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Miss E. Morton,

Miss Paul,
Miss Virgin.

SECOND BANJO,
Miss Carmichael.

FIRST MANDOLINS,
Miss Castle,
Miss Mangasarian.

Miss Darling,

SECOND MANDOLINS,
Miss Goodhue,

Miss Spalding.

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- NATALIE SCHIEFFERDECKER,
German.
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- NELLIE M. MASON,
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THE WINTER TERM

*Of the Sixty-eighth Year will begin on Thursday,
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THE SPRING TERM

Will begin on Thursday, April 15, 1897.

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Six spears' length from the entrance
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And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow pass."—*Torch Rush.*

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JUNE, 1897



The
Abbot
Courant

JUNE, 1897



THE
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XXIII. No. 2

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1897

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The price of the COURANT is Sixty cents a year; single copies
Thirty-five cents. All communications made to the Business
Editors will be promptly attended to.

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*“ Is shrine for poet, and for saint,
Where pilgrims never cease ;
For grave Anne Bradstreet loved this haunt
This haunt of ancient peace. — ”*

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FRANCES E. P. HINKLEY, '97.	LUCIE HEGEMAN, '99.

VOL. XXIII.

JUNE, 1897.

NO. 2.

Siegfried, the Teutonic Ideal.

SIEGFRIED is the subject of that great body of poetic material, known as the story of the Nibelung, and in it, represents the warrior, the hero, the highest conception of truth, goodness, and beauty, the Teutonic ideal.

He was the son of old King Siegemund and the fair and noble Siegelind. The fame of the beautiful Kriemhild of Burgundy reached him and he determined to win her for his bride. His father and mother endeavored to dissuade him, but his resolution was firm, and at last he set out for Worms. Siegfried made friends with Gunther, brother of the fair princess, and for several months was entertained most royally at his court. Kriemhild and Siegfried did not meet until a year after his arrival, at the time of the celebration by the Burgundians, of their victory over the Saxons, and from this time on, their appreciation and love for each other grew speedily.

Gunther is desirous of winning the powerful Brunhild of Isenland and promises Siegfried for his aid, the fulfillment of any request which he shall make. Preparations are made for the undertaking: Siegfried, as captain, guides the vessel safely to Isenland, where Brunhild receives them. Soon follows the contest between Gunther and Brunhild, in which, with the assistance of Siegfried, who possesses the cap of darkness, Gunther is successful and Brunhild acknowledges herself defeated.

The king returns to Burgundy with his newly elected bride, Siegfried and Kriemhild are betrothed, and the double marriage is celebrated with great pomp. When the feasting at Worms is over, Siegfried and his bride return to Nibelungen land, where they are made king and queen. Brunhild becomes jealous of Siegfried's power and demands that he be made to return to Worms and pay homage to her king. Immediately quarrels break out between the two queens over the merits of their respective husbands, and through the influence of the evil Hagen, who incites Brunhild to vengeance, Siegfried is treacherously killed in the chase.

Such is the simple story of Siegfried, as found in the great national epic of Germany, *Das Nibelungen Lied*.

This poem was composed towards the end of the twelfth century, when the highest poetic ideals were personal bravery and respect for woman. Germany had been christianized for many centuries and many of the primitive ideas of the Nibelung myths had undergone certain changes: therefore the *Nibelungen Lied* remains a brilliant monument of mediaeval Germany, which nevertheless could not forget the heroic deeds of the past.

Almost forgotten for several centuries, the *Nibelungen Lied* was at last rescued from oblivion by the Swiss professor, Johann Jacob Bodmer, who in 1757 discovered a long-lost manuscript in the castle of the Hohenems, and from this several translations were made, the most important being that of Karl Simrock.

However we may regret our ignorance of the author and of the place where this epic first took its present form, we cannot but acknowledge that it is the noblest heirloom of Germany's

past and is in a certain sense as much the production as the property of the whole nation.

The Niebelungen Lied is divided into two parts, each containing nineteen adventures or songs, the first half, called "Kriemhild's Lament," and the latter, "Kriemhild's Revenge."

But what of this hero, this ideal of the Teutons, as he lives in the pages of the Lied! What was his personal appearance, what was his character,—was he affected by human passions, did he experience love and hate? These and many similar questions crowd thick and fast upon us, and for our answers, we must turn to the poem itself. There we learn of Siegfried's splendid appearance. He was tall, "with shoulders as broad to look on as the shoulders of two; his hair was of golden-red hue, fair of fashion and falling down in great locks. Many folded was his shield, blazing with red gold, with the image of a dragon drawn thereon, and the same image also adorned his helmet, saddle, and coat-armor."

It is at the Burgundian court that we first become interested in Siegfried. His fame has been wafted southward from the far Niebelungen land, and King Gunther questions Hagen, the most experienced of his courtiers. Says Hagen:

"He brings some new adventure to our Burgundian land;
The valiant Nibelungers he slew by strength of hand,
Nibelung and Shilbung, the princes stern in fight,
And since has many a wonder achieved with all-surpassing might."

What delicacy and patience are revealed by Siegfried's year of waiting until Kriemhild appeared in all her beauty! No translation can approach the quaint simplicity of the original:

"Von ihrem Kleide leuchtete mancher edle Stein;
Ihre rosenrothe Farbe gab wonniglichen Schein.
Was jemand wünschen mochte, er musste doch gestehn,
Dass er hier auf Erden noch nicht so Schönes gesehn."

"Wie der lichte Vollmond vor den Sternen schwebt,
Des Schein so hell und lauter sich aus den Wolken hebt,
So glänzte sie in Wahrheit vor andern Fraun gut:
Das mochte wol erhöhen den zieren Helden den Muth."

Modest like all the noble-hearted of earth, he wonders that he could ever have aspired to "the peerless one" —

"Er ward von Gedanken oft bleich und oft wieder roth."

Ardently he promises to assist Gunther in winning Brunhild, anticipating the fulfillment of the king's promise :

"As soon as lovely Brunhild shall come into this land,
To thee to wife, my sister most surely will I give."

All goes well in the story until jealousy arises between the queens, and Kriemhild in the most innocent manner confides in the evil Hagen telling him where Siegfried is vulnerable.

"As from the dragon's death wounds gushed out the crimson gore,
A leaf 'twixt his shoulders fell from the linden bough.
There only steel can harm him; for that I tremble now."

And the wily Hagen replies

"a little token sew

Upon his outer garment; thus shall I surer know
The spot that needs protection as in the fight we stand."

And poor deluded Kriemhild promises

"upon his vesture

To sew a secret crosslet."

In the Lied, Kriemhild has a dream of ill omen, and tries to persuade Siegfried to avoid the hunt, but, like Caesar, he believes not in omens. The interest deepens as the fatal moment arrives. The chase is over and the knights sit down to rest. The wine has been missent, and so it is proposed that they run to a brook not far off in order to obtain water. Here Hagen's death-stroke is like Agamemnon's shriek in the Greek play — though we expect it, we feel a shock of indescribable horror and grief.

"Then, as to drink Sir Siegfried down kneeling, there he found,
He pierced him through the crosslet, that sudden from the wound
Forth the life-blood spouted e'en o'er his murderer's weed.

"So the Lord of Kriemhild among the flowerets fell,
From the wound fresh gushing his heart's blood fast did well.
At last prone in the meadow lay mighty Siegfried dead."

So vividly, beautifully, and strongly do Schnorr's frescoes of the

Nibelungen in the Königsbau at Munich, represent all these great scenes of the Lied, that once seen, even in photograph, it is impossible to divorce the poem and the illustrations. They represent the most stirring events in the Life of Siegfried and in Kriemhild's Revenge. The artist seems to have interpreted exactly the spirit of the original and is especially successful in the companion groups of Siegfried and Kriemhild, and Gunther and Brunhild. The charmingly confiding attitude of Kriemhild, her lovely head resting upon the brave shoulders of Siegfried, forms a striking contrast to the queenly scorn of the splendid Brunhild, her back turned upon King Gunther, whose weak grasp is hardly sufficient to detain her. And dimly outlined against these valiant and radiant figures are the fateful ravens with their prophecy of twilight, death, and woe.

Not less interesting and powerful is the scene after the hunt, where Hagen gives the fatal stroke. The weird, gnarled, and knotted branches of the oak, so characteristic a background in northern mythology, are suited to the tragic occasion. Siegfried is bending over the brook, and the horrified retainers in the distance have no power to avert the fatal stroke of Hagen, who stands in the act of hurling the spear at the oak leaf poor Kriemhild had so carefully embroidered. The effect produced by reading the Nibelungen Lied with these illustrations before one, and with the music of the operas ringing in one's ears, is a fullness of realization, otherwise impossible to attain.

And this brings us at once to Richard Wagner's great Ring of the Nibelung, with which many are familiar, as the crowning feature of the German opera. It consists of four parts: "The Rhine-gold," "The Valkyr," "Siegfried, and the Götterdämmerung," the last two dealing principally with the life and death of our hero. In his treatment of the story, Wagner has somewhat deviated from the German epic, following more closely the northern version, as found in the Eddas and the Volsunga Saga.

What words can describe the impression produced when we see for the first time, the living impersonation of this young Siegfried, and while entranced by the joyous notes of the orchestra, are prepared for the charm of the young hero's personality!

The dwarf tells him that "Mimi" is father and mother in one to him, but this young student of nature has observed the likeness between parent and child among his friends, the animals, and having seen his own reflection in the crystal brooks realizes that he is no child of Mimi's.

In the scene at the forge, Wagner has called all the arts to his assistance. We see the dark and lonely cave, brightened only by this radiant representative of truth and valor, and hear the Motive of Siegfried the Fearless ring out like a great shout of victory. The music itself flows like a fiery flood and hisses as Siegfried pours the molten contents into the mould, and then into the water. Excitement prevails and at the end Siegfried shouts with glee and triumphantly holds his sword aloft.

We may agree with the critics that the dragon scene is somewhat ridiculous when presented on the stage, but it introduces that exceedingly beautiful one, where Siegfried, having accidentally tasted of the dragon's blood, not only hears but understands the language of the birds. No words can convey any idea of the indescribable charm of this movement. It is as if a whole choir of birds were twittering and disclosing all the secrets of nature in one outburst of liquid melody. The air is fairly alive with song. Would that Siegfried had heeded its warning!

The perfection of his yet unclouded triumph is reached when he visits the flame-guarded heights where Brunhild sleeps. Lying in all the regal dignity and splendor with which Wotan has invested her after her disobedience, she has been rendered hitherto unapproachable. But the hour has come; a hero has penetrated the flames. He approaches, unfastens her armor and awakens her. What can be more beautiful than this meeting — than the awakening of love within both, their betrothal, and the joyous promise of endless happiness!

The *Götterdämmerung* marks the turn in our hero's tide of fortune. We see him now falling under the dark shadow of inexorable fate. Hitherto there has been no failure in his triumphant progress but no sooner does he appear at Gunther's court than disaster begins, reaching its fatal end in the treacherous death-stroke of Hagen. It is indeed "The Twilight of

the Gods," the death of "the old order," now perhaps "changing into new," or as we like to think it, the temporary failure of truth in its contest with evil, only *the twilight* of the gods, soon, soon to give place to the glad new dawn of unfading light.

In the dignified and impressive treatment of this theme, we feel no change of atmosphere as we pass from Wagner to William Morris, who in "Sigurd the Volsung," follows the same outline of the Nibelung saga. Perhaps the greatest poem of William Morris, it will certainly rank as one of the greatest of the age, in nothing so great as in its poetry. May we not close our narrative of Siegfried with Morris's words prophetic of his greatness:

"I have spoken the words beloved, to thy matchless glory and worth;
But thy heart to my heart hath been speaking, though my tongue
hath set it forth.

"Thou shalt do the deed and abide it, and sit on thy throne on high,
And look on to day and to-morrow as those that never die."

And now what of Siegfried as an ideal? Is it a noble one? Will it bear comparison with the classical — Hector, Achilles, Ulysses,—with the Celtic, Arthur, or with Roland, the valorous hero of the Romance nations?

If we consider as essential to an ideal, personal beauty, valor, reverence, perception of truth, goodness, generosity, and sympathy with everything in God's beautiful world,—all these we find characteristic of the ideal Siegfried. With far less intellectual power than Ulysses, the subtle Greek, with far less spiritual power than the noble Christian Arthur, he has all the brilliant valor of Hector, Achilles or Roland, with a simplicity, dignity, and richness of nature, entirely absent in the haughty Achilles and far less prominent in Roland or Hector. That he is the incarnation of that which is essentially the genius of the Teuton is clear: the vigor, purity, simplicity, and imperishable youth of the Northland are his.

He is clean and strong, tender and fearless, and though for a time his radiant triumphs are checked, there is the "dawn of another day,"

"O, Sigurd, son of the Volsungs
O, Victory yet to be!"

MARY FRANCES GEORGE, '97.

The first Robin.

Oh, welcome, welcome note of joy and mirth
First heard when boughs are bare and buds still sleep!
When winds are chill and dull, gray skies still weep,
Thy song, O, robin, brings new hope to earth,—
Blue skies, warm sun, all things that tell of birth
In Nature's realm! In valley, plain and steep
Thy note is heard. Soon fruitful life will creep
In every nook and mock the phantom Dearth.
That sweet, wild song will bring thy heart its choice,
Thy wedding bells will sound o'er seas of bloom,
And melodies unsung will flood thy voice.
All joys be thine! Thy spirit pierced the gloom,
Our hearts are glad, our souls with thee rejoice,
The bud of promise yields its rare perfume.

KATHERINE FRANCES STILWELL.



The Pre-Raphaelites and their Modern Imitators.

AN art critic has said "What is really valuable and interesting is the record of a sincere impression and the analysis and explanation of that impression which will render it intelligible to a sympathetic mind." It is in the works of the early Renaissance masters of Italy, the real Pre-Raphaelites, that we find in truth and simplicity the record of sincere impressions and it is this quality of sincerity which their modern imitators, lead by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, feel the need of in art and are seeking to find in the infancy of Italian painting, despite the crudeness of the "analysis and explanation."

The Pre-Raphaelites and their modern imitators are idealists; that is to say, they seek first, the idea and then the suitable symbols in which to clothe it. However, we find some artists forgetting the idea in their eagerness to make the symbol perfect; we find others paying their undivided attention to the minutiae of detail and we question whether to call them idealists or realists. Some one has given as analogous the example of a tree growing in two separate trunks from the ground; one we may call idealism and the other realism, but in the ramification of the branches we shall find idealism with realistic tendencies and realism tending toward the ideal. We then see that they can not be separated, that the line of demarcation can not be drawn and that perfect truth requires a blending, a uniting of the two.

The art of the Middle Ages which had been under the tyrannical rule of the Church, now in the time of the early Renaissance asserted its freedom and sought for the truth in nature from which it had been so long estranged. Schnasse says "that although the first meaning of the word Renaissance conveys the idea of that new birth of the art of the Ancients and that revived interest in their works and learning which did, in fact, mark this period, and was an essential feature of the movement, yet at the same time there was a Renaissance in a deeper sense: a new birth of nature to the human soul."

The Pre-Raphaelites were awake to the revival of the art of the Greeks, they were interested in the scientific researches of the day, which gave new meaning to the human form, but above all they were filled with a love for the beauties of nature and infused with the idea of truth. They sought the road through the "real to the beautiful." Their standard was high and often we catch only a glimpse, through the imperfect medium, of their meaning,—their thought. Originality, fervid sentiment, tenderness, deep enthusiasm, earnest soberness, delicate mysticism, sweet expression and pure beauty; all these are the attributes of the soul which struggled to make itself known and felt in the works of the Pre-Raphaelites. Their reach exceeded their grasp.

Beginning in the year 1240 with Cimabue we see the development of art in the Umbrian, Tuscan and Paduan Schools,—through Giotto, Orcagna, Fra Angelico, Perugino, Andrea Mantegna, Fra Fillipo Lippi, Botticelli, Fra Bartolommeo and Leonardo da Vinci.

Cimabue is said to have anticipated all subsequent innovations. He portrayed a soul with a life of its own, a distinct and characteristic personality. He expressed and invented things notwithstanding his awkwardness and lack of skill. Passing over Giotto, the first of the great personalities in Florentine painting pre-eminently possessed of the power of appealing to the "tactile imagination," and past Andrea Orcagna, we come to Fra Angelico, that most spiritual and saintly of painters. Living in the seclusion of the convent of San Marco, he painted only because he loved to express the beautiful visions that came to him, of the glorified Saviour and the heavenly hosts. The purity and the sweetness of his life pervade his pictures. His was the realm of feeling and the emotions are often stirred by that which is but partially realized in his art.

Following Fra Angelico comes Andrea Mantegna, the master of the antique, and Perugino, the teacher of Raphael, then Fra Bartolommeo and Fra Fillipo who has been termed the genre painter of the soul. His works are full of a sweet, genial attractiveness. They possess no great depth of significance but are

characterized by a pleasant and wholesome grace which pervades them all. Fra Fillipo's pupil, Botticelli, who painted many Madonnas as well as mythological and allegorical scenes, is the most dramatic painter of this period. The list closes with the most versatile man of his time, Leonardo da Vinci, who ushers in the Golden Age of Italian art—the age of Andrea del Sarto, of Michael Angelo, and of Raphael Sanzio.

Having thus hastily traced the struggles of art for truth and beauty from its infancy to the height of its glory, we will leave it for three centuries and then from the point of view of the nineteenth century look back upon it and its masters with the modern school of Preraphaelites, who, tired of the hollow conventionalities of the day, are earnestly endeavoring to catch the spirit of lofty purpose and sincerity which pervades the art of these early masters.

The Preraphaelite Brotherhood, formed in London in the year 1849, consisted of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, William Michael Rossetti, William Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, James Collinson, Frederic George Stephens and Thomas Woolner. Many others who were not members of the original brotherhood have since been classed among the Preraphaelites, among whom are Arthur Hughes, Ford Madox Brown and Edward Burne-Jones. Their principles, as quoted from one of their number by Helen Bigelow Merriman, are "First, a serious and thoughtful selection of subject matter; second, sincere invention of incident and detail germane to the subject; third, anxious care in realizing all details according to the visible facts of nature,"—or in the words of another, "First, the intellectual elevation of art by the choice of noble and original subjects, and second, its technical advancement by a new and minute analysis of nature." "Their watchword is sincerity" and their maxim "Take care of facts and beauty will take care of itself." The art of the Preraphaelites has justly been called literary rather than artistic in its tenor. The same spirit glows in the paintings of Rossetti and Burne-Jones that breathes in the poetry of Keats, Wordsworth and Tennyson. Rossetti is a mystic and a poet, dwelling in the sphere of the soul and giving to the world the

images which are there disclosed to him. They are high above the level of the ordinary mind and are therefore subject to much severe criticism and unjust ridicule. The uncultured mind stops at the defects of technique, which it must be admitted are great, and fails to appreciate the transcendent beauty of thought and feeling, which to the true lover of the beautiful is all-absorbing. The artist's own stanza will best describe one of his most beautiful productions entitled "The Blessed Damozel:"

"The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven."

In contrast to Rossetti is Holman Hunt, who in his treatment is the most realistic of the Preraphaelites. He is said to have visited Syria that he might study in detail the Syrian instruments for his painting, "The Shadow of the Cross." He seems to have followed the advice of Ruskin,—“to go to nature and reject nothing, select nothing and scorn nothing.”

Edward Burne-Jones, the devoted follower of Rossetti and the friend and companion of William Morris who furnished subjects for his pencil, is one of the foremost of the Preraphaelites. Someone has called his works wondrously beautiful and beautifully wondrous. From his fanciful "no man's land" he produces works of surpassing beauty and grace. He is more studied than Rossetti and his work possesses a didactic element which is lacking in that of his master. He studied the original Pre-Raphaelites in Italy and their influence is discernible in his works, especially that of Botticelli and Mantegna. He assimilated all that he found, not only in nature but also in art, and yet he is true to his own imagination. He sought the world over for the true expression of his spiritual conceptions. His subjects are inspired by the Bible, Romantic legend, and classical poetry, in the sweet atmosphere of which he continually dwells. We can trace these sources in "The Annunciation," in "The Beguiling of Merlin," and in "The Wheel of Fortune." In speaking of the

school, Professor Sydney Colvin has said that "despite archaic expression, its ideas are at once modern and classical, in fact perennially lovely for all generations."

It is the sincerity of purpose and the thorough truthfulness that speaks from the work of the early masters and from that of their modern imitators which satisfies the world's longing and renders them immortal.

GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON WARE '97.

The Old Oak.

I love to sit and fancy, ancient tree,
 What tales if thou couldst speak thou wouldst unfold—
 I'm sure they're many, for thou art so old.
 Wilt thou not tell them softly unto me?

What strange and varied pictures thou must see,
 What secrets hear, to mortal ears untold!
 The school-girl's hopes, her fears, ambitions bold,
 Her joys, her sorrows—all are known to thee.

No truer confidant can ere be found,
 For though we hear thee speaking clear and low,
 Thy words are lost in a soft whispering sound.

And multitudes have heard thee whispering so,
 As steadfast thou hast stood, a mighty tower,
 One thing unchanged in life's swift changing hour.

LUCIE MOYER HEGEMAN, 1900.

The Women of Dante.

THOUGH the Divine Comedy is the transcendent achievement of a woman's influence, there are few women mentioned throughout the poem, and then their history though infinitely suggestive is almost barren of detail. This treatment is in sharp contrast to that of Shakespeare whose many women live and breathe among us, known to us in almost every particular,—the color of the hair and eye, the cast of character or the quality of intellect.

Again, while in Dante destiny is fixed, in Shakespeare there is that play of "character in the stream of the world" which makes for eternal bliss or pain.

Shakespeare's women! A marvellous company which we delight to summon,—the intellectual but womanly Portia, the high-souled Imogen, lovely Cordelia, "the divine Desdemona!" Dare we place Dante's spirits of tender women in this radiant throng,—the passionate Francesca with the "Serpent of Old Nile;" the mournful Madonna Pia beside "the gentle lady married to the Moor;" Beatrice in celestial splendor, in company with one or all? So real and living, so truly flesh and blood are Cleopatra and Desdemona that between them and Dante's women there seems at first the same contrast as between Dante himself and the ghostly occupants of Charon's boat. The tumultuous passion of Cleopatra for Antony,

"The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men —"

a passion so imperious that the queen rushes madly into the arms of death lest Antony

. "spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have —"

such passion, we say, is alive with the quick pulsations of "life piled on life." None the less is this true of Othello's avowal, "I do love thee, and when I love thee not chaos is come again!"

We can best estimate the vitality of passion in Dante's characters by reviewing somewhat in detail several well known scenes

First there is the poor unfortunate Francesca married by proxy to a man abhorrent to her very soul. When we remember that Francesca had been basely deceived, believing herself to have married her lover, the guilt of the unfortunate girl is greatly lessened, and her tragic fate awakens our tenderest sympathy. What need to recall the famous passage in the fifth canto of the *Inferno* ! Dante sees the lovers in the circle of the incontinent floating side by side in fiery ether, and he singles them out from a group of noted sinners and speaks to them in terms of tender intimacy. Leaving their companions,—Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, Paris, Tristan, and Dido,—they respond to Dante's summons,

“As two doves, called by desire, with wings open and steady.”

Dante questions them concerning their history and punishment and Francesca replies :

“There is no greater woe than in misery to remember the happy time. But if to know the first root of our love, thou hast so great a longing, I will do like one who weeps and tells. We were reading one day for delight, of Lancelot, how love constrained him. We were alone and without suspicion. Many times that reading made us lift our eyes, and took the color from our faces. Galeotto was the book and he who wrote it. That day we read in it no farther.”

This pitiful story so touched the heart of the stern, brave, and dauntless Dante that he swooned and “fell as a dead man falls,”—a sufficient proof of passion, real and intense.

Does Tennyson give any stronger picture of Lancelot and Guinevere in the lines :

“Passion pale they met and greeted,
Hands in hands, and eye to eye,”

or William Morris in his *Defence of Guenevere*,

“In that garden fair
Came Lancelot walking ; the kiss
Wherewith we kissed in meeting that spring day !
I scarce dare talk of the remembered bliss !”

With all their wealth of detail these passages cannot approach in power Dante's two lines of ecstatic joy,

"This one, who ne'er from me shall be divided
Kissed me upon the mouth all palpitating."

As we take a last look at the passionate lovers, we can almost hear Francesca say to Paolo in the words of Lowell's beautiful sonnet :

"And were this bitter whirl blast fanged with flame
To me 'twere summer, we being side by side.
This granted, I God's mercy will not blame,
For, given thy nearness, nothing is denied."

Thus in this brief scene of Dante do we feel a mine of imprisoned passion which ages of poets can never exhaust. And the same, though manifested in a more subtle and intangible form, might be said of the Madonna Pia incident in the fifth canto of the Purgatory. Her sad tragic history appears in her first words of greeting :

"Ah! when thou shalt have returned unto the world, and rested from the long journey, be mindful of me, who am Pia; Siena made me; Maremma unmade me. He knows it who with his gem ringed me, betrothed before."

This beautiful lady, it is said, admired by all Tuscany, died day by day, in the company of a cruel husband who would not answer her questions or give her any reason for her exile.

George Eliot fills a volume in developing a similar situation. That the fate of La Pia and Gwendolen Grandcourt has points of resemblance is plain from the following words of the novelist :

"Madonna Pia, whose husband, feeling himself injured by her, took her to his castle amidst the swampy flats of the Maremma, and got rid of her there, makes a pathetic figure in Dante's Purgatory among the sinners who repented at the last, and desired to be remembered compassionately by their fellow-countrymen. We know little about the grounds of mutual discontent between the Siennese couple, but we may infer with some confidence that the husband had never been a very delightful companion, and that on the flats of the Maremma his disagreeable manners had

a background which threw them out remarkably; whence in his desire to punish his wife to the uttermost, the nature of things was so far against him that in relieving himself of her he could not avoid making the relief mutual. And thus, without any hardness to the poor Tuscan lady who had her deliverance long ago, one may feel warranted in thinking of her with a less sympathetic interest than of the better-known Gwendolen, who, instead of being delivered from her errors on earth and cleansed from their effect in Purgatory, is at the very height of her entanglement in those fatal meshes which are woven within more closely than without, and often make the inward torture disproportionate to what is discernible as outward cause."

Would you realize the savage nature of that cruel husband's revenge, listen to this account of the Maremma—"It is a land of sickness and death where all life is extinct in summer under the gray and hazy sky; the hills are seared and the sea motionless and drear." By the side of such slow torture the death-stroke of an Othello seems a deed of mercy. In thinking of Madonna Pia one is haunted by the tragic mournfulness of her presence, as by the world of passionate suffering in the eyes of Beatrice Cenci.

Finally, what of the Beatrice of Dante, truly no mortal woman, but a being heavenly and divine! To her we must accord the reverence due to an ideal, revealed in radiant unapproachable perfection. Surrounded by heavenly glory, removed from earth to the "abode of the blessed," she gazes at us with a smile which reflects the glory of her King and Master. Ever the guide of Dante through the dark paths of life, it is to her he owes the first awakening of spirit in early childhood.

Dante writes of their first meeting "About the beginning of her ninth year she appeared to me, and I near the end of my ninth year saw her clothed in a most noble color, a modest and becoming crimson, and she was girt and adorned in such wise as befitted her very youthful age. . . . Truly of her might be said that word of the poet Homer, 'She seems not the daughter of mortal man, but of God.'"

Passing over the uneventful interval of nine years, this most

gentle lady, then a woman in her freshest age, again appeared to Dante, "clothed in purest white and by her ineffable courtesy saluted" him with such virtue that it seemed to him that he saw "all the bounds of bliss."

Even in her brief life-time the singular nobility of this beautiful maiden, exerted such an influence upon all that 'when she passed along the way persons ran to see her, and many said "This is not a woman; rather is she one of the most beautiful angels of heaven;"'—and soon, very soon, by her death, Florence became a widowed city, and Dante, mournful and lonely, wandered aimlessly about the world. Then it was that the spiritual influence of Beatrice powerfully asserted itself, rescuing Dante from worldliness and indifference, and fearlessly guiding him, through weariness, toil, and suffering into a safe and blessed haven.

In the Beatific Vision of the Terrestrial Paradise, he beheld her, "within a cloud of flowers, which from the angelic hands was ascending and falling down again within and without, with olive wreath above a white veil and robed in the color of living flame." Dare we penetrate the mysteries of this scene? Rather would we draw the veil before its unspeakable beauty, as we realize anew the regeneration it wrought in Dante.

The women of Dante may be few, but since they number Beatrice among them, we may confidently assert that no poet has paid them so high honor or intrusted them with so great a mission. Beatrice gathers to herself all the beauty, strength, self-sacrifice and commanding spiritual influence, elsewhere characteristic of individuals. Incomparable she remains. Dante attained the complete fulfillment of his wish, "I hope to say of her what was never said of any woman."

HELEN LOUISE PORTER '97.

Grandmother's Garden.

Ofttimes in my dreams I can see it,
That sweet little garden I knew,
Where I played, when a child, with the sunbeams,
'Midst the sweet-scented wild thyme and rue.

By the queer little old-fashioned gateway,
White lilacs blossomed and smiled
At the birds, who clustered about them,
Each one, by their fragrance beguiled.

Beguiled into many a courtship
That lasted a whole summer's day,
And then with the cool winds of evening
Would silently melt away.

And dear little ladies' delights
Grew here in this garden so old
Side by side with pansies and poppies
And goldenrod stately and bold.

And under the nodding grasses
The violets swayed with the breeze,
As he frolicked about in the garden,
And played in those beautiful trees.

Sweet rosemary dwelt in this garden
Where the crickets sang with delight
All day to the medley of blossoms,
And lulled them to sleep at midnight.

O! how often now in my day dreams
Comes the perfume of lilac so sweet
To remind me of grandmother's garden
Once trod by my young childish feet.

BEULAH FIELD, 1900.

Matilda's Dilemma.

ON the grass lawn, and not far from the large plantation house, were collected a number of negroes. They sat, or reclined, under the shadow of two large oak trees, whose long flowing locks of moss almost touched the ground. From this place one could see over the fields of cotton and sugar-cane, touched by the last rays of the setting sun.

The negroes of Mr. B.'s plantation always collected in the evening, after the day's work was over, to talk over, as they termed it, "the affairs of the day."

To-night their minds seemed to be turned in a queer direction.

"I jus' tell yer one thing" exclaimed one of them, "I's for Shakespin ebry time; w'y it wa' jus' yes'day dat de massa gabe me a fea'ful t'rashin' for readin' Shakespin' w'en I ought to been workin'. I wus jus' a readin', 'O lis'ten to dem birds a singin' w'en ——'"

"Wa't yer talkin' 'bout, yer nigger?" exclaimed Matilda, as she entered at this moment. "W'at yer 'now 'bout Shakespin? You ain't neber read Hamlot, nor ——"

"W'o Hamlot?" cried the rest of the crowd, looking attentively at the speaker.

Matilda answered with a knowing air, "W'y, ain't yer neber hearn tell o' Hamlot, de son o' Lot, an' de gran'son o' Ham?"

"W'ere yer get all dis knowle'ge f'om, chile?" inquired an old colored woman from among the crowd.

"W'ere I get all dis here knowle'ge?" asked Matilda, with a scornful glance; "Dis here knowle'ge is bo'n in me. I don' b'long to any o' yer inexcited negroes, I'm a excicated negro. Don' my missus read Shakespin, an' w'en I ain't doin' not'in' an' no one lookin', don' I jus' take a peep inter dose dere books. I tell yer, I'm in my glory den, I b'longs ter dat class, it comes nat'rally ter me ter like literachew."

"Can yer racommember some o' dem lines?" asked the one who had been interrupted in his speech about Shakespeare.

"Can I racommember any o' dem lines? W'at yer take me fo', w'y I knows Shakespin like I knows my alphabet. Now yer jus' lis'en to dese miracalus lines o' Ofer Elia —"

"W'o Ofer Elia?" asked one of them.

"Ofer Elia? She wa' a o'fan by de name o' Elia. Elia is a clasicism word, dat w'y yer ain't known it. Well dis w'at she said —

'He ain't no mo' come 'gain?

'He ain't no mo' come 'gain?

'No, no, he's dead

'Gwine to thy death bed.'"

"Ain't yer good at makin' po'try? I suspects yer makes lots o' it. W'y don' yer su'scribe for de paper. I spec's yer'd get a lot o' money. Laws o' massy, if I only had your genium!" exclaimed another one in the crowd.

"Make po'try, well if yer could only hear de po'try dat I makes, yer'd, well, I t'ink yer'd t'ink dat yer wus wafted up on de wings o' literachew," said Matilda, trying to make all believe that she was a great scholar, and too proud to let them know that she did not even know what poetry was.

"Say, Matil', can you make us som' po'try, an' read it to us termorro' night?"

"Laws, chile, I can' make no po'try in dat time, it'l take me a week, sure."

"Well, we'r willin' ter wait a week,—now, honey, don' yer forget,—yer hea' dat?" exclaimed they all.

"No, I ain't gwine forget" answered Matilda, rather disconsolately.

It was fast growing dark now, so they all got up to leave. They jogged along good-naturedly into the house, except Matilda, who remained behind. She walked up and down, up and down in front of the trees, now and then stopping, and exclaiming "How's I gwine make po'try for dem niggers? But dey spec's it o' me, an' I represents de higher class."

All that night she stayed awake thinking over what she would do. And for two or three days she remained silent and thought-

ful. What would she do? The day was drawing near, and all were waiting expectantly to hear her poetry.

One day, as Matilda was working around Miss B.'s room, she said,

"Missus, how does a man make po'try?"

Miss B. looked around at her rather surprised, and answered, "Well, first he has an inspiration, and —"

"An insp'ration, wat's dat, Missus?"

"He thinks about what he is going to write and then he puts it into rhyme. Sometimes this inspiration is suggested by people and sometimes by Nature."

"How does yer put it into r'yme?"

"Well, I will read you a little poem which I have just written." "As she said this she went to her desk and brought a little slip of paper, on which she had written a little love poem. After she had finished reading, Matilda exclaimed —

"Dat jus' superlev'ous, Missus, sho, an' yer don' dat! Well, I neber! Does yer min' 'f I read dem words to some o' my acquaintanc's, Missus?"

"I will copy them off for you, Matilda, if you wish. I don't want any one to know I wrote them, because it was only for fun."

"Well, I'll tell em an angel sen' 'em down ter me f'om Heben, Missus, an' I'll make a few alteronations."

Matilda was much delighted to receive these verses, and thanking her mistress a thousand times she left the room.

The following week all the negroes were again assembled, and this time to hear Matilda's poetry.

"Well, Matil' chile, ain't yer ready?" asked one.

"Yes," answered Matilda, "but I's gwine splain ter yer furs' some' 'bout po'try. Now 'fore a person can write, he mus' firs' hab a' insp'ration. Now a' insp'ration is sometime su'gested by de wavin' cotton fields o' Natur' —, I s'pose Shakespin would say, 'Dem lilly w'ite cotton bushes, a wavin' in de sun,' — an' sometimes by people. Well, mine was s'gested dis time by a person, de han' o' God worked on dis person, an' dis person s'gested it ter me."

After this long discourse, Matilda coughed and then began:

“‘Her head is like de full moon,
 Her lips is sweet as a cherry,
 Her furrud’s smooov as a lookin’-glass
 An’ slick as a huckleberry.’”

The negroes were all attention now, and not a word was spoken among them, until Matilda finished her reading, and then they all joined in loud clapping.

“Well,” said one of them, “I s’pose now, we’l hea’ of ’en f’om yer pen?”

“No,” answered Matilda, decidedly. “I don’ write no mo’ for de public,” and then to herself, “I ain’t gwine get myse’f inte no mo’ delemmas. I don’ got in one, dat ’nouf, I ain’t gwine promise no mo’ po’try, fer p’r’aps de angels would’n’t comes nes time.”

SOPHIA AINSWORTH ROGERS ’98.

To ’97.

Come, see the glad spring world in beauty lie,
 Come, tread with joyous step the fresh green field
 And gather wild flowers ’neath a cloudless sky
 Till, lulled by sweet bird’s song to sleep we yield.
 On you and me a vision softly steals—
 Kind fairies guiding maidens through the bowers
 For richest bloom that hidden nook conceals.
 They choose to crown for aye life’s happy hours
 The sweet and tender violet, modest queen of flowers.

KATHERINE FRANCES STILWELL.

Editorials.

Not long ago, a boarding-school girl was asked about a school-mate. She replied, with an indifferent air, "Oh, I do not know her at all. You see she is not in my set."

The prevalence of sets and cliques in boarding-schools is a well-known fact. Nearly every girl has her especial set of friends and too often her clique comprises all of her friends. This tendency is not confined to one or two schools, but in every boarding-school the girls are divided into sets, sometimes bound fast together, to ward off any encroachment from girls outside their own particular clan.

This practice, as is readily seen, not only leads to great exclusiveness, but is also attended with unfortunate results to the members of the different cliques. They lose many chances of broadening their views of life. Girls come from all over the country to a boarding-school. They have different ideas, different customs, different habits and different views of life. If girls from one part of the country, from one class of people, girls with similar ideas and aspirations, become linked together, excluding others from their circle, they themselves lose a priceless opportunity, and deny to others the same chance of broadening their lives. No one for a moment would think of advocating an intimate friendship with every girl in school, but the boarding-schools of to-day do need, among the girls, a greater and freer exchange of friendly ideas and thought.

This winter a new phase of work has been added to the curriculum at Abbot Academy; this innovation aims at perfection in English composition and has been named the "Theme Course." The work is along the line of natural development; first the student reproduces the thoughts of others; then original work is done in descriptions, narrations, character sketches, bright conversations comedies, editorials and finally book reviews. As a reward of this training, the writing of a composition is less of a

task and more of a pleasure. The work done by the students shows marked improvement and each day some papers are considered worthy of being read before the class. Let us hope that some day in the near future all schools may have a course of this sort and that the English work in our schools may take its place beside Latin and Greek.

The introduction of bicycle riding in Abbot Academy was attended with some perturbation from within and some slight criticism from friends outside who feared difficulties in connection with such pleasure in an Academic town. The members of the faculty, however, agreed to learn to ride in order that they might act as chaperons and at the beginning of the spring term enough teachers had gained control of the bicycle to make it possible for a party to ride several times a week.

A bicycle club of twenty-eight members has been formed but the whole company has never been on the road together. The largest party that has gone out together is thirteen and the longest distance that they have ridden is fifteen miles. The roads to North Andover, to Ballard Vale, to Lawrence, the old Turnpike and Salem Street have become familiar ground.

The gains to the school have been most gratifying; with the increased love of Andover which must always come with the memory of the beautiful background of so many happy times, has come too a renewed enthusiasm for work and an added zeal in improving the opportunities which the school courses afford. May we not believe that the absence of ennui and the interest in life in all its phases is due, in some part, at least, to the fresh vitality which comes with change of thought and scene, and to the merry heart which the wise Solomon so long ago declared to be like a good medicine.

This issue of the Courant being complimentary to the Class of '97 is devoted, mainly, to the publication of the senior essays. For this reason, many excellent contributions from the undergraduate students are omitted in this number.

The editors of the Courant wish to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. Cole in presenting the frontispiece to the magazine.

School Journal.

Hall exercises on Saturday afternoons are occasions which are looked forward to with a slight feeling of annoyance because they take so much precious time. They are looked back upon as the coziest school meetings of the year. It is at such times that we come to know ourselves as a school and to recognize our own resources. As we bend over the bright silks of our fancy work or pause in our embroidery from interest in the song, recitation or story, we certainly look very much at home, and feel content. On three Saturday afternoons we have been entertained by friends outside of the school. The other programmes have been arranged from among our own number.

On December 12 we had a miscellaneous programme: recitations and music by the Banjo Club.

On January 16 Miss Watson gave an interesting and instructive talk upon Burmuda. She spoke of the voyage, of the geographical position of the islands, their geological interest, their history and character. She made us see the inhabitants in their white coral houses as she had seen them during the Christmas holidays, and made definite a vague and latent interest.

January 30, at the request of the Literature Department. Mrs. Downs delivered her fascinating lecture upon Florence, and Miss Smart played an appropriate piano solo, "In Boccaccio's Villa," by Ethelbert Nevin. A more detailed account of this occasion is given in connection with the lectures of the year.

February 13, Prof. Howard talked upon the Scientific principles underlying Phrenology, and the practical value of the study of that branch of Science.

February 27, Miss Paterson reviewed with us her trip of a year ago, through Spain, Italy, and Sicily. She illustrated her talk with oil sketches which she made of the quaint and picturesque scenes through which she travelled.

March 13, Miss Locke gave an account of the Cuban Situation, and Miss Cook described Washington as she saw it during the Inaugural week. Miss Mason spoke briefly of affairs in Greece. It was an afternoon with the topics of to-day.

March 27, Rev. Frederic Palmer read to us from the lyrics of Burns. His introductory comments upon the poems before he read them were helpful and suggestive.

The Lecture given by Miss Mason on April 24th, was one of the most interesting Saturday afternoon exercises of the term. The subject of Color in the Organic World led us into fields quite new to all. To most people, the great variety and beauty of coloration in plants and animals probably seem given them for man's delight. This lecture made clear that bright plumage may serve as a warning to would-be enemies; that tawny brown and pure white protect desert and arctic animals from easy observation by enemies or prey; that birds of evergreen forests find green a protective ground color, while those living in forests of deciduous trees are better served by brownish tints. The mottled coat of the partridge and quail, the speckled shell of birds' eggs, the stripes of the tiger, the spots of the leopard, all have a new and interesting meaning now, as we better grasp their probable purpose. However, the greatest benefit received from this lecture does not lie in the mere facts learned, but in the revelation of our imperfect and thoughtless observation of common things, in the new direction given to our thought, and in an increased respect and reverence for the work of the scientist.

May 8, the programme consisted of recitations, the reading of compositions and a violin solo.

June 5. The programme of the last Saturday afternoon exercises of the year was a delightful one—a paper upon the life and work of the artist Darley, whose valuable set of Shakesperian illustrations we are rich in possessing; short talks upon his illustrations of Hamlet, The Tempest, and Romeo and Juliet; a comparison of the character of Cleopatra with that of Desdemona; a brief outline of the plot of *Much Ado About Nothing*, with a description of the play as it was given by Ada Rehan in Boston; a criticism of the *Tempest* as presented by Daly's company in New York; the consideration of these subjects increased our interest in the great dramatist and in the modern interpretations of his plays. A paper upon Dante was quite harmonious with the serious interest of the afternoon. Miss Jackson, '96, gave us as opportunity to laugh to our hearts' desire by speaking for us "The Casting away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Ailshine." The opening and closing selections were provided from the musical department, a vocal solo by Miss Morse, a piano solo by Miss Smart.

Entertainments.

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 8, the school attended a Mock Trial given under the auspices of Miss Durfee's corridor. Three cases were tried in the presence of the dignified judge and the motley jury. Miss Byington was accused of neglect in ringing the bells; Miss Ware was accused of having had a midnight spread in her room; Miss Hegeman, colored, was accused of stealing a Thanksgiving turkey. The proceeds from the five cent admission fee went toward the furnishing of the third floor landing.

The first recital of the year occurred December 10, at the November Club house.

PROGRAMME

1. Etudes Symphoniques - - - - - *Schumann*
Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11 and 12.

MR. MANNING.

2. *a.* Avec toi - - - - - *d'Hardelot*
b. Nymphes et Faunes - - - - - *Bemberg*

MISS WHITTIER.

3. *a.* Two Preludes, Nos. 3 and 23 }
b. Waltz, op. 64, No. 2 } - - - - - *Chopin*
c. Fantasie Impromptu }
d. Scherzo, B flat, minor }

MR. MANNING.

4. *a.* "The Robin sings in the Apple Tree" - - - - - *MacDowell*
b. Spring - - - - - *Henschel*

MISS WHITTIER.

5. *a.* Impromptu - - - - - *Schubert*
b. Staccato Etude - - - - - *Rubenstein*

MR. MANNING.

On Saturday evening, December 12, the Banjo Club went across the street and gave their first serenade in honor of the seventy.eighth birthday of one of Abbot's truest friends. It was a complete surprise to Mr. Draper, but the girls were warmly welcomed and invited into the house. They accepted the invitation and were served with hot chocolate and cake, Mrs Draper's share in the surprise party. Then with good wishes for Mr. and Mrs. Draper they returned to Abbot Academy, playing softly all the way.

Saturday, January 9, was the date of the Dartmouth Glee Club concert in the Town Hall. Because of the great interest which was felt in the entertainment, the regular Saturday evening meeting was postponed until Sunday evening and the girls attended the concert.

The people of Andover and the students of Abbot Academy and Phillips Academy had the great privilege and pleasure of listening to Mrs. Ballington-Booth, in Phillips Hall, Monday evening, January 11. The hall was crowded with a curious, eager, and sympathetic audience, which greeted Mrs. Booth with loud applause. She held the attention and interest of her listeners from the first word which she spoke to the last. The sum of one hundred and ten dollars raised for Hope Hall, the new home for convicts, was one of the outward signs of the deep interest which Mrs. Booth aroused for her work.

The second musical recital of the year occurred in the November Club House on Jan. 14.

PROGRAMME.

Die Taubenpost (The Carrier Pigeon)	}	- - -	<i>Schubert</i>
Sehnsucht (Ideal Hope)			
Der Wanderer (The Wanderer)			

MR. MAX HEINRICH.

The Maiden and the Butterfly	- - -	<i>D'Albert</i>
The Rose and Nightingale	- - -	<i>Barnby</i>
He Loves Me	- - -	<i>Chadwick</i>
Polly Willis	- - -	<i>Dr. Arne</i>

MRS. M. HEINRICH.

TWO DUETS.

Wanderer's Nightsong	- - -	<i>Rubinstein</i>
Calm as the Night	- - -	<i>Goetze</i>

MR. AND MRS. MAX HEINRICH.

My Love's an Arbutus	- - -	<i>Sanford</i>
The Better Land	}	<i>Cowen</i>
Snow Flakes		
What's His Heart	- - -	<i>MacDowell</i>
I Cannot Help Loving Thee	- - -	<i>Clayton Johns</i>

MR. MAX HEINRICH.

Mainacht (Night in May)	- - -	<i>Brahms</i>
Ach wenn's der König wüsst (If the King only knew)	-	<i>Schumann</i>
Two Brown Eyes	}	<i>Grieg</i>
Wand'ring in the Woods		
Händchen (Serenade)	- - -	<i>Franz</i>
Händchen (Serenade)	- - -	<i>Brahms</i>
Provençalisches Lied (Song of Provence)	- - -	<i>Schumann</i>

MR. MAX HEINRICH.

Two Duets in Canon Form	- - -	<i>Henschel</i>
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MR. AND MRS. MAX HEINRICH.

On Wednesday afternoon, January 21, Miss Mary Smith, '97, invited to her home some of her friends in town and in the schools to meet the Senior Class of Abbot Academy.

On January 29, some of the students attended the delightful concert given in the November Club House by Mr. Timotheé Adamowski, Mr. Clayton Johns and Miss Lena Little.

On Wednesday afternoon, February 10, Mrs. Newton gave a tea to which the Senior Class of Abbot Academy was invited.

On the evening of February 12, there was a reception in Bartlett Chapel, given under the auspices of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, to the resident congregation of the Chapel, the Senior Class and Musical Clubs of Phillips Academy and the Senior Class of Abbot Academy. An informal entertainment was provided in the early part of the evening. The Three Lovers, by Will Carlton, was given in pantomime. There were some living Gibson pictures and some musical selections by the Glee Club and Banjo Club.

The tea given in Miss Watson's parlors February 16, by the Senior Middles to the Seniors and Faculty, was one of the pleasantest events of the year, although we greatly regretted the absence of Miss Watson. The rooms were decorated with smilax and deep red carnations. The officers of the class of '98 received, and for more than an hour the parlors were filled with guests.

On Tuesday evening, February 16, a large number of Students from Abbot Academy attended the celebration in the Chapel Church of the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Philip Melancthon. Mr. Merrill, Mr. Dutcher and Mr. Parks of the Theological Seminary, read papers upon the life, work, and theological position of the Reformer. Prof. Smyth spoke briefly of the portraits of Melancthon and of the hymns which he wrote. A special choir of Theological Students sang some of these hymns in their Latin form.

On the afternoon of February 18, the Senior Class attended a tea given by the students of the Theological Seminary, in Bartlett Hall. Four of the Theological Professors poured the tea.

The students who did not go out of town for the recess connected with February 22, had the pleasure of attending the Martha Washington Reception given in the November Club House.

Monday evening, February 25, was the date of the first Abbot coasting party. The girls and teachers, by means of brooms, dust-pans and

boards slid on the smooth crust of the slope by Draper Hall. During recreation hours in the following days, so long as the crust lasted, the hill was covered with girls. Some adventurous ones tried even the grove but bruised faces and hands more than balanced the sport of dodging between the trees with a double runner, and the coasters returned to the safe hill-side on the campus.

"The Fair Barbarian," given by local talent in Phillips Hall, March 2 was a great success and of especial interest to the Abbot girls because Miss Boshier was the charming heroine of the drama. The Phillips Glee and Banjo Clubs furnished music.

The third musical recital of the year occurred March 11, in the November Club House.

PROGRAMME.

SAINT-SAENS. Sonata, C minor, op. 32, for piano and 'cello.

Allegro.

Andante tranquillo e sostenuto.

Allegro moderato.

TARTINI. *a.* Adagio, }
COSSMANN. *b.* Tarantelle, } for 'cello.

HAYDN. *a.* Variations, }
CHOPIN. *b.* Impromptu, } for piano.

POPPER. Hungarian Rhapsody, for 'cello.

CHOPIN. *a.* Fantaisie, }
LISZT. *b.* Polonaise, } for piano.

On March 16, two comedies under the auspices of the Theme Class were played before the school and their friends. The first comedy was written by Miss Mary Foster of Andover, the second by Miss Grace Varnum of Lowell.

THE COMMON PROBLEM.

MR. SMITH, very newly married	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Smart
MR. GREENE, a guest	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Orrall
MRS. SMITH, wife of Mr. Smith	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Foster
BRIDGET, a maid	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Evans

SCENE—The Drawing Room at the Smith's.

TWO SOUVENIRS.

FRANK ROSS, a Phillips Student	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Randall
CHING PING	-	-	-	-	-	Miss A. Morton
LEE HUNG CHUNG	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Taylor
MIRIAM WESTON	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Haley
MARY HOWARD	-	-	-	-	-	Miss E. Morton
THEODORA CAMERON	-	-	-	-	-	Miss L. Miller
MISS THORNTON	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Pearson
MISS BRANCH	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Willet

ACT I.

SCENE I. The Chinese Laundry.

SCENE II. Miss Weston's Room.

SCENE III. Dr. Maycroft's Reception.

The Phillips Banjo, Mandolin and Glee Clubs gave their annual concert in the Town Hall, March 23.

On Saturday afternoon, March 27, the members of the Senior Class acted as ushers at a reception given in the Parker House by the Abbot Academy Club, to the Faculty of Abbot Academy, to their other friends, and to representatives of the Woman's Clubs in the vicinity.

Dr. Bancroft kindly invited the Abbot girls to listen to the Hampton Quartet which gave a short programme in Phillips Hall, Thursday morning, April 29. Speeches were made by an Indian and a negro, and the Quartet sang several times.

On the evening of May 4, the King's Daughters of Abbot provided an entertainment in the South Church Vestry. A large audience was present, and the programme, consisting of music and recitations, was generously applauded.

The Phillips and Yale Freshman Base Ball game was on Wednesday afternoon, May 5. The girls had the pleasure of going to the game and of seeing Phillips win a decided victory.

On May 10, the school attended the Lecture upon Forestry, given in the Town Hall by Harry S. Graves. The Lecture was illustrated with fifty stereopticon slides.

On May 13, some of the students attended the Philo-Forum debate, in Phillips Hall. Philo won.

On May 14, the students attended the Means Prize Speaking in Phillips Hall.

On May 25, Miss McKeen gave a tea at Sunset Lodge, to the Faculty, the Senior Class, and the sisters of Alumnae.

On the evening of May 25, a few of the students and members of the Faculty attended the reading of *The Taming of the Shrew*, given in the November Club House by Mr. Hannibal Williams.

On Tuesday evening, May 25, the school was entertained in the hall with Living Pictures from the Old Masters.

On May 29, some of the students attended the Phillips-Exeter Athletic Meet.

On Sunday, May 30, some of the students who had not gone out of town for the holidays, walked to West Parish to church to hear the sermon preached by Rev. Robert A. McFadden to the members of the Grand Army.

On May 31, Mrs. Livermore gave a stirring address in the Town Hall.

On June 2, the students attended the Lawrenceville game.

On the afternoon of June 2, Mrs. George Moore gave a tea, to which the Faculty and Senior Class were invited.

Lectures.

Last Saturday, January thirtieth, the Literature Department of Abbot Academy entertained the members of the school and many friends with a lecture upon Florence, delivered by Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs. It was in every way a delightful and stimulating occasion. The lecture, a new one, then given for the first time in Andover, is of great beauty and commanding interest, packed with information—historical, literary and artistic—and with allusions as unique as they are suggestive.

Mrs. Downs' simple, vigorous and yet elegant prose style was never more noticeable in the rank and file of the sentences, each word having its part as picture or interpreter.

As usual, Mrs. Downs' eloquent delivery won eager and enthusiastic

attention. Her appreciation and rare literary feeling enveloped each hearer in an atmosphere of surpassing charm. The storm-tossed endurance of Dante, the agonized constancy of Savanarola, the Titanic genius of Michael Angelo, the seraphic beauty of Fra Angelico,—each has henceforth a vital and personal meaning. Though idle to mention details, to many the superb description of Michael Angelo's Night and Morning will be especially remembered. Suffice it to say that the inspiration of such a lecture is an abiding possession.

In harmony with the spirit of the afternoon Miss Smart played with great beauty and feeling "Boccaccio's Villa" by Ethelbert Nevin.—From the Townsman Feb. 5.

The annual lectures provided by the Alumnae of Abbot Academy, began last Friday evening with the first of the Faust series delivered by Prof. Kuno Francke of Harvard University. While the lecture was designed chiefly for the students of the school, the audience included a large number of the most scholarly people of Andover, many enthusiastic lovers of the German language and literature, who found the hour one of rare enjoyment.

Prof. Francke combined with great skill the scholarly and popular aspects of the subject, treating first of the Faust legend as differently interpreted by the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. He read from Marlowe's *Faustus*, outlined the plan of Lessing's lost tragedy, and spoke at length of the poetic treatment of the subject by the youthful Goethe. At last came intimations of the nobler ideal attained by the regenerated, transformed older Goethe—an aspect to be fully considered in the second part of Faust.

Prof. Francke's graceful command of English was apparent throughout, though the crowning excellence was the reading of the German text. The passages were rendered with such interpretative power, that many ignorant of the language were impressed not only with the spirit of the selections, but apprehended the thought. Such an introduction makes one anticipate the second and final lecture of February 26.—From the Townsman Feb. 26.

Prof. Kuno Francke of Harvard University delivered his second lecture upon Goethe's *Faust* in Abbot Hall, Friday evening, February, the twenty-sixth. Prof. Francke discussed the dramatic and ethical characteristics of the Faust conception of Goethe's mature life. He recognized the Utopian character of this drama; its lack of any real

correspondence with life. As a drama, he said, the play is open to criticism: it is a motley; but as a representation of the eighteenth century idea of democracy, the redemption of the individual by the surrender of himself in the interest of humanity, this Faust of Goethe's later years will be valuable to this age and to all ages.

As in his former Faust lecture Prof. Francke read in the German some of the most exquisite passages of the text. Many in the audience were familiar with this second part of Faust and enjoyed reviewing it with Prof. Francke, while those students who are still too little advanced in their study of German to understand these selections at a hearing, appreciated the music of Prof. Francke's pronunciation, and gained from the reading an inspiration to a more diligent study of the German language and literature.—From the Townsman for Mar. 5.

The lecture given by Prof. Arthur R. Marsh of Harvard at Abbot Academy last Friday evening was a clear and eloquent setting forth of the history of the Arthurian Legends which have had such influence in European literature. Prof. Marsh began his lecture by reminding us how few great literary sources we really have and then traced the history of the legend of Arthur until we see it become a strong force in English and in French literature. It requires a master hand like that of Prof. Marsh to straighten out the intricacies of such a story, but he certainly made the path plain before us, dwelling finally and at length upon the influence of Eleanor in England and of Marie of Champagne in France in making the story of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, courtly and well nigh supreme. The works of Chretien de Troire, the greatest poet at the Court of Champagne, were enumerated and outlined, and this evening Prof. Marsh is to read some of those mediaeval poems for the enjoyment of which his first lecture served as adequate preparation.—From the Townsman May 7.

In the second lecture given by Prof. Marsh on The Arthurian Legend in France, the work of Chretien de Troire was examined somewhat in detail as to its sources, revealing the fact that Chretien elaborated tales received from Welsh and Irish sources, with little comprehension of their meaning. To him is due the development of that courtliness of speech and manner so soon to become an integral part of all polite literature. The chief value of the lecture lay in the simple and forcible exposition of the gradual development of the familiar legends of Launcelot, Percival, and the Grail.—From the Townsman May 14.

Last Saturday evening the pupils of Abbot Academy enjoyed the rare privilege of a stereopticon lecture upon Jerusalem, by Dr. Selah Merrill. Ninety-seven views were thrown upon the screen, illustrating the city, especially its street life, and its environs. His descriptions, vivid and pleasing, were enlivened by anecdotes of personal experiences, and amusing comment. This lecture, so valuable in itself, was especially appreciated as a gift from Dr. Merrill to the school, which has already received so many favors from him—From the Townsman May 14.

In addition to our own lectures many of us attended the course of lectures upon The Ethical Value of Democracy, given by Pres. Wm. J. Tucker of Dartmouth, before the students of the Theological Seminary during the last two weeks of April.



Instructive Excursions.

February the sixth, an Abbot party took advantage of the opera season to attend the performance of *Tristan and Isolde* as given at the Boston Theatre. With Paul Kalisch as *Tristan* and Lilli Lehmann as *Isolde*, a brilliant performance was expected. There was no disappointment experienced by the little Abbot company whose opera privileges are not so numerous as to cloy the edge of appetite.

A little care given to preparation was amply rewarded by the added intelligence with which the scenes were followed. Who will ever forget the wild charm of the Ocean Motive in "*Frisch weht der Wind der Heimat zu*," or the paroxysm of erotic transport in the Motive of Ecstasy as the beautiful lovers sing in the moon-lit garden,—"*O sink her nieder Nach der Liebe!*"

As an aid to the fuller comprehension of music and literature, such an experience is invaluable.

During the following week, the school was represented at *Siegfried* by the president of the senior class.

The Literature Department has been especially fortunate this year in its lecture opportunities. In the autumn, while studying Chaucer, came the timely address of Prof. Kittredge at the November Club; in the winter, during the weeks of Dante study, were first, Mrs. Downs' lecture upon Florence, and in Cambridge, Prof. Norton's series of Dante lectures, three of which, several members of the department were fortunate in attending. While the senior class were studying the Epic, Prof. Francke gave his course upon *Faust*, and this spring Prof. Marsh lectured upon the Arthurian Legends, as the same class were studying Tennyson's *Idylls*.

Prof. Norton's lectures upon the *Divine Comedy* were delivered at the Prospect Union, Cambridgeport, upon the eighth, fifteenth, and twenty-second of March. The audience numbered some of the most eminent literati of Cambridge, many of whom lovingly followed the Italian, as they listened to the lecturer's words.

To come in even momentary touch with the rare quality of Prof. Norton's scholarship, poetic feeling, and elevated spirituality, is a pleasure for a life time. For one brief hour his listeners are so invested with his own fine atmosphere of genius, that they imagine themselves seeing things as do the great and gifted of men. The lectures were singularly helpful in a clear statement of the story. We no longer thought of it as a study.

In the treatment of Dante as a poet we realized Prof. Norton's mastery of exquisite style. The essentials of poetic beauty were finely illustrated—beauty of form and melody, beauty of thought and illustration, and beauty of the creative mind in forming all—the poet himself.

The ethical development of the subject was powerful—there was no mistaking it as the most important aspect of the Divine Comedy.

A gentle serenity characterized Prof. Norton's manner. He seemed the impersonation of that courtesy so beloved by Dante. Still there was no lack of force, for as the lecturer reached a sentence of great moment, his swift, earnest gaze added a powerful emphasis.

Through the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Ely, the manager of the Prospect Union, Prof. Norton gave us the pleasure of meeting him. One of the party has not experienced so delightful a moment since her interview with the poet Whittier.

On Saturday afternoon, March 13, a party of ten accompanied by Prof. Downs, enjoyed a most delightful recital given by Mme. Teresa Carreno, at the Boston Music Hall. The programme was one of excellent choice and the selections from Chopin and Liszt were rendered with great beauty and brilliancy.

Early on the morning of May 26, Miss Ingalls with a party of the Senior-Middlers and the delightful companionship of Mrs. Tyer and Miss Bosher started to drive to Concord. The vehicle was a drag: the equipment, a driver, cookies and a tin horn. The day was perfect for driving: handkerchiefs waved, kodaks pointed, and we were off. What a beautiful drive it was—twenty miles from Andover to Concord!

As we entered the town and drove in front of Sleepy Hollow cemetery, our voices were hushed for this was hallowed ground. Led by Miss Ingalls we entered the cemetery, stopping at the little summer house while we gazed upon the natural amphitheatre, which first bore the name of Sleepy Hollow. Then we climbed up the stony Ridge Path to the famous graves beyond. We stood outside the arbor-vitae hedge and looked at the simple grave of Hawthorne marked only by his name on the small headstone.

In contrast with this grave was that of Emerson, farther on. A great pine stands at the head of the grave which is also marked by a rough block of pink quartz. On the bronze plate, inserted in the stone are two of Mr. Emerson's own lines:

"The mighty master lent his hand
To the great soul that o'er him planned."

Near by is the grave of the gifted Thoreau. But perhaps we looked longest and most lovingly at the small headstones across from the Hawthorne lot, marking the resting place of the Alcotts. The "Little Women"---how we love them and the author who gave them to us!

After dining at the Thoreau House, where we were joined by Miss Bancroft and Miss Terrill, we strolled down historic Monument Street. By the "Old Manse" we turned down the shady avenue of pines and traced the course of the red-coats, stopping to look at the granite monument placed in their memory. Then we crossed the bridge to look more closely at the fine figure of the "Minute Man." We turned reluctantly from the bridge, the monuments and the languid river, so rich in its associations with Hawthorne.

Passing the monument on the common erected to the memory of the soldiers who fought and died for the Union, we entered the Public Library and enjoyed looking at original manuscripts, curious old engravings, crayons, busts, and the oil painting of Emerson by David Scott of Edinburgh.

In the Old Burying ground we saw the grave of the slave, John Jack marked by a dark stone inscribed with the famous epitaph:

"God wills us free; man wills us slaves,
I will as God wills; God's will be done."

Before leaving the lovely town we drove a short distance on the Lexington road. On the right was a square white house, Emerson's home. A half mile down the road was the Orchard House of the Alcotts', and almost joined to it the rustic "School of Philosophy." We looked with interest also at the "Wayside" near by with its tower where the author wrote his mystic stories and at the path on the ridge behind, where he walked alone.

Homeward bound our minds were filled with reminiscences of the day,---a day so full of rich significance and inspiration---and our hearts were filled with gratitude to Miss Ingalls who had planned the trip so successfully for her "literature girls."

Religious Services.

Our Saturday evening meetings of the past winter and spring have been of unusual interest. Among the number of friends from outside who have spoken to us have been Miss Wheeler of Harpoot, Turkey, Mr. Clark Carter, Chaplain of the Lawrence Jail, Mr. Axtel, a student in the Theological Seminary, Professor Taylor, Dr. Bancroft, Mr. Palmer and Mr. McFadden.

Dr. Merrill, who told us some very interesting things about Jerusalem in the winter term, has given us a delightful lecture this spring, illustrated by his unusual and unique collection of stereopticon views. One of our meetings was beautifully conducted by Miss McKeen whom we are always especially glad to hear. We have also been very fortunate in having with us Mr. and Mrs. Booth-Tucker, commanders of the Salvation Army forces in America, for whom a free-will offering of thirteen dollars was made.

Our Friday morning Chapel services are still characterized by the Missionary reports which awaken our interest and inspire us to make offerings to the different causes represented. We have given fifteen dollars towards the Country Week work which is carried on by the good women of the Deaconess Home in Boston, and also twenty-five dollars to Mr. Rowley, Mrs. Draper's brother, that he may plant one more of the much needed Sunday Schools in the far West.

Dr. Grenfell of the Deep Sea Mission, whom some of us remember well from last year, spoke in Chapel one Friday morning, in his straightforward sailor fashion, of his intensely interesting work among the seamen of Labrador.

A great many of the girls improved the rare opportunity of attending the services conducted by Professor Churchill at the Chapel Church during Holy Week.

Thursday morning, bringing Professor Downs, is always welcome, and we are always glad to sing. One of the last Thursday mornings of the term was given up to the singing of the favorite hymns of the Seniors, an opportunity which they gratefully appreciated.

On the Day of Prayer for Schools and Colleges, Mr. Page of Lawrence, spoke to us in Chapel, and later Miss Watson led our school prayer meeting in the sitting-room of Draper Hall. We were detained by a terrific storm from attending the service at the Chapel Church in the afternoon.

The little twenty minute prayer meeting held in the sitting room of Draper Hall every Sunday evening, is carried on as usual by the girls, and is a source of help to the school.

Our Missionary barrels this year were sent to a minister in Iowa, with a family of six or seven children, and through the resulting correspondence we have become very much interested in the different members of the family.

Items of General Interest.

A natural curiosity is gratified when we chance to learn something about the history of books which have interested us.

Thornton Hall, by Phebe Fuller McKeen, met with so much success that Anson D. F. Randolph, the publisher, requested the author to take advantage of this favorable reception and send him another book as soon as possible, that he might throw it upon a ready market. Fortunately "Miss Phebe" had another well in mind, which she gladly completed. It was "Theodora, A Home Story," which had taken a deep hold upon her heart, as she lovingly and reverently represented Mr. and Mrs. Cameron as portraits of her own dear father and mother, and many of the fine qualities of Donald, living and dying, are quickly recognized by those who knew her only brother. The scenery about the Cameron parsonage was the background to her own happy home in Vermont; with these exceptions the story had no reference to life in her own family. She wished to make this not only A Home Story, but to bring her readers into an intelligent and warm sympathy with the sufferings of those whose patriotism led them heroically through the cruel days of the Civil war. With this steadily in mind, she arranged Theodora's journey to visit her brother in the hospital in Cincinnati, so as to bring her into New York on the very day of the memorable riot, and to picture some of the heroes of the brief reign of mob-law there.

When her book was completed Miss Phebe sent it to her publisher, nothing doubting, as she had written it at his request.

In his acknowledgement he expressed interest and pleasure in the book but required that the chapter upon the New York riot should be omitted as its retention would hinder the sale in the south. Argument was useless; it must be expurgated or he would not publish the story.

So with a heavy heart Miss Phebe began the painful surgical operation and tied up the sundered arteries and joined part to part as best she could and sent her crippled book out with profound regret.

The manuscript of this rejected chapter, fortunately, has come into our hands, and we will gladly share it with our readers.

It will be published in the next issue of the *Courant*. The many friends of Miss Phebe will be eager to hear more of Theodora, after these years of silence.

If any who are not upon our list of subscribers, wish to secure the lost chapter from Theodora, they will please send us their address and enclose thirty-five cents, the price of a single number of the magazine. Early attention to this will determine the size of our next edition.

The English Literature class wish to extend to Miss Helen Chamberlain their heartfelt thanks for her exquisite rendering of Burns' lyrics, as they were studying the subject.

As we go to press the Literature Department is anticipating the great pleasure and privilege of hearing Mrs. Downs lecture upon George Eliot. No mere thanks can ever express to Mrs. Downs the appreciation felt by the Department for her generous kindness, sympathy and inspiration. The atmosphere she brings with her is a lesson in true literary feeling.

The Senior class acknowledge the kindness of Prof. Torrey of the Theological Seminary in permitting them during the winter to attend his Wednesday lectures upon Missions.

It will interest the alumnae to know that they are not working alone for the equipment and adornment of the school. During the year we have given a series of entertainments with a five or ten cent admission fee, and with the proceeds we have framed two large pictures by Gustav Richter: "The Building of the Pyramids," and "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter." We have furnished the window seat with cushions and provided draperies for the window. These with the palm which Mrs. Tyler sent to us have made the third landing attractive and comfortable.

Faculty Alumnae.

Miss Jane Lincoln Greeley of the class of '84 who taught Latin in Abbot Academy from '87 to '93, and left a noble record here, both as pupil and teacher, was graduated from the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, on Thursday evening, the 27th of May. Miss Greeley's glowing enthusiasm and superior work in the study of her profession, were rewarded by the scholarship conferred by the College for the last three years of her course. She was the President of her class, and received the first appointment by the college to hospital work, upon which she has already entered.

The Courant extends warm congratulations to Dr. J. L. Greeley, and humbly begs some small share in the future honors which await her assured professional success.

Miss McKeen has just received a pleasant letter from Mrs. Lucretia Kendall Clark, German teacher and head of South Hall in '78-'79.

She says she would like to send her son Roderic to Phillips Academy, but the distance from York, England, is too great.

Although Miss Molly Kelsey's absence from school has been prolonged beyond our expectation, her interest in Abbot Academy is as strong as ever and her friends will be glad to learn that during the winter she has been steadily though slowly gaining her health.

We have been much interested in the comments of the religious and the secular press upon a volume recently published by Lee and Shepard, and written by Edward P. Usher, A. M., LL. B. The volume is entitled, *Protestantism, A Study in the Direction of Religious Truth and Christian Unity*.

Mr Usher is the husband of Adela Payson whose brilliancy, enthusiasm and thoroughness as head of the French and German Departments here, her pupils and her colleagues so gratefully remember.

Gifts.

With the permission of the author, we gladly make the following extract from the manuscript of "Sequel to the Annals of Fifty Years; History of Abbot Academy from 1879-1892," by Miss McKeen, a book which we hope will be in the hands of all our readers, before the issue of the next number of the Courant.

"Abbot Academy gratefully recognizes, in Mr. and Mrs. Warren F. Draper, liberal benefactors; their giving has been unremitting, till it has reached the sum of \$70,000.

Although a part of their benefaction falls beyond 1892, it seems fitting that reference to the whole should be made here for the sake of historic completeness. Altogether about seventy thousand has been given in real and personal estate; of which a general statement is as follows: twenty-five thousand to the building fund of Draper Hall, one thousand to found a scholarship, and one thousand in support of annual readings under the direction of Professor Churchill for twenty-five years, and smaller sums for various objects, from time to time, and recently, three pieces of real estate in Andover and Somerville have been added, while for more than twenty years Mr. Draper has held the office of Treasurer of Abbot Academy, he has also acted as general superintendent of the material interests of the school, and, by his watchful care and time, so freely given, he has rendered valuable service to the institution.

At the solicitation of many friends, Mrs. Draper recently presented to the school a fine oil portrait of her husband; it is three-quarters in length, life-size, and represents him sitting; the picture is handsomely framed in gilt. It is a fine likeness of a face set in snow white hair and beard which cannot be forgotten by those who have seen it, or shall see it, in this striking portrait in the years to come.

It was painted by Miss Angelica S. Patterson, of Boston, who was a pupil of Abbot Thayer and Douglas Volk in New York and who also studied in Paris at the Julien Academic and with the Fleming, Alfred Stevens. Miss Patterson's pictures were accepted at the Salon there.

Thus the portrait stands for the faithful, liberal trustee, whom it so well represents and also for the skill of the artist who succeeds Miss E. A. Means, in Studio Art instruction, in Abbot Academy.

Thanks to the generosity of friends we have added nearly two hundred books to our library this year. Each department has received rich additions to its already well filled shelves. Early in the fall the Class of '96 sent as a class gift Muther's History of Modern Painting, 3 vols., and Holiday's Stained Glass as an Art, while the Class of '97 leave as a rich legacy the exquisite Dryborough edition of the Waverly Novels. This set is to replace a well worn set of Scott and will ever remind us of the love and devotion of '97. Among the books added to the Literature department are the poems of William Morris, Wordsworth's Complete Poetical Works, and Ward's English Poets, 4 vols. : to the Church History department, Milman's History of Latin Christianity, Menzies' History of Religion, Works of Rev. George A. Jackson edited by Prof. George P. Fisher in the Early Christian Literature Primers, and Fisher's Beginnings of Christianity; Seebohm's Era of Protestant Revolution and Prescott's History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella may be found on the History shelves. The Science department has long outgrown its scanty shelf room and Geddes' Chapters in Modern Botany, Comstock's Manual for the Study of Insects, Merrill's Treatise on Rocks, Rock-weathering and Soils, Bergen's Elements of Botany all await their respective places on the new shelves that will be added to the department this coming fall. The German department is richer in helpful text-books and fascinating stories, while the Fiction shelves claim the complete works of Maria Edgeworth and Jane Austen, Fanny Burney's Evelina and the beautiful memorial edition of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

We wish gratefully to acknowledge Mrs. Downs' gift to the library of her beautiful poem, Historic Andover.

Alumnae Notes.

The mid-winter meeting of the Alumnae Association was held at the Vendome yesterday afternoon. There were sixty present besides the guests, Professor J. W. Churchill, Rev. W. H. Davis and Mrs. Joseph Cook.—From the Boston Advertiser, Feb. 18.

Rumors have reached us of many interesting class reunions to be expected at this anniversary,—among them, '82, '87, '88, '93 and '96.

'81. Mrs. Emma Lyon Rice of Crawford, Nebraska, writes as follows:

“Owing to the indebtedness of the Home Board, Mr. Rice's salary was not paid for over six months but it has all come in now. We do not know what will be done by the Board another year. It looks now as if the missionaries would have to leave these fields or live on faith largely.

We seem to be a branch of the institutional church. Mother, whom many of you knew as Miss Palmer, wanted to help the young people who only have the privilege of school three months in the year. So she started a little school in the church which has been increasing until she has fifteen pupils. Her object is to stir them up to want to know.

Our neighborhood is like the poor white settlements in the mountains of the South. We hope much from mother's school. The only requirements are good behavior and the furnishing of a load of wood apiece. Mr. Rice and I both teach some classes. Then we have a boarding department! My brother built a one-roomed shanty of boards covered with tar paper and set well down in the bank back of the house. Three girls are now living in it and coming to school. To be sure the snow sifts down on their heads occasionally, but that is no worse than happens in half the houses round here.”

Sara Puffer Douglas is in Dresden studying painting miniatures on ivory and all kinds of porcelain painting. Most of her work of last year was sold in London.

'80-'81. Laura Billings was in Egypt last winter.

'82. From the class letters of '82 we learn that Fannie Bell Pettee Brigham is even busier than ever, giving a series of talks upon Oriental Art, conducting art clubs, and speaking in the state and city federation of clubs.

Lillian Wilcox Miller says that Lloyd Wilcox Miller is a jolly, well, little blue-eyed boy, who has always been just as little care and anxiety to his family as a sweet baby could be.

In the spring, Miss Annie Frye visited Miss McKeen and spared some of her time for her old friends at Abbot. It was delightful through her, to hear of Mrs. Laura Brownell Collier and her two interesting little daughters.

'86-'87. Miss Marion Hinkley of Portland, Maine, is doing good work in the Woman's Medical College of New York City in preparation for her chosen profession.

'88. Ellen O. Walkley, who has for several years held a position in the Harvard Library, has recently been appointed Custodian of the East Boston Branch of the Boston Public Library.

'88-89. Mrs. H. DeForest Smith, Hattie Wood, is in Berlin where her husband has been studying since last August.

'91. The friends of Miss Charlotte Odell were sorry to learn of the death of her father, Capt. Charles H. Odell, April 25. He was sincerely mourned by the people of Beverly, of which city he was the mayor.

'92. Miss Cora McDuffie Bond, in a letter to Miss McKeen, paid a beautiful and tender tribute to the influence of Helen Gilchrist '92, both as friend and teacher. She writes, "The great, beautiful tenderness of her life among the girls in the school was a wonderful thing to see. In the Christian Endeavor meetings, she always spoke with intense earnestness, and with a certain homely phrasing of her thought that made her talks very effective."

'93. The work of Miss Annie Ingalls's Kindergarten had a display this spring in the Tennessee Exposition.

During the Easter recess, Miss Ingalls was delightfully entertained by Miss Susan B. Chase at her home in Brooklyn, New York. Not even Chaucer's cook can rival the accomplishments of Miss Chase, as the Faculty will testify, who greatly enjoyed the cake so kindly sent to enhance the joy of their reunion.

'94. Julia Sanborn has gone to Paris after four months in Italy.

Miss Julia Sanborn writes from Florence, Italy :

"I have quite lost my heart over Italy, and especially over Rome, which I perfectly adore. We spent five weeks there including Holy Week. We did not see the Pope but attended several very im-

pressive ceremonies. The one I liked best,—the washing of the altar,—was on Holy Thursday at St. Peters. It is the only night in the year, I think, when St. Peters is open, and I can't tell you how solemn that vast place was, in the semi-darkness, with the priests in their many colored garments, with the myriads of tapers and the miserere, sung without accompaniment, floating out into the deepening twilight. Another treat, a little out of the ordinary, was the illumination of the Baths of Caracalla, which takes place once a year. It was perfectly beautiful. Those rugged old walls, which have withstood so many centuries of storm and shine, fairly glowed in the red and green and violet lights.

We visited the Coliseum the same night, and that is, by the way, my favorite spot in Rome. I love the ancient ruins far better than the mediaeval city of churches.

We find much to enjoy in Florence. The galleries here are so fascinating. I'm really getting so I can recognize most of the old masters without other guide than general style and coloring. I grow more glad and appreciative every day for the year in Art with Miss Chadbourne. We are planning to spend a day in Bologna, on our way to Venice, and then we shall push on to Paris."

'92-'93. After several years of silence the friends of Maude T. Mann are glad to hear from her again. Her home is still in Randolph, Mass. She spoke with affection of her school days and asked for a copy of the Graduating Hymn whose beauty and pathos who can forget?

'93-'94. If the dates of Smith College Commencement did not conflict with our Anniversary Day, some of us would very much enjoy seeing Katherine Hamilton Lahm graduate from Smith College for which her school life here prepared her.

Among those who have visited us during the winter and spring terms are: Annie F. Frye, Martha B. Hitchcock, Mrs. Grace Wanning Day '89, May Louise Storrs, Ruth Loring '96, Frances Saunders '96, Marcia Richards '96, Sarah Jackson '96, Eleanor Royce '91, Mabel Wooster '95-'96, Mrs. Ethelyn Marshall Cross '94, Mrs. Lena Dewey Nichols '94, Miss Ella Robinson '94, Blanche Morton, Eva Converse, Charlotte Bryant '94, Miriam Pratt, Mrs. Emerson, Mrs. Todd, Aida Dunn '93, Mabel Kittredge, Sarah Hutchinson.

Near the close of the winter term, on a day as rainy as a day in June, '97, we had a delightful visit from Aida Dunn and Mabel Lee Kittredge, whose evident pleasure in coming back to school was only equalled by our joy in their home-coming.

Among returning old scholars it has been our pleasure to greet Louise Davis — Mrs. H. L. Grant — whose husband is studying in Cambridge, and Elizabeth L. Walker of Malden whose well remembered enthusiasm for music has been deepened and broadened by her rich opportunities for studying and hearing music during her residence in Germany.

During the spring vacation, Florence Palmer, now Mrs. Seth D. Baker of Syracuse, N. Y., came to revisit Andover and her old school. Her disappointment in not finding the school in session was tempered by her admiration of Draper Hall, — to her still, "the new building," — which Miss Kimball proudly showed her.

To miss a visit from Laura Newton Kirkland of Holyoke, Mass., is a disappointment to which some of us were subject a few weeks ago. In response to a letter, begging her to tell us something about herself since we failed to see her she writes that for six years she has been President of the Young Woman's Christian Association of Holyoke and for six years, Superintendent of the Primary Department in Sunday School, besides being member of a Literary Club and first of all, "I keep house." No wonder that her visits to Abbot Academy are so rare!

ENGAGEMENTS.

Helen Porter '97, to Mr. F. Crawford Farnsworth.

Adeline Perry '90, to Mr. Harold Walker of Pittsburgh.

Mary Gertrude Miller '95, to Dr. George H. Jackson, Warren, Ohio.

Eleanor Billings Royce '91, to Mr. Elgin Lockrane Burney.

MARRIAGES.

SMITH-PIKE. — March 25, Miss Ruby Milissa Pike '94-96, to Mr. Merrill Alonzo Smith. At home after May 3, at 5 Crafts Place, Forest Hills, Mass.

GUERNSEY-SEELEY. — Nov. 4, Miss Candora Seeley '88-'89, to Mr. James Guernsey.

NOYES-PIKE. — February 17, Miss Katherine Hope Pike '95, to Mr. Harry Knight Noyes. At home after March 30, at 1 Coral Street, Lowell, Mass.

TALCOTT-CHURCHILL. — In New Britian, Conn., June 9, Miss May Churchill '95, to Mr. George Sherman Talcott.

PICKRELL-MUNGER.—In Union Park, Congregational Church, Chicago, June 14, Miss Edith Stiles Munger '92-'93, to Mr. Harvey Pickrell.

DOUGLAS-HUNTINGTON.—January 1st, Miss Mary Huntington '88-'89, to Rev. William Braddyl Douglas, B. D.

BROWN-CROLL.—In Middletown, Penn., Dec. 10, Mrs. Edith Kendig Croll '92, to Mr. Frank Brown.

HUBBART-KENT.—In Huron, So. Dakota, Dec. 16, Mary Elizabeth Kent and Joseph Roy Hubbart.

MEARS-WYER.—June 23, in Excelsior, Minn., Ernestine Wyer to Rev. Charles Leon Mears.

BIRTH.

To Marion Hall Bailey '94-'95, a daughter.

DEATHS.

Died at Baldwinville, Vt., January 23d, Mrs. Susan B. Farnham, aged eighty-five years.

Although her name does not appear in the semi-centennial catalogue she was the first matron of Smith Hall.

Her husband, John E. Farnham, lost his life in one of the first accidents on the railroad from Andover to Boston. He was conductor of one of the colliding trains.

Mrs. Farnham was thus suddenly left to provide for herself and two little boys. Both sons lived to manhood. The elder has died quite recently; the younger enlisted in the volunteer army during the civil war, but his health was unequal to field service. For some time previous to his death he was employed as hospital nurse on Roanoke Island, N. C. It happened that the very afternoon his body arrived for burial in the South Church cemetery the ladies had assembled in the church parlors to pack a box of hospital supplies in fulfillment of a request from him, and according to his directions.

After leaving Smith Hall, Mrs. Farnham was for some time associated with Mrs. Caroline Stowell in the superintendence of a club of theological students, taking their meals in the house then recently vacated by Prof. and Mrs. Stowe and now called the Mansion House. The late Joseph Ward, President of Yankton College in later years, was then steward of the club. For many years extreme deafness consigned Mrs. Farnham to inactivity and comparative isolation.

When this tabernacle of the flesh becomes the prison of its tenant how blessed the voice of the Angel who liberates the spirit and clothes it with the radiance and vigor of immortal youth.

'82. Mrs. Mary F. McCutcheon, widow of Moses C. McCutcheon, passed away on Sunday, April 10, at her home, 6 Dexter Row. She was 78 years old. Her sickness was only of a week's duration and, throughout, the family had been hopeful of her recovery. Her death, therefore, was unexpected and was a severe blow to family and friends. Mrs. McCutcheon leaves a son, Frank M., and a daughter, Miss Abby, who are prominent in social circles of the district.

The funeral took place on Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock from her late residence, services being conducted by Rev. Philo W. Sprague. The interment was at Shirley Hills, N. H.

Mary A. Sexton Farwell, teacher in Abbot Academy 1846-1849.

February seventh, at the residence of her son, Charles G. Farwell, Wollaston Heights, Mass., died Mrs. Mary A. Sexton Farwell, aged seventy-nine.

Mrs. Farwell was born in Wilbraham, Mass., Aug. 17, 1818. Having taught in Springfield, Mass., Lawrenceville, N.J. and in Monson, Mass., where Dr. R. S. Storrs was one of her fellow teachers, she came to Abbot Academy in 1846, and was a teacher until her marriage with the principal, Rev. Asa Farwell, Aug. 10, 1849.

Directly after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Farwell went abroad. Having spent a year in travel, they returned to their home, afterwards called Davis Hall. Here her oldest son was born. In 1853, Mr. Farwell, who was the last male principal of Abbot Academy, exchanged teaching for preaching, so that, for the next thirteen years, Mrs. Farwell's work was that of a pastor's wife, in West Haverhill, Mass. The next fifteen years afforded her the experiences of home missionary life in the West, first at Bentonsport, Iowa; next at Ashland, Neb., where Mr. Farwell founded a church. Then Mr. Farwell for two years lent his aid to Doane College, Crete, Neb., resuming the teacher's office which he subsequently pursued in his native state, Vermont.

In 1888 Mrs. Farwell was left a widow. Two sons and a daughter passed on before her to the other shore. Two sons and a daughter survived her. This most affectionate of mothers and most loyal of friends passed her last years in the home of her oldest son, where little grandchildren were her pride and solace, and where peace, and love and Christian activity made bright her sunset sky.

The traits of her character which most impress an old pupil and

friend are, first of all, her childlike, unfaltering trust in God. Soon after Mr. Farwell's death, as she was relating the circumstances during a visit to Andover friends, it was surprising to those who listened to the narration of what might have been a source of lamentation and regret, to observe that these very circumstances, painful and unexpected as they were, elicited from her only the reiterated exclamation, "Oh! it was so like a translation!"

Again speaking of the financial destitution in which she was left, she said, "We found ten dollars in his pocket-book. That was all the property he had to leave me—but God will take care of me." Alluding to this fact during her last visit in Andover a year ago, she added that two wealthy cousins had each assured her they would make provision for her old age, yet both had died suddenly, intestate, and she fervently exclaimed "Yet, God is so good, I have never suffered for want of anything!"

Her versatility was unusual, the variety of her accomplishments extraordinary. While teacher in Abbot Academy she gave instruction in the higher English branches, in drawing and painting, in calisthenics and instrumental music.

Few persons have equal capacity of adaptation to whatever her environment required, whether she were in the class-room or the home circle; whether she were a dweller in an Eastern town, devoted to literary pursuits, or a missionary enduring all the privations of western frontier experience. Her unfailing cheerfulness was simply marvellous, a sort of effulgence and evidence of her rare Christian faith. For her everything had a bright side, everybody some praiseworthy trait. Yet she was not of those whom conceit makes comfortable, or mere want of penetration amiable. Few persons have been so amply endowed with the passive virtues,—meekness, humility, long-suffering, patience. Dr. Bushnell has declared of these passive virtues, "Here, pre-eminently, is the office and power of woman. An office so divine, let her joyfully accept and faithfully bear, adding sweetness to life in all its exasperating and bitter experiences, causing poverty to smile, cheering the hard lot of adversity, teaching pain the way of peace, abating hostilities and disarming injuries by the patience of her love. All the manifold conditions of human suffering and sorrow are occasions given to woman to prove the sublimity of true submission and to reveal the celestial power of passive goodness."

Could there be a better portrayal of Mrs. Farwell's life and work!

When the flying years had removed from her willing hands the tasks required of her as teacher, missionary and home-maker, she still found

occupation enough to fill every hour, work for home missions and foreign missions, errands of mercy, visits of condolence, the preparation of gifts, letter-writing to a multitude of friends gathered everywhere along her life journey.

Yet much as she enjoyed life, for her, death had no terrors. "Death is an isthmus, narrow and almost impalpable,— behind it lies the inland lake of the past; whilst before it is the shoreless ocean of future life, all lighted with the glory of God, and making music as it breaks even upon these dark, rough rocks."

And over the waves comes the Lord saying, "It is I, be not afraid."

In Chicago, Jan. 15, Clara B. Cook (Babcock) of the Class of 1856.

Her roommate at Abbot requests an old teacher to send the Courant a brief statement respecting Mrs Babcock's life and its fruits, saying, "Abbot Academy may well be proud of having sent out into the world such a woman."

Though forty years have passed since teacher and pupil last met, and hundreds of girls have since been that teacher's pupils, memory readily and distinctly recalls the fair young face of Clara Cook and the sweetness of her contralto voice.

"Forty years! precious years, "full of good works and almsdeeds which she did!" In view of such a record who can despondently ask "Is life worth living?"

Clara Bailey Cook was born in Boston, February 7, 1837, was graduated from Abbot Academy in 1856, was married to William R. Babcock in 1859.

Mr. Babcock was the organist of the Central Church, Boston, and Miss Cook was a member of the choir. After their marriage Mr. Babcock commenced preparation for the ministry, but his life closed before the fulfillment of his purpose.

Her brief married life ended, she devoted herself to brightening and ennobling other saddened lives; first in the work of the A. M. A. in Georgia and in Washington, D. C., later by philanthropic service in Salem and Newburyport.

In 1886 she settled in Chicago, where she found abundance of work, in which, although in her fiftieth year, she eagerly engaged. All classes enlisted her aid and sympathy; the street car men, the inmates of the Old Ladies' Home and of the Erring Woman's Refuge, but her especial, most congenial work was among the young, whom she knew how, not only to please, but to guide and to organize for work.

In 1892 she relinquished some of her "industrial" and charitable work to become "church visitor" for the South Church, Chicago.

The winter of 1893-'94 will be remembered as one of unusual suffering among the poor of Chicago, the great exposition having called thousands of working people into the city, and at its close left them without work and without resources. To this driftwood on the shores of Life's sea, miserable, starving, nearly perishing and hopeless, her heart opened, her hand ministered and her face became to them "as the face of an angel."

At length came times of failing health, then a fatal surgical operation, and in the waning hours of January 15th she "fell asleep."

"Oh, good and faithful servant! fare thee well!

'Well done!' innumerable voices cry;

And joyful through earth's salutations swell

The 'Welcome,' 'Welcome,' from an answering sky!"



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'98.

"Unus amore more ore re."

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— *Lowell.*

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Half hidden from the eye :
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."— *Wordsworth.*

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January, 1898

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1898

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VOLUME XXIV. No. 1

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1898

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GEORGIA WHITNEY, '99. ALICE BERTHEA CASE, '99.

Business Editors,

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VOL. XXIV.

JANUARY, 1898.

NO. 1.

The Missing Chapter of "Theodora Cameron."

An unpublished chapter from "Theodora Cameron," one of the principal works of Miss Phebe McKeen, will be of great interest to all our readers, old and new. Indeed, the Courant owes its very existence to Miss Phebe, who founded it in 1873, and to whose fostering care and intelligent enthusiasm it owes its unique character among school magazines. Miss McKeen has kindly given us the history of the missing chapter, which we quote from our last issue.

'Thornton Hall, Miss Phebe's first story, met with so much success that Anson D. F. Randolph, the publisher, requested the author to take advantage of this favorable reception and send him another book as soon as possible, that he might throw it upon a ready market. Fortunately "Miss Phebe" had another well in mind, which she gladly completed. It was "Theodora, A Home Story," which had taken a deep hold upon her heart, as she lovingly and reverently represented Mr. and Mrs. Cameron

as portraits of her own dear father and mother, and many of the fine qualities of Donald, living and dying, are quickly recognized by those who knew her only brother. The scenery about the Cameron parsonage was the background to her own happy home in Vermont; with these exceptions the story had no reference to life in her own family. She wished to make this not only "A Home Story," but to bring her readers into an intelligent and warm sympathy with the sufferings of those whose patriotism led them heroically through the cruel days of the civil war. With this steadily in mind, she arranged Theodora's journey to visit her brother in the hospital in Cincinnati, so as to bring her into New York on the very day of the memorable riot, and to picture some of the heroes of the brief reign of mob law there.

When her book was completed Miss Phebe sent it to her publisher, nothing doubting, as she had written it at his request.

In his acknowledgment he expressed interest and pleasure in the book but required that the chapter upon the New York riot should be omitted as its retention would hinder the sale in the South. Argument was useless; it must be taken out or he would not publish the story. So with a heavy heart Miss Phebe cut her manuscript and sent her crippled book with profound regret.'

That the setting of the narrative may be more clearly understood we would say that Theodora is the daughter of a Vermont minister whose family consisted of six children. Through the disinterested generosity of a friend she is able to cultivate her musical talent. The brother of this friend, whose name is Walton, attracted by her charms, offers himself and is refused. By the aid of her uncle she is established as music teacher in the home of his friend, Mr. Torrington of Wheeling, Virginia. The breaking out of the civil war causes bitterness between Theodora and these hot blooded southerners. Their property being confiscated, Theodora returns home. After the battle of Fredericksburg, they have had no news from Donald, one of the brothers who have enlisted to fight for their country. At length a letter arrives, telling of imprisonment, escape, and sickness, and asking his father to come to him. It is here that the narrative begins.

Chapter XXVI.

MR. Cameron said he must start at once, and took down his injured foot from its rest as the first step towards it. But he found it quite impossible to use it at all.

"Let me go, father," said Theodora; "I know every step of the way to Wheeling, and if he isn't there it is only a day's journey to Cincinnati."

"Oh, you couldn't, my child," said her father, with a troubled face. He never could bear to have his wife or daughters meet any hardship or danger, though he did not mind them for himself. "I could not have you travelling so soon after the battle, so near the place; you would have trouble."

It was the week after the terrible struggle at Gettysburg, the high-water mark of the war.

However, the girl succeeded at last in getting consent to her plan, since it was clearly out of the question for her father to go, and she could stay and take care of her brother as long as might be necessary.

Monday morning she was on her way, fearless and full of eager expectation. Whatever venture there was about the journey made it all the more attractive to her;—and then to come back bringing Donald!

From Springfield she sent a despatch asking Mr. Leighton to meet her and see her across New York City. As she turned from the telegraph window she noticed groups of men talking excitedly, and caught the words "Riot in New York,"—"Draft resisted,"—"Provost marshal stoned."

As the train went on its way nothing else was talked of. Every item of news was told over, with variations; everybody's politics came out. Some laid blame on the government; others hotly defended it. All scolded about foreign citizens and agreed that New York was a modern Sodom.

As they steamed into Hartford gentlemen crowded upon the platform to learn more facts, and came back with the blank information that the telegraph wires into New York were cut.

When they reached that subterranean cavern called the New

Haven depot, the male passengers darted out of the cars to mix with the dense crowd and get the newspapers, while the ladies stretched their necks from the car windows to learn what they could in their degree.

The newsboys sold out their stock before reaching them, but as the passengers came back and the train dashed on, one had only to listen to catch a medley of exciting news. "Three thousand rioters parading the streets,"—"Superintendent of Police knocked down and beaten; one strapping fellow kept the rest off with his fists, till the police could rescue him,"—"Four hundred rioters after one negro,—stoned him,—hung him,—roasted him, danced and swore and yelled around him."—Police routed the mob on their way to the La Farge House to seize the colored waiters."

At Bridgeport they were met by news which went home to everybody: "Rails torn up,"—"Harlem bridge burned,"—"Street cars stopped."

Our solitary traveller listened anxiously. New Yorkers all about her were discussing what was best to be done: some saying they must push through at all hazards: others decided to take the boat at Stamford, and others, to get as near the city as convenient, and wait.

What should she do? She was thrown out of connection, any way. There was no getting to West Virginia the next evening, as she had hoped. She dreaded going off the steamboat alone. It was better, if possible, to take the route by which she was expected. She had taken a fancy to a family who were sitting just before her; she gathered that they were returning from the country and were anxious about some of the children who might be in danger in their city home. Finally, she heard the father, who sat facing her, say to his wife, "The boat will be over loaded; I think we had better spend the night at Stamford; probably there will be a way to get into New York in the morning."

She leaned forward and asked the lady, "May I follow your fortunes? I am travelling alone."

They cordially received her into their party, the gentleman

saying he was happy to look after some other father's daughter and hoped some one would do as much for his in New York. So she was soon settled with them at a Stamford hotel to await what the morrow might bring forth. Presently, she judged by the voice which came up from the office, that the night boat had brought more news. With one of her new friends she ran and leaned over the balustrade, to catch if she could, what it was. A new comer was the center of a crowd which thronged the vestibule and overran into the street. The man seemed more eager to tell what ought to be done, than what had been done; but, once in a while, somebody would take him by the throat, as it were, and demand the facts. These would call forth such a burst of indignation that it was hard to make out anything definite. "Burned the Colored Orphan Asylum." A wave of excited talk washes over the man's voice,—up it comes again, "Chief engineer put out the fire twice and he tried to shame the mob out on't, but they wouldn't hear to him. The third time he put it out they made for him in a fury. The firemen rallied around him and said he shouldn't be taken, unless it was over their dead bodies;"—the roar of wrathful comments drowns his voice again;—"Tribune Office attacked just as I came away," was the next sentence that rose above the clamor, and that gave Theodora plenty to think of, for Mr. Leighton belonged to the Tribune staff.

By morning, the bridge, which had been damaged, but which was not burned, had been repaired and the rails laid. When our party reached the 27th Street Station, it seemed much more quiet than usual; few, beside policemen, were to be seen. Her kind travelling companions stopped at 29th Street, but everything seemed so orderly that Theodora was not afraid to go on in the 3d Avenue cars, to 34th Street, without them. There she alighted and walked quickly along the well remembered square till she reached the house where she had passed so many pleasant hours.

As she ran up the steps she saw that the carving on the front of the door was black, and streaks of black paint bedaubed the whole panel.

As she waited, after ringing the bell, she wondered whether

the colored door girl Maria, would beam upon her as of old ; but the door was opened by the eldest of the children, Arthur, now a boy of fifteen.

"Miss Dora, is that you?" he exclaimed, his face lighting up with pleased surprise. "How do you like the looks of our front door? They blacked that last night and left a notice nailed to it that we might expect a call."

"What did they mean?" asked Theodora, as she followed him into the library.

"Sack the house," answered Arthur, delighted to have the first chance of telling the news. "They have had such a row at the office that father didn't come home all night. Mother wouldn't send him word about this; she is scared almost to death, but she is determined that he sha'n't come home, because she says it's he they are after. He sent up a man this morning to see if we needed him, and she sent back word, No, not to show himself on the street."

"But what is their spite at him?"

"'Abolitionist,' 'Black Republican.' Mr. Vanderberg came in this morning, to see what he could do for us, and mother has sent the cook with the silver and a few other valuables over there."

"Mr. Vanderberg! My old teacher?"

"You know he is married now, and lives next block."

"So you are the only man about the house." Here some one called from the head of the stairs:

"Can that be Dora Cameron's voice?"

"Yes, Mrs. Leighton," answered that young lady, going to meet her as she ran down stairs with the children behind her, all eager to get a kiss and each to tell some news.

Theodora was shocked to see how haggard Mrs. Leighton looked; her hands felt hot and tremulous, her eyes were restless and she seemed constantly listening for sounds from the street.

"It is good to see you, but I am afraid you have come to a dangerous place," she said.

In a few rapid words, Theodora told the errand of her journey and said she expected to go on that night.

"Oh, you cannot. It would be foolhardy. This seems like a concerted thing and we cannot tell how far the trouble may spread. I would not have you travelling from New York alone tonight, for anything."

"Did you get my telegram?"

"No; the lines were cut yesterday morning."

"Sha'n't I go to a hotel, Mrs. Leighton?"

"Why, no, child! It is no time for a young girl to be going alone to a hotel. I only wish, for your sake, that you were safely over at the Waltons."

She had her own reasons for not wishing to be at the Waltons.

"Hark! hark! children!" said Mrs. Leighton, growing ashy pale.

A strange, discordant sound came by fits from the distance.

"They are coming," exclaimed Arthur in a whisper, looking as if he was glad of it.

"Hush, children, hush!" said the mother, as little Grace began to cry and the others to talk.

Arthur bounded up the stairs and took a look out from a high back window. Meanwhile, the distant yells seemed to come nearer. Mrs. Leighton shook as if in an ague fit. Theodora put her arm around her.

"They are coming down 2d Avenue," called Arthur as he ran down the upper flight of stairs.

"There is time to go," said his mother; "The Vanderbergs have charged us to come there in case of trouble," she explained to Theodora. "They are from the south, you know, and think they are safe; they live the next block now. Run, Arthur, and get that box of your father's papers. Lizzie, you can get the children ready; put on their best things—quick as a flash!"

She, herself, hurried to the bureau in her room, caught a few precious things from the drawers, then ran down to the library and snatched an old package of letters from the pretty desk where Theodora had so often seen her busy. Meanwhile, the guest was helping by filling her pockets with beautiful little knick-knacks from mantels and tables.

Suddenly the uproar of the mob burst upon their ears as if a door had been opened.

"They are coming around the corner, mother, headed this way. Come!"

She darted to the window. They were pouring into the street like a pack of wolves, one man, on horseback, leading them on.

"We shall have to go by the roof! Take Grace, will you, Arthur?" She had tried to lift the crying child but found that her strength was gone.

"Come, Harry, with mamma. Lizzie, dear, show Miss Dora the way."

Arthur with "Baby" in his arms, ran lightly up flight after flight, the rest following as fast as they could. He was already on the roof, holding out his hand to help his mother up, when she suddenly stopped and looked down the scuttle with a face of dismay.

"Maria! I have forgotten her and she is in more danger than all the rest of us put together!"

"I will go back for her," said Theodora, turning quickly.

"I'll go!" called Arthur, down the scuttle.

"No; you take care of your mother and the children. I'll be back in a minute."

She flew down one, two, three, four flights of stairs to the basement. She knew the house well, and ran to the kitchen, calling in a low, eager tone, "Maria! Maria!"

The sounds in the street were close upon them now. If they should burst in the door, before she could find her!

No one was to be seen in the kitchen;—she hurried through to the wash-room. Nobody there. "Maria!" She listened and caught a sound of hard breathing. Her heart beat fast, but directly she saw two huge feet sticking out from a heap of calico under the table.

"Maria, is that you?"

An awful groan came from the heap.

"Oh, Lord, ha' massy! Don' touch me! Oh, don' touch me!"

"I have come for you, Maria. Come quick. Mrs. Leighton is waiting for you."

As she spoke, she laid her hand upon the poor creature, whose head was wrapped in her apron. She gave a quick shriek of fright.

"Hush, Maria. It's your old friend, Miss Dora. Come quick, or it will be too late."

The scared girl dropped her apron and her white-orbed eyes glared out. Then her lips rolled apart and she ejaculated:

"Bress de Lord o' glory! dat you?"

"Yes, yes, come Maria! You must come quick!"

"Oh, hear 'em! They will murder us all in our beds! Oh, dear! Oh, deary me!" She shrank back and hid her head again.

The noises were growing furious. The case was desperate. Theodora seized her arm and her clothes to pull her out from under the table by main force.

"Maria, stop crying, and get up, this instant. Run for the scuttle-hole. You will be safe on the roof."

"Oh, I can never go on de roof," cowering back.

"You must!" said Theodora, stamping her foot with all the authority there was in her. "Come with me, this minute."

More from the habit of obedience than any idea of saving life, Maria crept out, her eyes glaring wildly, and her face pale black.

"Now, run upstairs!"

It seemed necessary to go both before and behind her, up the narrow basement stairway. Her guide was afraid to let her follow, lest she should slink back, and the poor thing did not dare to go first. When they reached the front hall, the mob were howling outside the door, and Theodora shuddered as she heard the yell, "Bring out your niggers!"

Maria heard it too, and turned, with a cry like a hunted beast, to dive down into the basement again.

"No!" said Theodora, seizing her hand and drawing her along with her. It was frightful to pass that door, but it must be done to reach the stairway.

"Now run for your life," she whispered, at the foot of the stairs. "Up! up!"

They were pounding on the door. They pulled the bell till they broke the wire. They would not stop for ceremony much longer. The white girl kept between the black one and the door. Once started, Maria raced up stairs as if the fiends were after

her, till she stood at the foot of the gangway, panting, with her hand on her heart. At the same moment, a burst of sound from below, showed that the lock was broken in.

“Don’t stop to breathe ! Climb, climb !”

In an instant more, the scuttle was darkened by Maria’s fat figure,—her feet caught in her hoops.

Horrid laughter, curses on the “abolitionist” and all his “nigger pets,” came up from the lower floor. The tramp of rude feet was storming up the first flight of stairs.

Theodora disentangled her charge, though her own quick hands were beginning to tremble, pushed her up, sprang after her, threw the trap door into its place, and catching Maria’s hand, ran along the flat roof towards 3d Avenue. Which house was the Vanderbergs’ ? Would the scuttle be open ? At that moment Arthur’s curly head came up through a roof in the next block. He ran towards them, but Maria darted past him like a flash, her old slippers clattering on the tin, and dropped down into the hole from which he had emerged. He and Theodora crammed her spreading skirts after her, and in two seconds had the satisfaction of looking down on her woolly pate safe in the Vanderberg attic. Our girl followed her, but Arthur must needs take a look from the corner before joining them. He dashed back with sparkling eyes, saying, as he closed the scuttle-door over his head, and jumped down the gangway,

“The military are coming up 3d Avenue. We shall have a scrimmage, I tell *you* !”

They were welcomed by the party below as if they had come from a lion’s den. Maria was paid for all her terrors, by finding herself the heroine of the kitchen. The Vanderbergs and Leightons huddled together in an oriel window in the second story, made a place for Theodora where she could look down into the street. It was a sea of brutal faces ; women and boys made a large proportion of the crowd.

“The decent working-men who were among them yesterday,” said Mr. Vanderberg, “have dropped out ; it is not politics, but plunder, now.”

They were swarming thickest in front of Mr. Leighton’s. From

their safe distance, the family saw their house stripped of all that had made it a home.

"Poor Baby! there's her crib!"

"Your desk, mamma! See the papers fly!"

"There come the library chairs! Won't they look a little odd where they go?"

"There's your India shawl, mother!" "Where?" "That horrid woman with the reddest face. Don't you see? She's drunk!"

"What are they pitching out of the window?" "That was my silk quilt, which Aunt Julia gave me when I was married. There go my dresses after it. They must have emptied my wardrobe now."

"See, see! they have actually pulled up the parlor carpet!"

"I declare, that boy is actually carrying off the olive-wood stand!"

"Do you see what that man is standing on, Mrs. Leighton?" asked Mrs. Vanderberg. "That one singing the drunken song. Your beautiful Florentine table! Now he is dancing an Irish fling on it, with his hob-nailed shoes,— the brute!"

"Oh! oh!" cried Mrs. Leighton, "my father's portrait! That hurts the worst. Watch him. Should you know the man again, Arthur? If they only won't destroy it we may possibly find it again. Won't they save it for the frame?"

A groan burst from the whole group as they saw a boy strike a stake through the face of the likeness.

"Probably they think it is Mr. Leighton," said Mr. Vanderberg. "Two or three men have been pounded in the street for looking like Horace Greeley!"

"Oh! Mrs. Leighton! your lovely Niobe!" exclaimed Mrs. Vanderberg, pointing down where a boy was swinging the statuette by its neck. A girl snatched at it, and, in a moment, the delicate Carrara lay in fragments at their feet.

"What picture is it that man is holding up so high?" asked Theodora. "Let me see. It is the Madonna della Sedia, isn't it? Yes. Perhaps they will have some respect for her."

"Yes, that man means to keep that safe; he will hang it up in his garret and pray to it."

"I hope it will do him good."

"See, mamma, there goes some of our china," said Lizzie.

"Look! look!" said Arthur, turning suddenly to the west.

The military were wheeling into the street from 3d Avenue, and advancing in regular platoons on the tumultuous mob. Sullenly it gave way, glaring on them with looks of hate. But when a body of police appeared following in their wake, Bedlam broke loose. The savage horde bellowed with rage. Paving stones began to fly. Just beneath the window, a blear-eyed woman caught a glass pitcher from a little girl and crashed it into the face of a policeman. The ragamuffin, bereft of her spoils, flew at the woman and tore her gray hair. She turned upon her like a hyena; a man seized her and dragged her off the child; that brought on a fight among the rioters. The police, meanwhile, bore down upon them, using their heavy clubs. Bloody faces began to show. Yells, as of wounded tigers, tore the air. By degrees, the troubled sea, casting up mire and dirt, still roaring with furious noises, ebbed away before the stubborn line it could not break. The street was empty, strewn with the wreck of a happy home.

Not long after, the roll of drums in the adjoining avenue, the sharp shout of command, the sound of shots, the howls, dying away in sullen silence, told that the mob had been forced to slink, maddened, but cowed, to its lair.

The next morning, the Leightons went over to visit the ruins. Whatever the rioters could not carry away, they had marred. The floors were covered with the litter of books shred to pieces; the top of the piano was broken in, and the rosewood splinters showed the marks of heavy heels.

"It seems so cruel that this should have come on you who are always working for the poor!" said Theodora.

"But *these* poor people know nothing about that," answered Mrs. Leighton. "They see that we are comfortable, while they are hungry and ragged. They don't know how to reason about it; they take it for granted that it is because we have these things, that they haven't them."

"They are mere swine that trample your pearls under their feet, and turn again and rend you," said Mr. Leighton.

"But don't you think, with all the envy and spite, Howard, there is a wild sense of justice in it,—an idea of making things even?"

"Whereas, in many cases, it is nothing but justice that has made them uneven. But I must go."

"Oh, don't go!" cried his wife. "What is the paper compared with life?"

"I will have a policeman detailed to guard the house."

"Oh, it isn't that:

'He that is low
Need fear no fall.'

It is you, Howard. Only think what may happen on the way, and that Tribune Office is what they hate above all." She shuddered as she spoke. "Don't go."

"But I am needed, Mollie, I must."

"Promise me, at least, that you will remember us, and not expose yourself," she pleaded, with her arms around his neck, looking pitifully into his face.

"I am not likely to forget you, little woman," he said, with a fond smile.

It is not altogether painful to a man to see his wife trembling with anxiety for him.

"You must keep up her courage while I am gone, Miss Cameron. You are a brave girl."

"*She* is brave," answered Theodora. "She trembles, but she goes right along and does the most courageous things there are to be done."

"Like taking the brunt of it, yesterday, without letting me know. That was too much, Mollie," he said, kissing the tears from her pale face. "Don't you worry about me to-day, my dear. The office is thoroughly defended."

Arthur was possessed all day by a desire to be out in the streets and know what was going on. His mother was in terror to have him go, and, yet, she longed to hear, for his father's sake. So he was continually going, and then rushing home to tell whatever news he picked up of the day before, or the present: fires here, fights there,—rails torn up,—houses rifled,—

peace orators (?) stirring the crowds to mutiny — neighbors savagely murdered, — citizens debating martial law, — Custom House garrisoned, — Gunboat lying at the foot of Wall Street with guns trained to rake the streets.

It was with pale cheeks and bated breath that the boy described the horrible fate of the Colonel whom they had seen leading the military through their streets, tortured to death, with shocking barbarities, — the mob that thronged to gloat upon the agonies of the mangled man, refusing a drop of water to his expiring lips, trying to keep off the intrepid priest who insisted on giving him extreme unction in the article of death.

They listened, shivering, to the awful tale, Mrs. Leighton all the while imagining her husband in the place of the murdered man.

"Of all wild beasts, a mob is the most pitiless," said Theodora. "Does it seem possible that such a fiendish monster, chasing, tearing, stamping, throttling, gnashing its teeth, and lapping its jaws for blood, is made up of real men and women?"

"I never realized before what it was for the Saviour to give himself up to the clutches of *a mob*! and to say, when they had done their worst, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!'" added Mrs. Leighton.

"This is the jolliest dinner ever I saw!" "I think it is real fun to have a riot!" were the highly inappropriate remarks of Arthur and Lizzie as the family sat down that evening to a table where blue-edged pie plates were cheek by jowl with Dresden china.

The servants were still left in the Vanderberg kitchen, for safety, and the family had a queer time getting dinner and hunting up dishes enough to eat it from.

"Now, Miss Cameron, if you don't pronounce this steak broiled to perfection, I doubt if you ever get a *Tribune* editor to do the thing for you again," remarked the host.

"It is rare and juicy as one of your own editorials!"

"Mr. Leighton, will you drink from the bowl, or from the tin dipper?" asked his wife. "You needn't look at the cup, I shall give that to the company."

"That is her right, I suppose, as she made the coffee. Give me the tin dipper; it reminds me of the old oaken bucket that hung in the well."

"Now come into Corner," said Lizzie, after dinner was disposed of, seizing her father's hand and dancing along by his side to the drawing room. The floor was bare and the curtains were torn down, but the ladies had managed to give a habitable look to one corner of it, where a sofa, too heavy to steal or to break, had held its own. They had brought down from the attic, with great rejoicing, an enormous chintz-covered easy chair, which had such a grandmotherly air of comfort, that it cheered the desolation like some old-fashioned friend, who retires to the background in the days of prosperity, but is sure to be the mainstay when trouble comes. They had searched the house for some table that would stand on four feet, and arranged on it the pretty trinkets that had escaped, and brought down from the nursery window some plants in bloom, which happened to have survived.

"We shall have to begin all over again," said Mrs. Leighton, glancing around the room.

"Not quite," said her husband, with a loving smile at the children hanging about him. "Not quite! I think we are a good ways from beginning where we did in the first place."

"Oh, won't it be nice!" exclaimed Lizzie, with enthusiasm. "Will it be just as it was when you lived in the little house where Arthur was born?"

The children were never tired of hearing about the days when their father had come to New York, a poor reporter, and brought his young wife to keep house in two rooms.

They all laughed at Lizzie's view of the case, and it struck a hopeful chord in the mother's heart.

She had been sighing to think of all the hard won treasures of their early life, all the beautiful luxuries of later days, rich with memories of travel and of friendship, which had been torn from them in an hour.

Mr. Leighton had a good income for a literary man, but not a large property. His children were falling into the habits and

temptations of wealth, without any large inheritance to look forward to. Perhaps it would be good for them to be set back, at the start, and understand how a home is built up. Mrs. Leighton felt that if this rough stripping of earthly good would make her children any stronger and better men and women in the end, she could more than bear it; she could welcome it.

They sat chatting together about affairs both public and private, till the little ones grew drowsy and Theodora offered to put them to bed. She knew how tired their mother was, and thought, besides, she would be glad of a quiet talk with her husband. When the children had given their sleepy good-night kisses, and she had gone away with them, Arthur running before to light the gas, Mrs. Leighton remarked :

"You don't know what a treasure that girl has been to-day ! I always thought her bright and kind hearted, but I had no idea how energetic and ingenious and practical she was."

"She has had a good Vermont bringing up."

"Yes, and then she has been keeping house for her mother these six months past and really understands it."

"It seems to me she has developed fast and finely, since she used to be here, two or three years ago," remarked Mr. Leighton.

"You didn't quite appreciate her then, Howard," answered the wife, changing her seat from the sofa to the easy chair, so that she could have the pleasure of looking at him, more comfortably.

"She was rather afraid of you then, and did not let herself out, talking with you."

"Afraid? Nonsense !"

"Oh, yes, my dear, you *are* rather formidable, you know so much. I believe I should be a little afraid of you, myself, if you did not belong to me."

"It might be well for me, sometimes, if you were," laughed the husband. "At all events, your young favorite seems perfectly at her ease now, and I like her. There is an unpretending self-possession about her which is womanly and pleasing. But you won't make me believe, Mollie, that the difference is merely

in daring to let herself out. You can see by her very face that she has a culture and a mental poise which she had not then."

"Of course she has. She had a character to make the most of whatever came to her. She must have seen and felt a good deal of life in these three years, and it has been wrought into her, as you see."

Thursday morning, New York breathed more freely, knowing that her darling 7th Regiment had come home.

The Riot growled away in the suburbs and sullenly stood at bay: Thursday night troops were coming in from the front, and Friday the turbulent city was at peace.

Still the Leightons would not allow Theodora to start on her solitary journey for several days. She must rest from the excitement and fatigue, they said.

The air was full of alarm and uncertainty. Trains were crowded with soldiery, — Gettysburg was still sending away the wounded from its field of awful glory. She was impatient to reach Donald, but yielded to their judgment, and wrote him that she would leave New York, Friday, the 24th inst., and spend Sunday at their Uncle Graham's. If he was able to meet her there, they would reach home the sooner. If not, she would go directly on to Cincinnati. "You will get well fast," she added, "with your sister's nursing. Sha'n't we be almost too happy to live, when we have you safe at home once more?"

It was all the more delightful to her, when she said good-bye, that Friday evening, to have Mrs. Leighton embrace her so warmly and say with tears in her eyes:

"You don't know what a strength and comfort you have been to me through these terrible days! I shall love you for it as long as I live!"

All the way down in the street cars, she felt as if she were carrying away some precious, new possession; and crossing the ferry, her happiness was full. She was really something to this friend who was so much to her! She was fairly on her way towards Donald, and the scene was so beautiful!

She and Mr. Leighton stood leaning on the guards; he thinking up an editorial, and she drinking in the charm of the night and the place.

"Don't be frightened out of coming to see us again," said Mr. Leighton, when he had settled her comfortably in the cars. "Our barbarians have found that it costs more than it comes to, to make an eruption. They will not try it again very soon."

"Barbarians are not a calculating race, are they? I should think your only hope was to civilize them."

"Hopeless," said Mr. Leighton, shaking his head.

"Then the Republic is hopeless, for aught I can see."

"No, a better race will crowd these brutes out, in time."

"The blacks? Oh, don't for mercy's sake stir them up against each other, Mr. Leighton. It is bad enough already. These people must live somewhere."

"I don't see the necessity of it."

"They might as well be here. You can't exterminate them, you know, and all you can do to save them or ourselves, is to christianize them and civilize them. At least, so it seems to me." She ended abashed to find herself laying down her opinions for Mr. Leighton.

"It is a pleasant thing to be young and sanguine," he answered, with an indulgent smile. "I have lived long enough to feel that the most we can do is to give men a fair chance and then trust one set of bad passions to counterbalance another, so that the old world will not go to ruin before her time."

"But there's the 'All Aboard!' Good-by. Come and see us, as often as you can."

A cordial grasp of the hand, and he was gone.

Our young traveller sat thinking over what he had said. It was her first glimpse of the bitter despondency which must often beset any reformer who does not draw his courage from faith in the Redeemer of men.

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[For the end of this fascinating and powerfully written story, we must refer our readers to the last pages of "Theodora."—EDS.]

Good Night.

The sun is slowly sinking
 Behind the western hills.
But still the little birds sing
 In roundelays and trills.
Singing, softly singing,
 In their voices bright
Always one refrain, sweet,
Good night, dear heart, good night.

The winds are gently stirring
 The trees all gold and red,
And in the fragrant garden
 Red Poppy nods her head.
Shrilly chirp the crickets
 With the waning light
Sleepy little songs, sweet,
Good night, dear heart, good night.

The stars begin to glimmer
 Within the hazy blue,
Whilst I stand idly dreaming,
 Still dreaming dreams of you.
In the murmuring chorus
 Voices of the night
Join my heart in chanting,
Good night, dear heart, good night.

Beulah Field.

Snap Shots Among the Pines.

THE sun shines with a blinding glare upon the piles of white sand. The continual thud, thud, of crushing rock comes from the mill. The songs of the black laborers mingle with the profanity of the bosses.

On the bank of one of the phosphate pits, stands a colored boy, looking down upon the bare shining backs of the men below him. He has stopped a moment to join in their song:

“Hain’t I tole you a hundred times —

Baby!

Hain’t I tole you a hundred times —

Dey ain’t no money in de phosphate mines —

Baby!”

In perfect time with the monotonous yet melodious cadence, the picks strike the clay. The boy’s eyes measure the dimensions of his shadow on the sand; he expands his chest and feels his biceps. In the men below him he sees his ideal and he wants to be a man.

Joe turns to watch the deliberate oxen drawing bowlders from the more remote pits. He wonders how he should like being an ox. But before he has had time fully to decide, his philosophy is interrupted. His speedy team of land turtles, harnessed by twine to a cart with tin can wheels, is running away.

“Whoa, dah, Jack! Whah you gwine?”

In the cart were two flat irons. The tortoise thus suddenly addressed drew its head and feet into its shell. Joe sat down to await the animal’s convenience, meanwhile berating it.

“Yo Jack yo! Yo no better’n a niggah! Doan you know my mammy gwine kill me shore nuff, if she hain’t git dese flats ’fore long?”

But the gopher continued to sulk and Joe turned his attention to the pit.

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Near the center of the dreary phosphate clearing, a solitary pine tree raises its resinous needles, a hundred feet above the

sterile soil. Like a sentinel it stands looking away over the tops of the surrounding houses which have dared to approach its borders. Near the base of the tree stands a negro cabin, its slab roof covered with brown needles. A sweet jasmine vine has crept half way up the clay chimney. The air is heavy with its fragrance.

Within the cabin, a colored man sits at a pine table shuffling a pack of greasy cards.

In the shade of the cabin, a deserted wash tub emits the smell of soap and hot water. The dusky laundress, a slender mulatto girl, has left the steaming clothes and gone to the front of the cabin. Here the desire to dance has suddenly seized her. The emotional nature of her race recognizes no higher law than impulse.

With arms akimbo, and her face beaming with childish delight, she stands a moment like a waltzer, waiting for the music to begin. A lazy hound, lying near the door, watches the girl out of one sleepy eye. He knows what is going to happen,—Daphne has danced before. Suddenly, as though a demon orchestra had struck up some mad air, the girl begins to dance as only a colored girl can dance. With an imaginary partner she “cuts the Mobile Buck” until one would think that the whirling figure was made of springs and gutta-percha. The dancer oblivious of her surroundings, throws back her head and gives further vent to her joy in an ecstatic peal of laughter.

The next moment a shrill voice brings the dancer to her senses. An old woman stands in the doorway scolding and shaking her fist. Daphne, seeing that she has been caught, kicks up one foot like a colt just turned out to pasture, and runs laughing around the house.

The old woman turns back into the cabin. The hound brushes away a fly from his nose and goes to sleep again.

Meanwhile Joe's mammy waited for the irons.

“Dat triflin' young niggah done been gone sense wuck-time an' he hain't come wid dose ayans yit. I'se gwine beat dat boy. Dah, now, I reckon dat floah white nuff.”

The woman who had been on her hands and knees scrubbing the pine board floor, arose and looked about for the broom. She was a big black raw-boned woman, and her rolled-up sleeves revealed an arm muscular as a man's. Turning her face for an instant toward the door, the strong sunlight fell upon her coarse features, in which was not a single line giving evidence of her sex. "Doll Baby" was a woman not to be trifled with. As she turned around in her search for the broom, suddenly her attention was again attracted to the door. A small, black object had projected itself from the side — looking like a veritable sun spot in the dazzling glare behind it. The sun spot was in reality the kinky head of Doll Baby's three-year old pickaninny, "Smith."

"Doan wuk so hohd gul, wuk slow!" Smith drawled to his mammy, as he planted a muddy foot on the wet floor.

"Clear out ob hyah, you imp!"

But instead of "clearing out" Smith marched on across the floor and perched himself on the kitchen table. His mother began to sweep out the water, while Smith began to sing his pet song in time to the swish of his mother's broom:

"Mámie — Mámie" "Mámie — Mámie"

"Mámie — youh Máma" — "Call' you — Call' you"

"Má ———"

Smith dropped himself, and incidentally the refrain, barely in time to avoid the down stroke of the broom, which landed squarely on the exact section of the table from which, but a moment before, Smith's green gingham apron alone had separated Smith's black anatomy.

Quick as had been the boy's movement, it was not so quick as his next. The muddy feet had planted themselves in the middle of the slippery floor only to rise the next instant above the woolly head. Poor Smith had leaped from the frying pan into the fire, or to be more explicit from the table into the water. Boy and apron rolled over the soapy floor, the avenging broom in pursuit. As Smith hurried through the door the gingham apron, after the manner of all true friends, stuck closer than a brother.

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It was Saturday and the noon whistle had just announced a half holiday. Out of the pits came the two hundred colored men,—most of them taking the direct path to the “commissary” to buy grits and bacon.

Laughing, singing, and dancing, through the pine woods they came, a band of over-grown children, turned loose for a frolic. Striding along before the rest came the leader of this animal herd. Black as a coal, straight, strong, commanding, Aaron Fells, a veritable African king, was the recognized Jesse of the mine. Every colored man in the camp paid allegiance to this man, whose authority sprang from the old barbaric law that might is right. His two boys, Sargent and Felix, who worked with him in the pit, followed their father.

“Cap’n Charley,” the commissary boss, threw down his yellow-backed novel and prepared to wait on the hungry crowd.

Doll Baby was puffing audibly as she bent over the fireplace to turn the “white meat.” Sparks from the pine wood fire leaped over the hearth, perilously near the bare toes of Smith, who sat on a box eating an onion with visible relish. Having finished placing the tin dishes on the table, Daphne stood looking out of the window at a fierce battle being waged between two young cocks. Thoroughly absorbed in the contest, she cried out :

“Now youh got him ! Hole fas’ !”

The well developed hand of Doll Baby comes down upon Daphne’s head sending her “a winding.”

“You triflin’ niggah ! Whah time dis to stan’ dah ? Git dar pone up drectly fo’ I larrip you !”

Aaron stood in the doorway laughing to see his wife assert her authority. The steaming dish of “grits” she places on the table, and catching sight of her amused spouse exclaims :

“I know whah you ’musin’ yousef oveh ; you reckon on gittin’ de boys’ pay to-night but I kin tell you right now—you needn’t trouble yousef, for I done been to the Cap’n and tole him Sargent and Felix was *my* boys an’ dare pay was dew to me fo’ dare boad. Now come to dinneh ’fo’ I gits clean out o’ patience !”

In broad daylight the "big house" might appear rough, and the unpainted boards offend the aesthetic eye, nevertheless its wide, wide "galleries" and the deep "breeze-way" were inviting. This was the only green spot in sight. Luxuriant vines concealed the fences. A pretty plot of Bermuda grass covered the doorway and the row of waving banana trees fanned the air in a graceful, lazy fashion. The cypress and moon vines conspired together to hide the great chimney, while the porches and roofs were covered by the madeira and morning glories. A great wisteria, though burdened with clusters of purple flowers, contended with an ivy in the race up a pine tree.

It was evening, and from the negro quarters their singing sounded sweet and melodious. The high tenor of —

"When he go by-y-y"

"Yoh kin hyr de ledy's sigh-h"

"Who — dat?"

"Dat's — Charley — Gastus — B r o w n" —

lost its penetrating quality, and the minors which defy imitation, when heard from that distance, were wonderfully beautiful — almost pathetic.

An August moon softened the aspect and made even picturesque the throng of blacks who waited to be paid. Their massive faces shone with good feeling, their oft repeated jokes brought forth the loudest laughter. But Aaron was preoccupied and sought for the opportunity of a private word with the superintendent.

"Cap'n, I jus' like to ax you 'bout dat ole woman o' mine. I lef' her ober to de Atlas mine when I come heah; but when de carh ran ober my foot an' I had to lay up, she tuk advantage ob me, an' stablsh shesef so fas' dat I caan't cl'ar her out."

The young man did not seem to be much affected by his story, as Aaron continued:

"Cap'n, is a man got to lib at de mercy ob he wife? Cā-an't he rid hesef o' her? Ain't de law no pertexion to a man? Is it jus' dat she hab my boys' pay?"

Small wonder that after this heartfelt appeal he should receive the wages of the boys together with his own.

In the crowded "commissary," Cap'n Charley, while persuading George Washington that those "brogans" were of finest leather and just the latest shape, dealt out flour to another and tobacco and candy to the third. The rude shelves were filled with any and every article necessary to a negro's well being — cigarettes and bacon, or such luxuries as snuff and coffee. The long strings of tin buckets and suspenders appeared gaudy and bright in the light of a smoky kerosene lamp.

"Next!"

"Giv' me fi' cent o' sugar," drawled Pompey as he handed over his check to be punched.

"What did you have for dinner? Speak up."

"Snaps and sweetened water, Cap'n."

"Then what do you mean by not getting something fit to eat, Now — what'l you have?"

"Fi' cent o' cawn meal an' some bacon."

The men were ranged around the room on boxes and barrels or sitting on their heels, while in the center "Pad-lock" attempted to give a ho-down though somewhat retarded by his game foot.

The noise ceased suddenly as Doll Baby, angry as a tiger, rushed in from the darkness; she glared into the faces of the men and demanded —

"Kin eny jintleman loan a ledy a knife?"

The request put as a command by one of so fierce an aspect, was not to be refused. Dirk in hand she disappeared into the night again.

The break in the festivities might have proved embarrassing, had not Æsop risen to the occasion.

"Jintlemens you has been de witnesses ob a ledy's gran' passion fo' one ob you friens. Doan you envy Aaron, de happy husban' ob sech a wife!

"Hi! heah dat shot! Dey mus' be habin' a kind ob disagreement. She done driv' dat man to desperism shuh!"

"Les go see de fun!"

The flickering light from the fireplace revealed an unpleasant

sight. Alas ! that floor would require another scouring. Upturned chairs added to the confusion, and the shadows of the occupants formed fantastic shapes on the rafters. Doll Baby lay quite exhausted. Her calico dress was torn and even blood stained, for one bullet had not missed her shoulder. Aaron supported her, while the many deep gashes on his ebony body testified to the good work of Doll Baby's knife.

"I tole you I shuh make you sorry, ef you git dat money !"

"I reckon you mo regretfuller yousef, dō."

When their admiring friends assembled, each had great tales to tell of personal prowess.

The children crept out from under the house whither they had taken refuge ; but Smith sat in a dark corner playing with the coins which had been scattered in the scrimmage.

The "church house" was filled to overflowing with a gaily dressed audience. Conspicuous among them was Daphne in all the glory of a vivid green calico, pink sun bonnet, and striped stockings. In fact the whole family was there with the exception of Doll Baby, who was slightly indisposed, and they sat on the front seats, a distinction becoming the "preacher's" children. The gnats and mosquitoes occupied the air quite as densely as the people did the benches. The heat was oppressive. After the singing of a hymn, Aaron arose and with great earnestness and much shouting, expounded the truths of his text —

"Little Children, Love One Another."

ANNA M. GILCHRIST, '98.

The Spell of Science

What means this hush within the spacious hall?
Why stand these listening maidens spell-bound here,
Like breathing statues, each intent to hear?
Is it some charm, strange, subtle, magical,
Like that which held the Fisher King in thrall
And wondrous knights and ladies, many a year,
Till came the pure Sir Galahad sans fear,
To undo by faith the spell perpetual!

But list, oh, list! as by the strange new voice
Of Science, borne along the listening air,
Each hears the politician's stirring tone;
Applause as now the multitude rejoice,
Now swells the heart to music rich and rare,
Wrought by thy spell, oh, wondrous graphophone!

—*E. M.*

How Tommy Stringer Spent Thanksgiving Day.

DEAR COURANT:—You may remember the visit we had some years ago from Helen Keller and will understand our feeling of deep interest in the promised visit of her protégé, Tommy Stringer. Thanksgiving Day at last arrived bringing Miss Conley and her little charge. He was easily recognized, as with head slightly raised and those dear sightless eyes open, he walked with a bearing almost as firm as if in possession of the faculties he lacks. Miss Conley told him we were there and a winsome smile brightened his face as he said “how-do-you-do,” quite distinctly.

Tom is a lad rather small for his age, a shapely little fellow, attractive and lovable. You should have seen them—the beautiful woman bending her fair head over the motherless and dependent boy, he clinging to her knowing instinctively that a warm heart was near him. His whole soul was in the embrace he gave his hostess, Miss McKeen, and immediately Tommy began a tour of discovery through the lovely rooms of Sunset Lodge. Having first been led to his room, he took his bearings and thereafter was able to find it from any part of the building. “How many rooms? How many stories? Is there an attic?” were among his first questions. The house and we were the curiosities, not himself. He amused us rather than we him.

Miss Conley combines not only the offices of mother, sister, friend, and teacher, but is also eyes and ears for the lad,—and never was Persian monarch better served. His very dependence upon her has made each love the other more intensely.

You know after Tommy’s mother died, spinal meningitis seized him and, despite hospital care, the dread disease left the two year old child in utter darkness and silence. Until he was five, his mind remained a perfect blank, his body a stupid bit of clay. Though nine months were consumed in teaching him the first word, his rapid progress since then has been pronounced. In

reality the child of eleven has only lived six years, but he is well up in his studies with boys of equal age. It is difficult for him to understand that he differs from other people and he thinks it a nuisance that they wish him to speak when the finger language is so much easier.

Tom is full of fun, observing, and even witty.

"There is no mister here," said he as we sat at dinner.

"Only Mister Stringer," was Miss Conley's answer, which much amused Tom. I was too intent on watching Tommy, whose face mirrored his every thought and whose hands deftly felt all which lay about him, to know whether soup or ice cream was being served. He kept up an interested conversation with Miss Conley, or "Fly" as he calls her. "How long is the turkey?" was one query which betrayed his boy nature.

Later as he feasted on animal crackers, he expressed great satisfaction over various kinds, insisting that the horse was quite as good as the cow, and as he devoured one of the cat family, spelling swiftly with his fingers "poor tiger" in mock sorrow.

He is extremely active and never at a loss for something to do. With his quick delicate touch he discovers all that is tangible, doorlocks, fireplace and windows, examining the hangings of these with intense interest. Every cast or bit of bric-a-brac of fantastic shape was easily recognized and named by him.

Tommy had quite a reception in the afternoon and he modestly but willingly displayed his various accomplishments. He reads well and rapidly, with one hand feeling the raised letters while with the other spelling it off to Miss Conley; his writing, too, is distinct and regular.

It is plain that Tom's mind is of a mechanical order, and much as he enjoyed the vibrations of the piano under Prof. Downs' touch, the construction of the instrument was more to his liking.

But the birds interested him most of all, and he quite haunted the cages, feeling them all over and dancing with glee when the birds fluttered their wings.

He and Miss Conley played their favorite game. She told him the letter she had in mind was "l," and rapidly Tom began naming articles in the room which began with that letter,—

lounge, lion, lamp. When his guess at last was correct he fairly screamed with delight.

As Tom lay in his little bed that night, his busy fingers moved incessantly, and his irresistible smile played lightly over his face. Was he talking in his sleep? It is interesting to see one who has accomplished so much against such heavy odds, and his fate does not seem so dreadful when witnessed for a short time. But next morning there was no change for Tom. To see him beginning another day, sightless as yesterday, brought the realization of his life-long imprisonment home to us. He was weighed down with no such thoughts,—all life was beautiful and he eager for fresh experiences.

All Draper Hall was subject to Tommy's inspection. He was attended by a troop of girls and few things escaped his observation.

Tom was then escorted to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Draper where he felt at ease immediately and, settling in Mr. Draper's lap, ate cookies to his heart's content. The round silver dollar with which he was presented was safely stowed in Miss Conley's pocket, while the thought of the new cap he would buy with it made him dance with glee.

One with so inquiring, practical, and firm a nature as his, is sure to effect something. What his future life will be is of deepest interest to those of us who are fortunate enough to have met him.

It was with regret that we parted with Tom and his noble guardian. Tears filled all eyes, when he left — with his "good-bye, good-bye, *birds!*" as with a wave of his hand he trudged down the street.

A. M. G.

SUNSET LODGE, Nov. 26.

Editorials.

When it was decided by the Trustees to make specific mention of College preparatory work in the catalogue and advertisements of the school, it was feared by some that an encroachment upon the regular Seminary work would result, and that another school would be formed within our school. Those, however, who were conversant with the work already provided for in our various departments and were familiar, also, with the requirements for admission to College, knew that this could not be the case. With the exception of one or two comparatively unimportant subjects, all College entrance work was already included in our regular curriculum. Our course in mathematics is identical with the College preparatory requirements; although to insure thoroughness a term of review with a few additional topics is arranged for College candidates. A slight readjustment of Latin classes was made; a little special work in Grecian and Roman History is provided for; and the reading of a short list of English and American classics. The only increase of expense was in the addition of an instructor in Greek in which department there must now be three regular classes. There are this year twenty pupils in school who are pursuing their studies with a view to entering College. The instruction given in Abbot Academy stands in high repute at the Colleges, where our certificates are accepted with great confidence. Pupils who are regarded by our teachers as well fitted find the work of their first year in College comparatively light because of the good foundations laid while in this school. The attention given to this work is not wholly without care and anxiety, but this endeavor to meet a need has brought many pupils to our school and thousands of dollars into our treasury.

As the chief feature of our present issue is a long buried treasure from "Miss Phebe's" pen, we are glad to quote from Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs's beautiful memorial the following appreciative summary of Miss Phebe's literary work:—

"During our civil war Miss Phebe wrote numerous articles relating to the soldiers, many of which were widely copied and highly prized.

The later time at Abbot Academy which she could devote to writing was given to the three books published since 1872. One of these — a child's story, 'The Little Mother and her Christmas,' had a large sale, and is even now the delight of the fortunate children who read it. And as for 'Thornton Hall,' how many are the girls not only of Abbot Academy, but of all the schools in the land, who have laughed and cried over it, and confessed that its writer knew girls better than they knew themselves!

'Theodora Cameron' found perhaps even a larger number of readers for its exquisite pictures of home and family life. Riding in a railway carriage, one summer in England, its only other occupant, an intelligent looking young lady, began talking with me about books and authors. We spoke of Jean Ingelow's 'Off the Skelligs,' and 'Fated to be Free;' of Miss Phelps's 'Avis,' and many others. No allusion was made to my being an American, in fact I was not thus identified. By and by we came round to 'Little Women,' when she suddenly exclaimed, 'And there is another book I like very much, that is "Theodora Cameron!"' How happy I was to tell her about our dear Miss Phebe, how she looked, talked and taught, and how much happier I thought I was going to be when I should repeat her warm words of praise with my own lips to the author. But that loving pleasure was not for me! Even before we thus talked together, Miss Phebe had gone where the 'well done,' with which the Master greeted her had fully satisfied her yearning soul."

Paradoxical as it may seem, now that the whole school is in Draper Hall, some of us miss Draper Hall very much indeed. The pleasant interchange of visits between this house and Smith Hall, on Tuesday evening, has of necessity ceased. What shall compensate us for this real loss of frequent opportunities for exercising the duties and privileges of guest and host in the simple, old-time way? Who will suggest some way in which Tuesday night in the dining room may seem less like other nights, more like recreation?

Where is the Sphinx, that literary Club of yore?

— “Where are the snows of last year?”

What has become of the Banjo Club?

— “Where are the snows of last year?”

Shall we pride ourselves upon our unique position among the schools of our land? or shall we ask ourselves seriously why in this age of Clubs, we are singularly free from the contagious spirit of the times. Is there no musical ability among us? Could we not, if we would, have a splendid Glee and Banjo Club? If we could, why don't we? Don't some of us wish to know what is going on in the world? If so, why don't we have a Current Events Club? Are Literature, History, Science, Language, interesting merely in the class room? If not, why don't we band ourselves together to enjoy these subjects independently of lessons? Winter is coming. Who would like to join a snow-shoe Club?

Let us look about us and see whether we can find another community, so bright, so interesting, so able as we, so utterly *unclubable*.

School Journal.

The class of '97 closed the door upon its school days with much the same feelings of mingled anticipation and regret which have filled the hearts of Abbot Seniors in the Commencement Season for more than half a century. Blue June skies, comfortable weather and a turf made green by a spring-time of rain, gave a proper setting to the occasion and made it difficult even for the Seniors to be sad.

The Baccalaureate Sermon was preached in the South Church, Sunday morning, June 22, by the Rev. William E. Wolcott, of Lawrence.

Monday afternoon the Seniors gave a tea to their friends under the "Old Oak." Among the company of proud parents, brothers, teachers, and friends, baby Dorothy Roberts toddled about, busily dragging pillows from chairs and settees to pile them in a bright heap, upon which she flung herself with shouts of delight. No one present is likely to forget the picture.

Monday evening, the pupils of Prof. Downs, assisted by the Fidelio Society, gave a Musicales in Abbot Hall.

PROGRAM.

PART FIRST.

PART SONG: The Smiling Dawn - - - - - *Handel*
THE FIDELIO SOCIETY.

PIANO: <i>a.</i>	A song of Germany	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Moszkowski</i>
<i>b.</i>	Menuett	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Bizet</i>

MISSSES MARION MORSE, DARLING, MILLER, AND STORK.

SONG : Spring's Return - - - - - *Vidal*
MISS DOW.

PIANO: *a.* A Shepherd's Tale
b. Shepherds All and Maidens Fair } - - *Ethelbert Nevill*
 MISS MARION MORSE.

PART SONGS: *a.* Spring - - - - - *Lassen*
b. The Rose on the Heath - - - *Gade*

THE FIDELIO SOCIETY.

PIANO:	a.	Berceuse	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Schitte
	b.	Shadow Dance	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	McDowell
	c.	Ballade in E flat	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Reinecke

MISS SMART.

PART SECOND.

PIANO: Concerto in G minor - - - - - *Mendellsohn*
 Molto allegro con fuoco-Andante-Presto.

MISS BROOKS.

Orchestral part played upon second piano.

SONG: One Love Have I - - - - - *Cowen*
 MISS ALICE F. MORSE.

PIANO: Love Song - - - - - *Liszt*
 MISS CARLETON.

PART SONGS: *a.* Lullaby - - - - - *Chadwick*
b. On the Mountain - - - - - *Mair*

PIANO: *Allegro from Choral Symphony - - - - - *Mendellsohn*
 MISSES BROOKS, CARLETON, SMART, AND MR. DOWNS.

*Composed to commemorate the discovery of the art of printing. First performed at Leipzig, June 25, 1840.

The Tuesday Morning exercises by the class in Abbot Hall were distinctly Academic in character and showed a very genuine appreciation of "Sweete Poesie."

PROGRAM.

TENNYSON AND BROWNING.

VIOLIN SOLO: Cavatina - - - - - *Raff*
 MISS CILLEY.

THE MEED OF POETRIE - - - - - *Sidney*
 MISS WARE.

THE DELIGHTS OF POETRY - - - - - *Shelley*
 MISS SMITH.

LYRICAL POETRY: *a.* My Star - - - - - *Browning*
b. Fortune's Wheel - - - - - *Tennyson*
 MISSES PORTER AND ROYCE.

CHRUS: Sweet and Low - - - - - *Barnby*
 MISSES BALDWIN, GEORGE, HINKLEY, PORTER, ROYCE, STORY, AND WARE.

DISCUSSION: BROWNING'S ART AND MUSIC POEMS

MISSES BALDWIN, CILLEY, CLEARY, HINKLEY, PAINE, POOR, SMITH, STORY,
 AND STOW.

PIANO: Fugue - - - - - *Reinhold*
 MISSES GEORGE AND PORTER.

ESSAY : Browning's Love Poems

MISS RICHARDSON.

PIANO: A Norwegian Dance - - - - - *Grieg*

MISSES GEORGE AND PORTER.

RECITATION: In a Balcony - - - - - *Browning*

MISS WARE.

CONCLUSION

MISS GEORGE.

Immediately at the close of the exercises in the Hall, the whole company adjourned to the grounds where the beautiful tree exercises were held.

TREE EXERCISES.

TRANSFER OF SPADE

MISS GEORGE, MISS ROGERS.

TREE SONG - - - - - *By Miss Ware*

Little linden, here we plant thee,
'Neath the oak's protecting might;
Ever shall we cherish, love thee
Nestling safe from storm's affright.

Soon within thy perfumed bower
Whispering low of summer ease,
Gladly will each modest flower
Yield its sweetness to the bees.

As in years we gather round thee,
Meet again each other here,
May we, in unchanging beauty,
Keep the love we hold most dear.

Keep the faith years cannot alter,
Firmly strive, as in the past,
From our motto never falter,
"Seek the highest" to the last.

Tuesday, June 22nd., 11 A. M., at the South Church.

VOLUNTARY AND MARCH.

Gloria in Excelsis - - - - - *S. M. Downs*
FIDELIO SOCIETY.

INVOCATION - - - - - REV. CHARLES H OLIPHANT

SOLO AND CHORUS: The Holy City - - - - - *Adams*
MISS HALEY, MISS MORSE, AND THE FIDELIO SOCIETY.

ADDRESS - - - - - REV. WILLIAM H. DAVIS, D.D., Newton, Mass.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS - - - - - MR. WARREN F. DRAPER

PARTING HYMN

Words by A. L. Waring

Music by S. M. Downs

Father, I know that all my life
 Is portioned out for me;
 And the changes that are sure to come
 I do not fear to see;
 But I ask Thee for a present mind
 Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
 Through constant watching wise,
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
 And to wipe the weeping eyes;
 And a heart at leisure from itself,
 To soothe and sympathize.

Wherever in the world I am,
 In whatsoe'er estate,
 I have a fellowship with hearts
 To keep and cultivate;
 And a work of lowly love to do
 For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,—
 To none that ask denied;
 And a mind to blend with outward life
 While keeping at Thy side;
 Content to fill a little space
 If Thou be glorified.

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION - - - - - REV. FREDERIC H. PAGE

The Senior class felt that it was a special privilege to receive their diplomas from the hands of Mr. Draper. Certainly the audience might be pardoned for enjoying, emotionally and aesthetically, the picture of Abbot's silver haired benefactor, standing in the group of serious young girls.

Hall Exercises.

The school has met in Abbot Hall for general exercises five Saturday afternoons this autumn.

Oct. 2. Lina Cook, Grace Fleek and Mabel Norris repeated the selections which they spoke at the Draper Recital last June. The last part of the program was devoted to popular airs reproduced upon the graphophone. Miss Mason gave a brief explanation of the mechanism of the instrument.

Oct. 16. Miss Ingalls gave an interesting and helpful lecture on "Methods of Study." Florence Marston True, '92-'95, entertained by selections on the violin. Annie Smart played the piano accompaniment.

Oct. 30. Several of the students gave short talks upon the current topics discussed in the magazines. In connection with the article upon the "The Frigate Constitution," Beulah Field read Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem "Old Ironsides."

Nov. 13. Miss Maria Merrill gave an amusing account of her life in the *Pensionnat de Jeunes Filles de Madame Cahuzac* at Bourg la Reine near Paris.

Nov. 27. Miss Susan Jackson talked about the Andover of fifty years ago. It was hard for her listeners to realize that her experience could go back to the time when the first carpet came to Andover and when there was only one piano in town.

Entertainments.

On Thursday evening, Sept. 16, the day on which school opened, Miss Watson gave an informal reception in her parlors. This gathering afforded an opportunity for the girls to catch a glimpse of their fellow companions of the ensuing year.

Sept. 21. The Seniors invited the family to a Hobby Party in the Seniors' Parlor and Reading Room. The rooms were prettily decorated with ferns and pillows. Each person represented in her own way her special hobby; there were monogram fans, posters, sugar plums, cuts of Gibson men, various representations of bicycles, snow-shoeing and other outdoor sports. The traveling hobby was indicated by a heavy pile of red backed Baedekers'.

Oct. 23. The girls attended the Yale Freshman and Phillips football game. Score 14-0 in favor of Phillips.

Early in the fall the Seniors gave a tea in their parlors to their friends in town.

The Lawrenceville game occurred November 19 and in spite of stormy weather many of the girls attended. The score was 42-4 in favor of Phillips. The boys could not let this victory go by without a celebration. About eight o'clock in the evening the lawn in front of Draper Hall was swarmed with boys. The team rode in a barge and following were perhaps three hundred fellows. Although this celebration occurred during study hours, I wonder if there was a single girl who did not stop her work and rush to the window to see the boys, many of them carrying colored fire, Roman candles and giving their well known yells.

The Phillips Clubs serenaded the School on the evenings of October 22 and November 5.

The Annual Senior Reception was given on Tuesday evening, November 16. Miss Watson and Miss Perley received in the Seniors' parlor. After the reception everyone went to Abbot Hall where "A Japanese Wedding" was given by the members of the class of '98. The cast was as follows:

Momotaro Tenno,	- - - - -	Groom
	MISS GILCHRIST.	
Akira Ichijo, - - - - -		Bride
	MISS G. HOLT.	
Haru Ko, - - - - -		Go-Between
	MISS PEARSON.	
Jimme Tenno, - - - - -		Groom's Father
	MISS RICHARDSON.	
Atafutu Tenno, - - - - -		Groom's Mother
	MISS TYER.	
Kusuga Ichijo, - - - - -		Bride's Father
	MISS VARNUM.	
Yoshi Ichijo, - - - - -		Bride's Mother
	MISS HARDY.	

BRIDESMAIDS:

Ume Tsuda, - - - - -	Miss Perley
Oyama Kano, - - - - -	Miss Foster
Iwafuji Hokusia, - - - - -	Miss Patrick
Onoye Okyo, - - - - -	Miss E. Holt
Shinto Ginke, - - - - -	Miss Cook
Yama Taira, - - - - -	Miss Pease
Accompanists, - - - - -	Miss Smart, Miss Stork

The entertainment closed with a dance in the dining-room.

Thursday afternoon, December 9, the first of a series of Musical Recitals under the direction of Prof. Downs took place at the November Club house:

PROGRAM.

Pax Vobiscum,	}	- - - - -	<i>Schubert</i>
Nacht und Träume,			
Gruppe aus dem Tartarus,			
		MR. MAX HEINRICH.	
THREE DUETTS, - - - - -			<i>Schumann</i>
		Landliches Lied.	
		Herbstlied.	
		Schon Blumlein.	
		MRS. HEINRICH and MISS JULIA HEINRICH.	
Ma vie a son secret, - - - - -			<i>Bizet</i>
Ritournelle, }	}	- - - - -	<i>Chaminade</i>
Le Noel des Oiseaux,			
		MISS JULIA HEINRICH.	

Invocation to sleep,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Tschaikowsky</i>
O let Night speak of me,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Chadwick</i>
It is not always May,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Gounod</i>
The Wooing,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Siebeking</i>

MR. MAX HEINRICH.

TWO DUETTS.

Night Hymn at Sea,	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Goring Thomas</i>
Papageno, Papagena,	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Mozart</i>

MR. AND MRS. MAX HEINRICH.

On the way to Kew,	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Foot</i>
Old Song,	{	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Nevin</i>
'Twas April,		-	-	-	-	-	

MISS JULIA HEINRICH.

Die beiden Grenadiere,	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Schumann</i>
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MR. MAX HEINRICH.

Religious Services.

Every Sunday evening the Abbot Christian Workers hold a twenty-minutes prayer-meeting in the sitting-room. The meetings are led by the girls, and those who attend find them interesting and helpful.

We have had the privilege of attending some special services at the South Church this year. One Sunday evening we listened to a grand sermon by Prof. Churchill. Some of us also have attended the services given by Mr. Shipman during the year, in which he used the various scenes of "The Pilgrim's Progress" in describing the Christian life.

The praise services of Thursday morning are a pleasant feature of the chapel exercises. But the Thanksgiving praise service, on the Monday preceding Thanksgiving Day, was an especially inspiring occasion. The singing and the verses recited seemed to come so directly from the heart that one could not help joining in the general thanksgiving. On the preceding Saturday and at this service, an offering of thirteen dollars was taken. Under the direction of the King's Daughters, eight dollars more was collected and the whole amount sent to Mr. Waldron, the city missionary, towards Thanksgiving dinners for the poor of Boston.

At the Friday morning missionary talks, we have had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Gordon, the wife of the late Dr. Gordon of Boston, who gave us a helpful talk on Bible Study. Mrs. Rand, who is working among the Mountain Whites in Hudson, North Carolina, gave us an interesting account of her work.

Our Christmas offering this year is to be sent to Mr. Jelinck, a missionary among the Poles in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. From letters received, the family seems to be a very worthy one. Clothing and other articles suitable for Christmas gifts are now being collected for a Christmas barrel for this family.

At many of our Saturday evening services, we have enjoyed listening to friends outside the school. One of our first meetings was led by Dr. Selah Merrill, who gave us an account of the California Christian Endeavor Convention. Helpful services were led by Mr. Dunbar of the Theological Seminary, by Mr. Wilson of the Free Church, and by Mr. Shaw, Secretary of the International Y. P. S. C. E. Mrs. Vaitses, a missionary to the Greeks in America, told us of her work. A collection of six dollars was taken for Mrs. Vaitses. Miss Graves gave an especially interesting account of the rescue work in connection with the Ingleside Home in Revere. The Saturday evening before Thanksgiving was a real Thanksgiving meeting. We all wrote on slips of paper for what we were thankful, and these slips were read at the meeting.

Tuesday evening, Nov. 23, some of the school attended the missionary lecture given at the Seminary Chapel by Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrows of Chicago.

Out of Town Pleasures.

November 5, a number of teachers and students attended the illustrated lecture given in Lowell by Mr. Nansen.

December 10, the Senior Class visited with Miss Bancroft, the Art Museum, the Boston Public Library and Trinity Church.

December 10, Miss Merrill, with a large party of her French pupils, attended the performance of *Athalie* given by the French Department of Harvard University.

The Lowell Institute lecture course in Boston is offering unusually fine opportunities to lecture goers this winter. One of the attractions has been a course of ten lectures on Tides, given by Prof. G. H. Darwin of Cambridge, England. As he is the greatest student in this subject and the author of the tidal evolution theory, his coming was looked upon as a rare treat by scholars. Two members of the Faculty of Abbot Academy greatly enjoyed listening to several of these lectures.

Items of General Interest.

There has been erected at the grave of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in the private cemetery belonging to the Theological Seminary and to Phillips Academy at Andover, a cross bearing the following inscriptions: on the plinth, "A tribute of loving remembrance, erected by her children;" on the base, "1811 Harriet Beecher Stowe 1896;" and on the sub-base "Her children shall rise up and call her blessed." The cross is of Aberdeen granite, resting upon a sub-base of American granite. It is about twelve feet high and in the form of the Celtic cross. Over the grave of her husband at the left, is a recumbent Latin cross of Wellesley granite; and at the right, a white marble cross, erect, in memory of the son, Henry Ellis Beecher Stowe, who was drowned at Dartmouth College in 1857. It is generally known that Mrs. Stowe's family have declined any offers for the erection of a monument by the children of the country or by contributions from the race she did so much to free or by gifts from any other source, claiming for themselves in most suitable terms the privilege, while acknowledging the friendliness and sympathy of those who have approached them on the subject. It is not so generally known that the children, in choosing the form of the memorial, were guided by an expressed preference of their mother. The result is beautiful and fitting, just suited to her character and fame and to the place in which it stands.

Mr. Walter M. Hardy of the New York Art League has designed a poster for the Abbot Courant. Mr. Hardy has been very successful in the dull coloring and the picturesque design. It represents the head of a young girl with Medusa locks. She is neither Greek nor Egyptian, but distinctively an American poster girl. To us she is very attractive, and we trust that she may be found an admirable representative of the individuality of this number of the Courant. The poster has been printed under the management of the class of '98 and may be obtained at the Andover Bookstore.

Nov. 6. Fifty members of the Abbot Academy Club attended its first fall meeting and dinner at the Parker House, Boston, Saturday. Before the dinner, there was a business meeting, and afterward Henry A. Clapp, dramatic critic of the Boston Advertiser, read a paper on "Shakespeare as Man and Poet." The officers for this year are: Mrs. Harriet A. Baldwin, president; Mrs. Adeliza Brainerd Chaffee, first vice-president; Miss Mary F. Merriam, treasurer; Mrs. Ida Barrett Adams, secretary. The club now numbers over one hundred members

and monthly meetings will be held on the first Saturday of every month during the fall, winter and spring, and all who have been members of the Academy are most cordially invited to become members of the club.

Tuesday, December 7, the Seniors repeated the performance of the Japanese Wedding at Christ Church.

Among the good times of the Autumn term were the pleasant evenings spent at Mrs. Tyer's and Mrs. Foster's. When it was time to make the decorations for the Senior Reception, Mrs. Tyer asked us to make the class flowers at her home. 'The Bachelors' Buttons grew rapidly from the sheets of blue paper, and hot chocolate came just as we were finishing the fiftieth. Mrs. Foster kindly asked us to her house one Tuesday evening to make another fifty, and we had a most enjoyable time. On October 26th, we were again invited to Mrs. Tyer's. This time we had no work in hand, and the evening was spent in games and dancing.

The small number who remained in Draper Hall during the Thanksgiving recess, filled the period with rest and varied pleasures. On Thanksgiving evening a merry party of girls and boys celebrated the festival with entertaining pastimes in our large and beautiful dining room.

Under the auspices of the A. V. I. S. the school has enjoyed three entertainments in the Town Hall. Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works was the first of the series. Mrs. Downs's lecture, "Childhood in Art," turned our thoughts from the ridiculous to the sublime, and the third entertainment, two farces, "The Facts of the Case" and "Poor Pillicoddy," turned our thoughts back again to the ridiculous.

We quote from the Townsman Miss McKeen's review of Mrs. Downs' lecture:

The second entertainment in the series, announced by the A. V. I. S., transpired on Tuesday evening. It was a lecture by Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs upon "Childhood in Art." But it seemed like a wonderful fairy story, as we watched the children emerging from marble and canvas, and joining the happy throng, which, in procession was more than an hour in passing. They came from Greece and Rome, from Italy and Spain, from England and from France. We noticed among them the beautiful young Augustus, the youthful Marcus Aurelius, some of Thorwaldsen's bewitching cupids, Correggio's roguish Amorini, Rubens' sons, dressed for the occasion, the poor princes in the tower, and Van Dyck's small Charles II and James II, whom England might well have

excused from growing older. The beautiful sisters in the Litchfield Cathedral slept on, undisturbed by the troops of children passing by. We watched Titian's little Mary, in her blue gown, fearlessly going up the long flight of stairs to present herself to the priests who awaited her at the top.

It was sweet to see the little Jesus and his cousin at play, or in his simple white frock, walking between his father and mother, each holding one small hand as Murillo painted the group, or later in the Temple among the doctors undaunted. But most appealing are the pictures of the Divine Child in his mother's arms. Who can resist the impulse to worship the wonderful babe whom the Sistine Mother holds! The modern children who brought up the rear of the procession, seemed through him to be endued with greater nobility and sweetness and worth.

Mrs. Downs is in such hearty sympathy with children and is so thoroughly acquainted with Childhood in Art, that her lecture gives rare pleasure and brings much profit to the hearer.

We are indebted to the A. V. I. S., not only for beautifying our village, but for its efforts to enrich our minds and cultivate our taste.

The first of the two farces given December 3, had also a special interest for Abbot Academy for the bewitching widow's bonnet and fluff of golden hair could not hide the personality of Miss Bosher. As the heroine of "The Facts of the Case" she played her part with spirit and entirely buried herself in the character.

Upon the sixteenth of November, representatives from the Literature classes attended Prof. Palmer's lecture upon George Herbert, delivered before the November Club. To Abbot students it was not only delightfully helpful and instructive, but peculiarly timely, as the Seniors had been studying Prof. Palmer's translation of the *Odyssey*, and the Senior Middlers were then at work upon the later Elizabethan lyrists. The lecturer corrected the generally accepted impression that Herbert was a saintly character, and revealed a complex personality in which, for a long time, worldly ambition was victorious over the higher impulse to a consecrated life. But his mother's death led to an immediate fulfilment of his sacred promise to her, and Herbert then passed beyond the periods of preparation and hesitation into the last beautiful one of entire consecration.

Prof. Palmer values the poems of Herbert because they are not only sincere and passionate but intellectually interesting. To illustrate these points, Prof. Palmer read with exquisite tenderness and power of inter-

pretation, "Gratefulness," the "Collar," the "Clasping of Hands," and a few others of equal interest.

Not only was the lecture valuable as a revelation of the true Herbert but as a model of literary criticism both scholarly and sympathetic.

As Americans we are charged with living in too great a hurry, and we must frankly admit that we are guilty. However, in spite of the fact that we enjoy our own activity, we often long for the easy life of leisure pictured in English novels, for in them everybody seems to have time for frequent long walks. But we have recently been reminded of the fact that a few Americans have found out the delights of a long walk through fields and over little-travelled roads, and have banded themselves together as the Appalachian Club. One gray morning about the middle of November, twenty-five members of this Club came from Boston to spend the day in Andover fields. They were joined by five or six Andover people, one of the party being an Abbot representative. The morning was spent in roaming over Indian and West Ridges, including a visit to the old Abbot house, and a walk through the Old Railroad track. In the afternoon came a glorious walk to Prospect Hill, making a total of about nine miles as the day's outing. The party included not only artists and men of science but also business men, and women whose calling of home makers does not keep them from often taking these Saturday Club walks.

Monday evening, November 29, through the courtesy of Miss McKeen, the Senior Class had the privilege of listening to illustrated talks upon American Sculpture given by members of the Art Department of the November Club. The works of Horatio Greenough, Randolph Rogers, Thomas Crawford, Hiram Powers, William Wetmore Story, John Jackson, Harriet Hosmer, Daniel Chester French, Augustus St. Gaudens and others were described and illustrated by stereopticon slides. Great as was the difficulty of finding adequate descriptions of such recent work, it was insignificant in comparison with the task of illustrating the material with pictures. In several instances slides had to be made from engravings, while the copyright upon many of our modern photographs added further obstacles to the collector's task. The results of these painstaking efforts were sufficient reward. The department made a valuable contribution to our knowledge of American sculptors and their works.

December second, we had the unexpected pleasure of hearing a lecture upon "Old Fashioned Novels," delivered by Miss Annie L. Edwards, who had for a short time been the guest of her cousin, Miss

Agnes Park. To almost unrivaled opportunities of travel and study, Miss Edwards has joined the wide experience of a lecturer well known in collegiate and literary centers.

In a brief introduction she reviewed the various steps in the development of the novel, fitly characterizing each pioneer, but giving especial attention to Fanny Burney, Mrs. Radcliffe and Miss Ferrier. It was delightful to experience the naive girlishness of "Evelina," to shudder over the unspeakable horrors of Mrs. Radcliffe's blood-curdling narratives, and finally to realize the great genius and humour of Miss Ferrier whose novels were so warmly admired by our beloved Sir Walter. That Miss Edwards was warmly in sympathy with this judgment was clearly shown in her spirited review of the stories, and in her inimitable rendering of some of the most characteristic scenes. No one can ever forget her capital impersonation of Lady MacLaughlin, — her gruffness, her scorn, her laughable exit.

At the close, many expressed their thanks, not only for the enjoyment of the hour but for so delightful an open sesame to a comparatively new field of pleasure and profit.

A recent gift, highly valued by the Art department, as well as in other branches of our school work, is a fine collection of more than one hundred photographs of Spain, Italy and Sicily, from Mrs. John Byers, who has already in a similar manner shown her interest in our needs and her love to the school.

QUIZZICAL REFLECTIONS.

As she hastens toward the class
They make room for her to pass
 She's a Senior!
And they wish — Oh! yes they do!
That with "prep work" they were thro',
 And were Seniors!

But her heart is in her heels —
And her head, oh, how it reels!
 She is late.
In the quiz to which she goes
She will flunk out — that she knows,
 Sure as fate.

Was the Venus of Melos
 Just the same as that at Còs
 That's the fuss!
 Oh! the faun they praise so high
 Was named Barbarini—why?
 'Twas barbarous?

She has entered much afraid
 And when called on is dismayed
 Samothrace?
 O'er her face the blushes spread
 What *do* you want? I never read
 Of such a place!

“Oh! Scopas made the Cow”
 She knows all about it now
 And that's what!
 Her mistakes she does not see
 She's as happy as can be—
 No she's not!

For there'll come a reckoning day
 When old scores she'll have to pay,
 And will see
 More Art History she must learn
 If a higher grade she'd earn
 Than + E.

CHIPS FROM THE ABBOT WORKSHOP.

SCENE: Bible Class.—

Instructor. Miss —— what can you tell us about Elijah?

Miss ——. Elijah wrote a translation of his journey to heaven.

HORACE UP TO DATE.—

Pupil, translating. Persicos odi, puer, apparatus. When dressed for the feast, my boy, I hate peaches.

Instructor in Zoölogy. Name some other animals belonging to the class Mollusea.

Pupil, with hesitation. Don't carbuncles belong to this order?

Faculty Alumnae.

All Courant readers who remember Mrs. Mead, will rejoice with her in the glorious resurrection of Mt. Holyoke from the ashes of the great conflagration. On Thursday, November 18, five magnificent halls were consecrated, with impressive ceremonies, to the Christian education of girls. Abbot Academy congratulates the sister school.

We take the liberty of quoting from Mrs. Greeley's letter about her daughter:

"My Jennie, now Dr. Jane, is very well and has a busy life. The first four months her service was in the maternity ward; now she is in the children's ward and medical ward. She has enjoyed very much several visits from Miss Means. Miss Means is hoping to have an Abbot Alumnae Association in New York City.

How many old girls will re-echo the regrets which have been uttered by the French students of this present time, when they learn that Prof. Morand comes no more on Saturday to help our faltering French and to show us what a genius for conversation the French have. After twenty-five years of enthusiastic service, he finds his duties in Boston too numerous to warrant his continuing to come to Abbot Academy. We can see that the ground he takes in coming to this decision is strong and reasonable, that he leaves us not gladly, but with sincere regret, and we, on our part, shall not cease to miss his genial presence, his inexhaustible fund of good stories inimitably told, his ready sympathy and his hearty appreciation of our least endeavors to speak his elegant and beautiful tongue.

"W. F. Draper, Andover, Mass., has in press for early publication Sequel to Annals of Fifty Years, a history of Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass., 1879-1892, by Philena McKeen, so long the principal of that institution, with an introduction by John Wesley Churchill, D. D. This sequel brings the history of the Academy down to the close of Miss McKeen's thirty-three years' administration. Abbott Academy has had a long and honorable career, and Miss McKeen has been a conspicuous and leading figure."—*The December Critic*.

Miss Charlotte Strickland's flying trip to the United States from Germany, her adopted home, would not have been complete without a glimpse of Abbot Academy, but her oldest friends, Miss McKeen and Miss Angelina Kimball, got the lion's share of her brief visit. Her interest in the school holds true and it is always refreshing to see her.

Mrs. Adele Payson Usher writes that she is teaching her son French and German preparatory to his Harvard course. We feel sure that he has an excellent teacher and that it will certainly not be that teacher's fault if he does not take high rank in College.

Alumnae Notes.

In the annals of Abbot Academy, the anniversary season of 1897, will be especially distinguished for the unusually large gathering of its alumnae. From morning until evening of that beautiful twenty-second day of June, everywhere — on the grounds, in the lunch room, at the alumnae meeting, — might be seen a notable company of "old girls," representing all the years of Abbot's usefulness from its earliest to its latest. Class reunions were large and demonstrative.

At the magic name of Mrs. Hattie Gibson Gale, '81 rallied with enthusiastic admiration round their distinguished classmate. To those, who knew and loved "Hattie Gibson," and had from time to time followed with bated breath the accounts of her hardships, sufferings, and heroism as a missionary in Corea, the news of her return and purposed visit to Abbot lent extraordinary interest to the commencement season.

At the last Sunday evening prayer meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Gale gave a very simple narrative of their eventful years, and the little daughters Annie and Jessie, sang in the language of that far-off country, the familiar hymns of early childhood.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Gale spoke so temperately, tenderly, and affectionately of Corea that many previous impressions of ignorance, persecution, and cruelty were found to be entirely incorrect. Few will forget their noble tribute to the memory of the unfortunate queen who, though not a Christian, was, nevertheless, recognized as an able, intelligent, and magnanimous woman.

Again, at the alumnae meeting, Mrs. Gale spoke in the same unaffected, simple way. The hearty applause which greeted her testified the unanimous welcome, affection, and admiration of her Abbot sisters. At the same meeting, Mrs. Green gave a delightful report of her work in Turkey and Mrs. Emma Wilder Gutterson was highly entertaining in her reminiscences of India.

It was a pleasure, after so many years, to welcome Mrs. Emma Meacham Davis, whose husband, Dr. Davis, was the delightful orator of the day.

Next to the class of '81, there was no larger and more enthusiastic reunion than that of '82, who celebrated their fifteenth birthday by a drag ride to Winchester where an elegant banquet was given them at the lovely home of Mrs. Effie Dresser Wilde.

Time would fail us to tell of '84 with Annah Kimball as representative, of '87, Miss Hamlin's class. The later classes, '93, '95 and '96 were also very largely represented.

It was at the large gathering of these friends at the meeting of the Alumnae Association that the sad announcement was made of the death of Mrs. Mason the mother of Abbot's beloved trustee. Mrs. Downs, who now lives in the old family homestead, paid a beautiful tribute to Mrs. Mason's many "nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love."

At this meeting, two interesting gifts were mentioned, a beautiful table curiously wrought in the very heart of India, presented to the Mc Keen rooms by Mrs. Gutterson, — and an addition to Abbot's Museum of Curios in the shape of a work box, presented by Mrs. Marland. This quaint treasure is a trophy of those famous days when a fair and reception were held in Smith Hall for the benefit of the grand new dormitory, for it was then and there that the little box was bought. Its workmanship is very fine, the natural wood, mahogany, being highly polished and ornamented with etchings of the old Academy building and Den Rock. It is certainly a unique treasure, valuable, not only for its own quaint beauty, but for its historic associations. For was it not, at that memorable reception that Mrs. Stowe poured the coffee to exhibit upon her upraised arm the gold chain she had recently received from Queen Victoria in honor of those chains of slavery, forever broken by "Uncle Tom's Cabin!"

We may conclude that the 68th anniversary of Abbot Academy was an unusually happy and brilliant occasion, and may it not be added that many on that day felt their hearts stirred to new devotion, loyalty and gratitude to the fine old school whose proud past and happy present need no more eloquent tribute than the lives of its noble Alumnae.

'74. Helen Bartlett has been elected Dean of the Women and head of the German Department, with the rank of Assistant Professor in the Bradley Institute in Peoria, Illinois.

'76. Although it may not be news to many of the Alumnae that Mrs. Olive Twichell Crawford is in this country for a well earned rest, still it may not be generally known that she has settled down for the winter in Andover, next door to Abbot Academy, which greatly enjoys her as a neighbor and friend.

" The class of '82, the class of '82,
There'll never be another — like
The class of '82."

The class of '82 may boast of one of the most elaborate and success-

ful reunions of the last commencement season. The management was in the hands of an efficient committee, Miss Annie F. Frye, Mrs. Alice Parker Porter, Mrs. Effie Dresser Wilde and Mrs. Fannie Pettee Brigham, who spared no pains to give it the greatest possible variety and charm. The program of the festivities comprised a morning reunion at Andover, with luncheon at Abbot, and attendance at the alumnae meeting in the afternoon; at four, a tally-ho drive to Winchester with class dinner at the home of Mrs. Wilde.

Nine out of thirteen members of the class reported at this, its fifteenth birthday, a tenth representative being its honorary member, Miss May Watts. Nothing went a-gley in the well-laid plan. The June day was perfect, '82 d. o. g.'s faithfully presented themselves at Abbot for the exercises, the luncheon and the alumnae meeting. Punctually at four the tally-ho appeared on the "circle," and the once "giddy, giddy Fem. Sems." were whirled off into delightful space. Who of the party can ever forget that joyous drive! The only possible compensation for its ending was the arrival in Winchester, that lovely town, "bosomed high in tufted trees."

Time would fail us to tell of the beauty and artistic charm of "Oak-Wilde," or of the perfect appointments of that reunion dinner,—birthday cake and all, so generously planned and provided by Mrs. Wilde. The post-prandial program, as set forth in a dainty souvenir tied with Abbot blue, read as follows:

"'Tis reason now, 'twas appetite before."—*Spectator*.

TOAST MISTRESS,	- - -	MRS. EFFIE DRESSER WILDE
Our Alma Mater and Miss McKeen,	- - -	Miss Edith Ingalls
Husbands,	- - -	Mrs. Alice Parker Porter
The Class Baby and Others,	- - -	Mrs. Annie Watts Pillsbury
The Unmarried Half,	- - -	Miss Marion Locke
Housekeeping versus the Business Desk,	- - -	Mrs. Lillian Wilcox Miller
'82 in Literary Work,	- - -	Mrs. Lizzie Tyler Gutterson
A Story from My Life	- - -	Sister Gabrielle Margaret
The "Old Familiar Faces,"	- - -	Miss Alice L. Maxwell
"Into each life some rain must fall,"	- - -	Mrs. Fannie Pettee Brigham
Our Class as it is To-day,	- - -	Miss Annie F. Frye
Poem,	- - -	Miss Abbie McCutcheon
School Hymn,		

"To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams and slumbers light."—*Scott*.

What words can do justice to the magnetic power of a committee

who, after fifteen years, could succeed in effecting such results! Even Holmes's famous class of '29 could hardly rival '82 in a reunion of such ideal completeness!

'82. Miss Ingalls spent the last week of her summer vacation at the delightful home of her classmate, Miss Annie F. Frye of Rockland, Maine. There she saw much of Mrs. Winifred Lawry Simmons of '92, and her bright little daughter, Margaret. Mrs. Simmons has become greatly interested in all educational matters, and is now an active member of the Rockland school board.

'82. A visit from Sister Gabrielle (Katherine Chase Geer,) of St. Margaret's, Boston, was a rare pleasure. It was beautiful to see her spirituelle face framed in the graceful setting of her nun's attire, to catch the low, musical accents of her voice, and to feel the spiritual charm of her consecrated life.

'87-'88. Mary Bachelder of Wellesley Hills, has fitted up her mother's room as a "Rest Room." She invites broken-down girls and tired mothers who need just a little rest to make them all right again, but can't afford to go away from home, to visit her for two weeks at a time. She puts them in this lovely room, has a maid to wait on them, gives them breakfast in bed, cooks them nice appetizing little dishes, takes them to drive every day, and lets them lounge in hammocks and easy chairs with nothing to do for two weeks.

'88. Nellie Walkley is at the head of the East Boston Branch of the Boston Public Library.

'93. Anna Tucker Nettleton is working with enthusiasm and success in a Kindergarten supported by the Old South Church, Boston. She has the direction of two assistants and the care of forty-four children, besides the duties of district visitor, and is therefore "as busy as the traditional bee."

'93. Among the old scholars who have come back this term to visit the school, we were glad to receive Miss L. B. Myrick who was here during the principalship of Miss Taylor, and who could therefore trace much progress in the material well-being of the school. Miss Myrick came with Mrs. Nichols of Amherst, N. H., Miss Elizabeth D. Nichols, '93, and Miss Honora Spalding, daughter of Mrs. Rebecca Davis Spalding of New York.

'93. The "Chiropean" is the name of a large woman's Club in Brooklyn, New York. The Tribune for October 22, had a long

account of its first social gathering, from which we clip the following interesting item:

"The Novel of New York," was the subject of the paper read by Miss Susan B. Chase, who was introduced by Mrs. Brown as one of the youngest and brightest members of Chiropean. Among other things Miss Chase said:

"A clever critic has said that, to fully appreciate the novel, a story which deals with New York life and scenes, one must have lived long enough to have been somewhat mellowed by experience. He who goes to a novel of this type to be excited, harrowed or argued with will meet sure disappointment, but the reader who delights in a witty epigram or a touch of subtle humor, who takes the world for what it is and looks at it somewhat quizzically, the writer to whom the how is more than the what, will in its pages find both diversion and instruction."

Miss Chase has recently had a story accepted by an eastern paper.

'93. Annie Downs Ingalls spent the greater part of her summer vacation at Cornell, reserving the last week for a delightful visit with her Abbot room-mate, Susan Chase of Brooklyn, New York.

'93. Lida Scott has accepted the chair of Physical Culture in the Cumnock School of Oratory at Los Angeles, California.

'94. Julia Sanborn has returned from her studies in Italy and expects to spend the winter in Brookline.

'94. Mabelle Stone is teaching in Bristol, Connecticut.

'94. Hennie Calhoun is studying at the University of Mt. Allison, Sackville, New Brunswick.

'95. Helen Jackson has entered the Junior Class in Mt. Holyoke College this year.

'95. Edith Pond visited us previous to her departure for Caraccas, Venezuela, where she will engage in missionary work with her parents.

'95. Mr. and Mrs. George Sherman Talcott (May Churchill), were welcome guests this term. Since their visit we have received from Mrs. Talcott a copy of her carefully compiled service for Forefathers' Day, published last November by the Congregationalist. Both in selection and arrangement it is strong, dignified and patriotic, closing finely with Rudyard Kipling's Recessional and the Hymn for the 22d of December sung at the Forefathers' celebration of 1883.

'96. Carol Mathews has recently visited her uncle and aunt, President and Mrs. Charles K. Adams of Wisconsin University. Upon her return she spent a week with May McConnell ('94-'95) at Oak Park, and in Chicago met Katherine Lañm, who is now studying in the University. Miss Mathews has begun a course of lectures in New York at the Kindergarten Training School, from which she graduated last year.

Alice Mayo Morse sang in the chorus of the Maine Music Festivals.

'96-'97. Annie Swasey met with a serious accident on her wheel in June, but has so far recovered as to be able to enter Wellesley College this fall.

'96-'97. Alice Mae Locke entered Smith College in September, where she is pursuing the Classical Course.

'96-'97. Katherine Regan has entered the regular course at Radcliffe College.

'96-'97. Martha Flagg Emerson is taking lessons in Latin twice a week, reading French and German History and practicing music.

'96-'97. Anna E. Morton of Hamilton, Wis., is now in Oberlin College, Class of 1902. She enjoys the work very much.

'96-'97. Julia E. Trask, Ottawa, Ill., who was unable to return this year on account of ill health, expects to go abroad in May.

'96-'97. Julia F. Miller, Cedar Falls, Iowa, is attending the Normal School in that city, preparing for college life next year.

'96-'97. Mrs. W. Earle Stilwell, Fayetteville, New York, is pursuing a special course of study at Radcliffe. She writes very interestingly of her life and work which she is enjoying to the utmost extent.

'96-'97. Lucy M. Byington is at her home in Stockbridge, Mass., where she is as faithfully filling the little niches as when with us.

'97. Margaret Cleary is teaching in the evening school in Lawrence, and has private pupils.

Mary Frances George is studying music.

Marion Duncan Paine entered Radcliffe this fall where she is making a specialty of Latin.

Edith Poor has finished the College Preparatory work of Abbot this fall, and will enter Wellesley in February.

Mary Chandler Smith is at Farmington, Conn.

Lillian Everett Story began this fall a three years' course in the Massachusetts Art School.

Gertrude Huntington Ware is studying Kindergarten Methods in the New Britain Normal School.

We have had visits this fall term from Mrs. Ethelbert Moore (Mattie Hart, '89), Kathleen Jones, Mrs. Willis McDuffee (Dora Haley), Miss Emily A. Means, Emily C. Coffin, Adele J. Pigeon, Bessie Eaton, Frances George, Frances Hinckley, Helene Baldwin, Helen Parke, Lilian Franklin, Caroline Wilbur, Pearl Randall, Annie Swazey, Allie Locke, Miss Charlotte Strickland, Elizabeth D. Nichols, Mrs. Charles Newell Gilbert (Mabel Strong, '89), Blanche Orrall, Emily Willet, Marcia Richards, Mrs. George Sherman Talcott (May Churchill, '93), Anna S. Dawes, Anna S. Barnard, Mrs. Isabella Wilson, Mrs. Georgia Walker Fanning, Mary Richardson, Mary Smith.

Engagements.

Helen Beveridge Stiles, '92-'93, to Mr. Robert Chiswell Hutchinson.

Bertha Manning, '93, to Mr. John Phillips.

Mabel Kittredge, '93, to Mr. Charles Dunn.

Gertrude Holt, '98, to Rev. B. F. Gustin.

Julia Sanborn, '94, to Dr. Watson.

Mary Baldwin, '94, to Mr. Alfred Harold Hine.

Marriages.

REDER-CASTLE — in Quincy, Illinois, June 23, Ella Gilbert Castle '91, to Dr. Francis Le Lirelle Reder.

JACKSON-MILLER — In Butler, Pennsylvania, June 30, Gertrude Miller '95, to Dr. George Harrison Jackson.

HINMAN-HAMLIN — July 21, at Lexington Mass, Alice Julia Hamlin '86-'87 to Dr. Edgar Lenderson Hinman.

MCDUFFEE-HALEY — July 22, Dora Carleton Haley '96-'97 to Mr. Willis McDuffee. At home after October first, Rochester, N. H.

CHASE-KILLAM — September 22, Sue Cleveland Killam, '96-'97, to Mr. Charles Clayton Chase.

RICHARDSON-MARSHAL — September 29, Florence Jennette Marshall '85 to Mr. Charles Henry Richardson. At home after December first, Danielson, Connecticut.

MEYER-WILBUR — October 13, Helen May Wilbur, to Mr. Charles Frederiek Meyer. At home, Wednesdays in December, 39 Dove Street, Roxbury, Mass.

MORSE-ALLISON — October 20, Elsie Allison '95, to Mr. Charles Hinman Morse. At home after December first, 7 Monticello Ave., Jersey City, N. Y.

BUGBEE-BLAISDELL — October 27, Maud Musa Blaisdell to Ernest Dexter Bugbee. At home Fridays after Dec 1, 64 Hawthorne Place, Springfield Mass.

MACBURNY-ROYCE — October 27 Eleanor Billings Royce '91 to Mr. Elgin Lochrand MacBurney. At home after December 15, 52 Sumit Avenue, Jersey City Heights.

CARSON NEWLAND — December 1, Mary Elizabeth Newland '84 to Rev. Robert Henry Carson. At home after January 1, Stillwater, New Jersey.

BAKER-ODELL — November 3, Charlotte Lovett Odell '92 to Mr. Louis Parker Baker. At home Wednesdays, January 12 and 26, 23 Washington Street, Beverly.

WELCH-WILLIAMS — December 8, Mary Stuart Williams '81 to Mr. Lewis Sheldon Welch.

The wedding of Miss Alice J. Hamlin to Dr. Edgar L. Hinman, on the 24th of July was indeed a joyful event to all, and especially so to the little company of Abbot friends who found each other on the train bound for Lexington and the beautiful Hancock Church, in which the marriage was to take place at high noon.

Our train arrived in time for us to have ample opportunity to enjoy the exquisite decorations of ferns, yucca and a wealth of pond lilies which were arranged with a prodigality and taste which could hardly have been excelled. Promptly at twelve the officiating clergy entered at a side door; the Rev. D. Hamlin, father of the bride, Rev. E. G. Porter, former pastor of the church, and Rev. Mr. Carter, its present pastor. Then slowly to the music of the organ came the little niece and nephew of the bride, and Miss Emma Hamlin, her maid of honor; and at last the object of supreme interest, the bride herself, who, leaning on the arm of her brother, Prof. Alfred Hamlin of Columbia University, was met by Dr. Hinman in front of the altar, where the service was read by Dr. Hamlin and the assisting clergymen.

After the wedding party had left the church the guests from out of town were driven to the Hamlin home, where lunch was served, and opportunity was given us to see their many beautiful wedding gifts and to wish Dr. and Mrs. Hinman all joy in their new life.

Mrs. Hinman was married in her mother's wedding gown, a beautiful white Persian brocade, bought and made many years ago in far away missionary lands, and which, newly fashioned, decked the bride as gracefully and charmingly as if fresh from the loom of an Oriental weaver, and with a thousand times more romance.

Dr. and Mrs. Hinman left Lexington that afternoon for a wedding trip, and September found them established in Lincoln, Nebraska, where Dr. Hinman holds a professorship in the University.

At the marriage of Cornelia Wright, daughter of Mrs. Caroline E. Harnden Wright, '61, and Hon. Carroll D. Wright, the bride wore her great *great* grandmother's wedding dress, a heavy cream colored silk, figured with delicate pink flowers; it was one hundred and ten (110) years old.

She carried a fan made from the same silk which was used by the same great *great* grandmother. The silk hose and silver buckles upon her shoes, were first worn by her great aunt as a bride.

Miss Wright married John McPherson, Esq., of Gettysburg.

Deaths.

Died in Saunderstown, R. I., Sept. 8, George Kennan Root, aged 5 months, 9 days, younger son of William W. and Anna Bronson Root ('87), of Chicago.

Died, in Nashua, N. H., June 25, Mrs. Anna M. Prichard, widow of Jeremiah W. White.

From the Davenport Daily Republican, October 26:

Mrs. Sarah A. Decker died at the family residence, 1038 Brady street, at 1.30 this morning, after an illness of three weeks. She was born in Dayton, Ohio, in 1839, and married the late W. H. Decker in 1859.

Mrs. Decker was the mother of Mrs. Fanny Decker French, '88, Mrs. Mary Decker Smith, '85, and Miss Anna Decker, '92, for several years members of this school.

Died, in Boston, October 26, Mrs. George S. Mahony (Annie French, '83). She had been a member of the Abbot Club from its beginning.

To some old girls there will come a sense of personal loss as they read of the death of Miss Merrill's mother. Mrs. Merrill died at the family home in Portland, Maine, on Saturday, the 26th of last June, only a few days after the close of the school year. We who were in Smith Hall five years ago, remember well the visit she made us in May, 1893. Her warm, friendly interest in all our doings brought comfort and pleasure to each member of the family.

Class Organizations.

'98.

"Unus amore more ore re."

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<i>Treasurer</i>	SELINA AIKEN COOK.
<i>Class Color</i>	Blue.
<i>Flower</i>	Bachelors Button.

'99.

"Forsan te nic oline mem jubavit."

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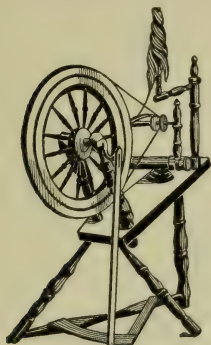
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The Abbot Courant

June, 1898

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1898

JUNE, 1898



THE
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XXIV. No. 2

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY

1898

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GRACE FLEEK, '99. LUCIE HEGEMAN, '99.

VOL. XXIV.

JUNE, 1898.

NO. 2.

The final Chapter.

ANNIE SAWYER DOWNS.

Reading the tender concluding words of Miss McKeen's Sequel to Annals of Fifty Years, we hoped that her "sunset years" might be multiplied, and that the time was still far distant when her gracious presence would no longer dignify our streets, or consecrate her dear and familiar home. But our hopes were not to be realized. The words alluded to were written almost a year ago, and even before they were printed in January last it was evident her strength and health were failing.

Early in the autumn, soon after her return from York Beach, she had a short but serious illness from which she never fully recovered. Her failure, however, was not apparent to ordinary eyes, and she was active in town, club and home affairs to an extent which now seems to have been beyond her strength.

As a director of the Village Improvement Society she was much interested in the beautifying of the triangle opposite the South church, and was indefatigable in her efforts to have it graded, grassed and made ready for a few choice shrubs. The sum required to do it seemed so large that many of her fellow directors feeling that it would be difficult to obtain, thought the plan would better be given up ; but she determined to try, and succeeded as she had always, when she made similar attempts.

The last time she went to drive, the Tuesday of Easter week, she asked to be taken by this piece of ground, and was much pleased with its appearance and with the appreciation shown her efforts, not only by the Village Improvement Society but by the citizens generally.

During the late autumn and through the winter she met the members of the Art Department of the November Club once a fortnight, and was tireless in her interest in a public meeting held November 29, where the entertainment consisted of papers on American Sculpture, illustrated by stereopticon slides.

The papers were written and read by members of the department, and the slides were obtained by Miss McKeen from many dealers who were acquainted with her reputation as a teacher and student of art.

Since the foundation of the November Club in 1890, she has been the leader of this Art Department which has always been very large in numbers and of unusual interest.

Again on February 7, 1898, she presided at another public meeting of the Art Department, when a lecture was given on Florence, where her attention and discriminating appreciation were generally remarked. Her interest in the November Club never waned, and only a fortnight before her death, the last meeting of the season of the Art Department was held at her house, although she was not able to be down stairs to welcome the members.

The last writing she ever did for any public purpose was for the November Club. While she was so feeble as to be obliged to do most of the actual writing on the sofa, she prepared a carefully considered paper advocating the sale of tickets to the public when

the Club gave any desirable lecture, concert or dramatic entertainment. By so doing she thought the funds of the Club might be increased, but most of all she desired to benefit the town. This paper, wise in suggestion, noble in aim, and broad in sympathy, deserves publication and wide circulation.

But the publication of the Sequel to Annals of Fifty Years, was the important event of the winter. She thought of it continually, gave prompt, untiring attention to its details, and when issued in the first week of January, was in all respects but one perfectly satisfied with its appearance. The one exception was that the intended dedication to Miss Phebe was accidentally omitted. That dedication was as follows :

“This book is affectionately inscribed to the memory of my sister, Phebe Fuller McKeen.”

It is a great delight to remember how pleased she was when the Trustees of Abbot Academy asked her to write this book, to finish the history of Abbot Academy from 1879, where Miss Phebe and she had left it, down to 1892, when her own connection with the school ceased. While she realized fully the work before her, and once or twice distrusted her physical strength, yet as she went on, the renewed intercourse with her dear old scholars, the taking up once more of never forgotten links in the chain of a happy past, imparted to each successive page an additional and unexpected charm.

The book, valuable from the first, is now greatly enhanced because it is her last word for the beloved school which for more than a generation had been her especial charge.

In the Thanksgiving recess she entertained the deaf, dumb and blind Tommy Stringer and his teacher. Her enjoyment of these unique visitors may be seen in the account published in the mid-winter Courant.

During the Christmas holidays we were all amused by the almost girlish enthusiasm she showed in Dr. Nansen's book. We laughed at her, and she laughed at herself when she told how she stayed at home, *even from the November Club*, that her friend and she might get on with Dr. Nansen.

She was made very happy by the appointment of her pupil,

associate and intimate friend, Miss Emily A. Means, to the principalship of Abbot Academy, and wrote among her very latest letters, one to her, expressing her satisfaction and her conviction of a prosperous future for her dear old school.

Still with all this activity we did not see as much of her at our houses as we usually did. Instead, we had notes asking us to come to her as it was too cold, windy, or icy, for her to go out. We praised her caution while we wondered at it, but we see now she felt her weakness, and remember how casual acquaintances began to remark her delicacy of appearance. She sat on the platform of Punchard Hall on March 21, when Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer gave a lecture on the Citizen's Duty to the Public Schools. After the lecture she said she felt too much fatigued to thank Mrs. Palmer, excellent though the lecture was. But true to her habit, she did stop, and made her courteous acknowledgment.

On the first of April, at Mrs. Bancroft's funeral, she admitted that she was ill, but intended to go to Boston the next day for the meeting of the Abbot Club and imperative business. The business she accomplished but was not equal to the Abbot Club.

The next week Dr. Chamberlain said she had a heart difficulty, and prescribed rest and tonics. She was inclined to make light of the heart difficulty, but was alarmed by the rapid and continual loss of strength which she ascribed, however, to her inability to take food. Easter Sunday she drove for a short time with Mr. and Mrs. Draper, but said she was so weak she was sure she was very poor company. From that date, April 10, until May 13, when she died, her decline was swift. After being ill a fortnight, being urged to have a nurse, she smilingly pleaded that the plan be deferred a couple of days to see if she did not improve. At the end of the time she yielded, and on Wednesday, April 27, Miss Church, a most careful, intelligent and devoted professional nurse, took her place by her side to remain until the end. Miss McKeen liked her very much, and wrote several friends to tell them how glad she was to be so well cared for. Her suffering was principally from weakness, the difficulty of the heart being much relieved by her recumbent position.

After Thursday, the fifth of May, her condition became critical,

and on Saturday, the seventh, Dr. Chamberlain had a consultation with Dr. George Garland of Boston, and her nephew, Mr. Charles McKeen Duren of Eldora, Iowa, was telegraphed.

Dr. Garland agreed with Dr. Chamberlain as to disease and treatment and feared she would not live until Mr. Duren could reach Andover. She did, however, and when with his wife he arrived Monday afternoon, recognized them, and said she was very glad to see them. The details of the last days are too sacred to print, even in the *Courant*. Never equal to continuous conversation, she could always be roused to recognition and perfect comprehension of friends. She said she was comfortable, not anxious as to the result, and when in answer to her question, "What will be the outcome of this illness?" Dr. Chamberlain rejoined, "We have grave apprehensions, but so great is your recuperative power, we have likewise hope," smiled gently, and remarked, "I am satisfied to have it either way."

To a friend she said slowly, "It is strange it makes so little difference whether we are on this side or the other," and a little later when the same friend turned to leave the bedside, asked in an almost animated manner, "Have you any messages, my dear?" The friend, fearing her own self-control would fail, dared to answer only, "Always love." Nothing could have shown so positively the clearness of her mind, for it had for years been understood between the two that the one who went first would be the other's messenger. Slowly but surely she faded, the brief periods of rally effecting nothing towards permanent improvement, and just at sunset Friday, May 13, the freed soul passed.

Tears fell like rain, not for her, but for ourselves, that we should see her face no more, and that henceforth we must bear our heavy burdens without her sympathy and appreciation.

On Monday, the 16th, she was placed in the McKeen rooms at Draper hall. These rooms were especially dear to her as they had been richly and artistically finished by contributions from old scholars, teachers and friends in memory of herself and sister. Her own lovely portrait, painted by Edgar Parker, and given by the Alumnae Society to the Academy, stood upon an easel near the head of the coffin, while palms and ferns from the hot houses

of the Andover Trustees made a green, fresh and beautiful background. From Trustees, Faculty, Class of 1882, and present pupils of Abbot Academy, came exquisite pink roses, white roses, and pure white lilies of the valley, while the tributes of love from the Abbot Clubs of Boston and New York, as well as those of innumerable personal friends, filled every nook and corner. At two o'clock in the afternoon when the drawing room, reading room, seniors' parlor, and library, as well as the McKeen rooms, were crowded with sorrowing groups, Professor Churchill took his place at the foot of the grand stairway near the guests' entrance. Then the Fidelio Society of Abbot Academy, under the direction of Mr. Downs, 'chanted the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm, which all old scholars associate with Miss Phebe. As its sublime expressions of habitual trust broke the sacred silence, many remembered how on June 20, 1880, Miss McKeen had said it with them at the memorial service for her sister.

The Scripture read by Professor Churchill, soothed and strengthened by its significant appropriateness, and his prayer was a noble tribute to Miss McKeen as a woman, a widely known public educator, and a devoted personal friend.

Again the Fidelio Society sang, this time the school hymn,

"Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,"

which is so associated with all Miss McKeen's public career that it seemed as if even from her coffin, she must sing with us. As it died away, first in one room, then in another, Dr. Bancroft told any who cared to see her once more, to pass through the McKeen parlors. One or two friends stood as a guard of honor by the flower wreathed coffin, and as they marked the grief on many a tear stained face, felt that though God had denied the noble woman we mourned, the devotion of lover and husband, and the worship of children of her own, He had filled up her full length of days with the unstinted affection of so many hearts that her soul could have known no lack.

Early the next morning there was a little neighborhood gathering at Sunset Lodge to give her our last farewell. Mr. Downs played

the Allegretto from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, Professor Churchill read again from the Bible, made another prayer, and those who could command their voices sang

"Nearer my God to Thee."

Then, accompanied by her nephew and his wife, representatives of the Trustees and Faculty, and a few friends, she was carried to Bradford, Vermont, where in the late afternoon of the same day they laid her in the place chosen by herself, close to Miss Phebe.

The pine trees of her youth overshadow her grave, the river she loved flows quietly at her feet, and sorrow is assuaged and loneliness is alleviated as we whisper, "Though the places that knew her will know her visible presence no more forever, the penetrating and persuasive presence of her invisible spirit will never vanish, for the life she so nobly and courageously lived will be a blessing forever to Abbot Academy and to the world."

June 1, 1898.

Dirge.

"*She* is gone — is dust.

She, the more fortunate ! yea *she* hath finished !
 For *her* there is no longer any future,
Her life is bright,— bright without spot it was
 And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
 Knocks at *her* door with tidings of mishap.
 Far off is *she*, above desire and fear ;
 No more submitting to the change and chance
 Of the unsteady planets. O 'tis well
 With *her* ! but who knows what the coming hour
 Veiled in thick darkness brings for us ! "

Coleridge : *Wallenstein*.

A Day in the Life of St. Francis of Assisi.

In the cold gray dawn of an early spring morning, St. Francis was kneeling before a large wooden crucifix. His eyes rested upon the figure of the Saviour, his pale hands were clasped before him, and his lips moved in the accents of prayer. Always stern and severe in matters of discipline, the last forty day had been days of unusual self-denial.

Not until the eastern sky was glorious with color did St. Francis rise from his knees. Taking from a recess in the wall some crusts of bread, he divided them, eating a few, but thrusting the larger portion into his gown. When he had finished his meagre repast, he walked toward the spring. He dipped up the clear water, and took a long draught.

Then he raised himself and looked round. All the glory of the early morning served to make the place grander and more beautiful. The rudest soul would have been awed by the majesty of the dim peaks, the jutting boulders, the mighty forests, and the resounding chasms. The gentle spirit of St. Francis was borne upward by the scene, and gazing into the clear sky he called out in a voice of exultation, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

As St. Francis turned and walked back toward his cell, he saw a little brown bird, which seemed to expect something from him, and not getting it, kept flying away for a short distance, only to return to the path. At last the continued chirping roused St. Francis, who exclaimed, "What, have I forgotten thee, little one?" Taking from his vestment the part of the bread which he had reserved from his own breakfast, he uttered a peculiar call, which brought the birds one by one around him. As they alighted on his shoulders or ate from his hand, he talked to them in a cheery, friendly way. When he returned, the monks were assembling for matins. The saint read the service and said a few words of gentle counsel and holy inspiration.

Scarcely had the last organ note died away and the monks dispersed when a youth, in training for the order, prostrated himself at the feet of St. Francis. The father raised him and walked along

the narrow cloister, talking with the lad, who, harassed by a sense of unworthiness, writhed under the agony of a weakening purpose. He was constantly assailed by temptations of the flesh; he still longed for worldly achievement. St. Francis listened patiently and in answer pictured the greatness and glory of the church, the boundless opportunities of service it offered, and the profound peace of the soul, lost to the world, and consecrated to poverty, chastity, and obedience. He laid his hand on the boy's shoulder in parting, and said, "Take advice, my son. Struggle against thy desires, and give thyself up to walk as nearly as possible in the path which Christ himself marked out."

"I will, father, I will," cried the boy, won by the irresistible magnetism and sublime devotion of the older man.

The afternoon was much like the morning, but in the cool of the evening St. Francis went out upon the cliff to pray. Upon the height, overlooking the rugged valley, in solitude and amidst the intense stillness, the monk knelt. He raised his face to the inscrutable stars, and cried aloud:

"O, Father, most merciful and mighty, if in the feeble work of my sinful life Thou hast seen aught pleasing to Thee, and if it is Thy will that it should continue, wilt Thou vouchsafe, O God, to make it known unto Thy most unworthy servant." He bowed his head upon his hands and remained motionless for hours. Once more he poured out his whole soul in fervent prayer:

"Almighty God, forgive for the sake of Thy Son Jesus Christ, the presumption of Thy servant, and let not Thy wrath be upon me."

And, behold, there appeared before him the risen and glorified Lord, who said, "Peace be with thee!" St. Francis bowed his head in awe, and when he looked again the vision was gone. "Perhaps it was a dream sent to comfort me. A sign, a sign, O Lord!"

And lo, upon his hands and upon his feet was the imprint of nails. "Surely," he cried, "I have seen the Lord's Christ. It has been granted unto me to drink of His cup, and to be baptized with His baptism! Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!"

Florence Mabel Pease, '98.

Charles the Second in "Woodstock."

[PRIZE ESSAY UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE WAVERLEY CLUB.]

The scene of "Woodstock" is laid in the Civil War of 1642-49, and therefore allows the introduction of Cromwell as ruler and of Charles II as fugitive. Though Charles could never have been an ideal king, he was the rightful ruler and a hero in the eyes of his would-be subjects, the loyalists. Cromwell was not without followers, but so many lacked sincerity and enthusiasm in allegiance that even the best of them would have admitted with Colonel Everard, that their course was rather a matter of expediency or compulsion than of deliberate sympathy or choice.

In personal appearance there was but little advantage on either side; for, if Spitfire's description was true, we learn that Cromwell was of medium height and "stout-made, with slouching shoulders; a large nose, and a face one would not like to say no to." As for Charles, "He is unusually hard-favored for a son of handsome parents," but fortunately "not over-sensitive or vain."

In Cromwell we see a stubborn, strong-willed man; in Charles one who is easily influenced. Both are extremely quick-tempered and impulsive.

Sir Henry Lee and his family were devoted to the welfare of their sovereign. Albert, the only son, was his constant companion, while Sir Henry and Mistress Alice willingly sacrificed all for the personal love they bore the King, and for their family honor as loyalists. When, upon being driven from Woodstock by Cromwell's soldiers, the Roundheads graciously offered their protection, Sir Henry answered, like the proud old knight he was, "If I must beg, thinkst thou I will sue to those who have made me mendicant? No, I will never show my grey beard, worn in sorrow for my sovereign's death to move compassion of some proud sequester. No, if Henry Lee must sue for food, it shall be of some sound loyalist, like himself, who having but half a loaf will not nevertheless refuse to share it with him."

At this juncture, Cromwell received a letter from Markham Everard, the cousin and lover of Alice Lee, urging him to reinstate

the Lees at Woodstock, but he ignored the request except as he allowed Everard to remain there with the commissioners.

It is well known that Woodstock is extremely old and then, as now, interwoven with traditions and weird stories of Rosamond, Henry II, and the wonderful labyrinth, whose intricate construction at this crisis was found available for more uses than one. It became evident to Everard that the presence of the commissioners was not desired and that even his own was not welcome. This opposition was not manifested in the speech and actions of the servants, but in the strange things which continually occurred to make the invaders uncomfortable in mind and body. The commissioners were exceedingly superstitious and even Everard did not relish the fact that his room was sometimes haunted by supernatural beings, capable of the most scurrilous taunts and gibes, but impervious to the retort of sword or bullet.

The commissioners did not delay in finding excuses which would necessitate their departure from Woodstock. The joy of the man who received the first permit was somewhat allayed by the jealousy of the others who, doubting its validity, were met with the decisive rejoinder: "It is Noll's signature, sure enough, only every time of late he has made the Oliver as large as a giant, while the Cromwell creeps after like a dwarf, as if the surname were like to disappear one of these days altogether."

Upon the removal of the commissioners, the Lees returned to Woodstock and henceforth it became a refuge for Charles. Alice Lee never forgot the day she went to fair Rosamond's well for water and saw the hideous old woman crouched on the curbstone. How frightened she was by her harsh voice and enormous size—and to think that it was actually her King in disguise! But then, so was the page Louis Kerneguy, who came that same night with her brother Albert, and was said to be the son of a Scottish nobleman. Louis did not make a much better impression than the fortune teller; for he was a tall, raw-boned fellow with a shock of fiery red hair, a swarthy complexion, and with but one redeeming feature, his beautiful eyes. His clothes were old and shabby and his manners, if he had any at all, might well be called vulgar—even his dialect indicated low breeding. It was quite evident that Sir

Henry did not approve of Albert's choice of a companion, but he soon forgot about him while listening to the rumors of the King's escape.

How different things were in Albert's apartment that night! The rôle of page and squire was laid aside and Albert became the humblest of subjects. Even the torn and soiled clothing which Charles had worn was cared for as if sacred. His Majesty seemed rather to enjoy the part of Louis Kerneguy and regretted that he was not to be allowed upon the following day to carry the impersonation so far. As for his title, to which he was indifferent when it was unaccompanied by suitable concomitants, he begged that it should not be forced upon him, even in private.

In one ruling characteristic Charles in exile and Charles as king were one and the same, for neither liked to appear at a disadvantage before a beautiful woman, and such a one was Alice Lee. Soon he was coquetting with her, displaying his accomplishments, and all but revealing his identity; while Albert, in an agony of dread, was firm in advising him to divulge the secret to no one but the safe family friend and adviser, Dr. Rochecliffe.

No one suspected Charles of being an inmate of Woodstock; for had not the very ship, which rumor reported ready for his escape, sailed away from Bristol under suspicious circumstances! But knowing the King's thoughtlessness, Albert begged him to be most cautious about leaving the grounds or in any way directing suspicion to Woodstock. Nevertheless Charles's heedlessness and selfish indifference led him to the meeting of Joceline Joliffe and Everard in the wood. We do not know what serious consequences might have followed if Sir Henry had not appeared. The arguments of the latter that Charles as guest and true subject should not have drawn his sword on Everard, elicited a reply so characteristic that the humor is delicious: "I assure you, no one respects the King's person or privileges more than myself—though devotion is somewhat out of fashion."

One night at dinner Sir Henry, who was a devoted Shakespearean, began to quote some of his favorite lines, and the conversation naturally turned upon authors. Charles angered Everard by his mocking insinuations in regard to the great Puritan poet,

Milton, whereupon Everard repeated the exquisite lines from "Comus" upon, "Pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope!" Sir Henry was so delighted that he spoke of committing them to memory, even of ranking them with his adored Shakespeare. Then Charles with great significance and sarcasm, and well aware of the outbreak he would provoke, announced the author as "a man by political opinions qualified to be poet laureate to Cromwell!"

The night before the ensuing duel with Everard, Charles so successfully spent his time in amusing Sir Henry that the old knight begged of the others to join him. "Here is this wild crack-brained boy, Louis Kerneguy, now making me laugh till my sides are fit to split, and now playing on his guitar sweetly enough to win a lark from the heavens. Come away with you, come away — it is hard work to laugh alone."

At last the secret so carefully guarded leaked out and Cromwell became suspicious that Charles had not escaped but was at Woodstock. The great Protector arrived quite unexpectedly in the neighborhood, and it was merely by chance that Spitfire, a child of one of the servants, was found to carry the message and so to warn Charles. Disguised as Albert, with Alice for a guide, he hastened toward Bristol, while Albert dressed as the King lured Cromwell's soldiers through the labyrinthine passages of the bower until Charles was beyond the possibility of capture.

Thus does Scott in a series of admirable pictures drawn to the life give us an intimate acquaintance with King Charles "on his travels," amidst hair breadth escapes, adventures innumerable, and disguises as varied as they were clever. None of them, however, conceal Charles the man; he is always the same merry and inconsequential fellow, impulsive to a fault, mockingly indifferent to the tribute paid him by his subjects; selfishly careless of his life among enemies; — the reckless cavalier is in Louis Kerneguy as much as in Charles the King.

One more picture of Charles. It is years afterward in the memorable May of 1660. As the Merry Monarch is returning amidst the shouting multitude, the wildest acclamations of "God save King Charles," amidst the shimmer of purple and cloth of gold,

amidst waving standards and gleaming swords, the procession halts; the King alights. You know the old man thus honored by the Royal Presence. The cheeks of the loyal Sir Henry are now ashy pale, "his long beard bleached like the thistle down," and his motions feeble. The King is asking the blessing of the aged Knight who after murmuring feebly, "May God bless, and preserve!" leans back in his seat and mutters the *Nunc Dimittis*.

All honor be also to loyal Sir Walter, who brings us thus triumphantly to

"The twenty-ninth of May,
Upon that glorious day
When the King did enjoy his own again."

Charlotte Wheeler Hardy, '98.

The Moon.

Silver slippered sibyl,
Adrift in the azure seas,
Thy light,
Wan wight,
Trembles o'er sobbing leas.

Thy silent course is guided
By mystic powers unseen,
Thy light,
Pale sprite,
Shimmers o'er hillsides green.

Thy magic sways the heavens,
In starry fields unfurled,
And quite,
Sweet sprite,
Hallows this weary world.

Katherine O. Stilwell,

RADCLIFFE COLLEGE,

A Song to My Love.

Translated from the French of Théodore de Banville.

All the lake is lying in sunlight
Reflecting the shining skies ;
But dearer to me than the sunshine
Is the light of my darling's eyes.

The birdlings will e'er sing their carols,
And I, even I, must rejoice,
For their songs thrilling out from the shadows
But remind me of your loving voice.

When the roses blush in the twilight,
All gleaming with teardrops of dew,
My heart cries " I'd far rather have, dear,
One tear from your tender eyes blue."

Time steals away thoughts of the past, dear,
One forgets e'en a love that was strong ;
But I shall remember your kiss, dear,
Can any one say that I'm wrong?

Man turns from one joy to another
And the world goes on in its way,
But I shall be true to my love, dear,
Till the heavens shall vanish away.

Beulah Field.

Byways of Andover.

Andover is considered beautiful at all seasons of the year; but it is entrancingly so in the spring, when every bud and leaf adorn as for some festive occasion its fine old trees and make them with their varying shades of green a fairy background for picturesque spires and gables. Then if ever is the time to leave the beaten highways and seek unfrequented haunts, where wild flowers reward one by their profusion, variety and beauty, and where some wide expanse of meadow and view of far-off mountain tops, refresh and stimulate us with a deeper love of nature.



We little realize what a truly historical town this is, nor dream of the stories and legends that center about some of the places we thoughtlessly pass from day to day.

Not long ago an Abbot cycling party had some delightful and instructive rides visiting a few of the haunts famous in history and legend, in song and story.

Leaving the academy they turned off Main street past the grounds of the Theological Seminary to Salem street, taking the second road to the left

by the old Blunt Tavern, as it was called in early days, and now the home of Miss Dora Berry. The house has an air of dignity and self-respect as though conscious of duty well done in sheltering



many distinguished men of Revolutionary times.

Now through Missionary Lane, and as we look at its picturesque beauty let us remember that here in the early days of our century, some earnest students of the Theological Seminary prayed into existence the American Board of Foreign Missions.

On a hill commanding a fine view of North Andover and the surrounding country, stands the old Frye homestead, where lived Chaplain Jonathan Frye, who was mortally wounded in Lovell's fight in 1725. His tragic death forms the basis of Hawthorne's "Roger Malvin's Burial" in "Mosses from an Old Manse."

As we look at the old gray house which has so nobly withstood the storms and decay of time, we wonder if it does not miss the friendly shade and protection of the old elm planted by Chaplain Frye. Then our minds wander back to the chaplain and we see him weary and wounded struggling through the woods to reach camp, but alas, it cannot be done, so he urges his companion to leave him to his fate and save himself. We can almost see the dying man on the ground in the heart of that great wilderness, and can but feel that in those last moments his thoughts must have turned with longing to his home in this lovely spot.

Our visit to North Andover would be incomplete without a peep at the already familiar houses of Anne Bradstreet and Governor Phillips.

Anne Bradstreet was the first poetess of America, though we of today might question the genius of the "Tenth Muse," as we read her best known poem beginning :

" I had eight birds, hatched in one nest ;
Four cocks there were, and hens the rest."

In this house undoubtedly many notable gatherings were held, for Anne Bradstreet enjoyed the position which made her first lady of the colony.

Nearly opposite this home stands the Phillips mansion built by the Honorable Samuel Phillips in 1752, and distinguished as the birthplace of Governor Phillips through whose influence Phillips Academy was founded by his father and uncle. It is said that this house contains rich stores of ancient relics, and we longed to roam at leisure through the rooms and feast our eyes on the antique

silver tankards, the fine old family portraits, the cabinets and the beautiful tapestries. In later years a deeper interest hallows the place as we imagine the portly form and noble, benignant face of our beloved Bishop Brooks seen on the wide veranda or in the old garden.

On the way back to Andover we pass old Deacon Abbot's Tavern, at present the home of Mr. Samuel Locke, where Washington



breakfasted on one of his visits to Andover. That is a pretty story of the deacon's little daughter mending Washington's glove and of his kissing her when it was finished. No wonder that by such distinction the little lady was so elated that she refused to have her face washed for a week! This incident related in a spirited ballad by Andover's poetess, Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs, has become familiar to almost every school child.

Other trips have been taken by our enthusiastic cyclists, in quite different directions. One place connected with memories of Indian warfare led us over the hill to the Ballardvale road where we found the old Timothy Abbot home. When Timothy Abbot was a boy of thirteen he was kidnapped by yelling savages, suffered untold hardships in the wilderness, finally escaping and returning home. It is said that he would never allow any one who was hungry to be turned away from his door, declaring that no one who

had not felt the pangs of hunger could understand or sympathize with that dreadful experience.

As we look at the old farm house, surrounded by beautiful trees and broad tranquil meadows, we find it difficult to realize that Indian atrocities could ever have desecrated its slumberous peace.

Again on our wheels, over a road presenting new pictures at every turn, we reach the Acadian farm, where three Acadian families found refuge during the French and Indian Wars. It was a great trial to the Puritan farmer, Jonathan Abbot, to whom the house belonged, to harbor Catholics, but their industry in cultivating flax fields so completely conquered the prejudices of the family that when they left Andover, Mr. Abbot parted from them with profound regret. They afterward sent him a beautifully carved powder horn made with their own hands. The story of this family



is particularly interesting to us, as they were a detachment from that unfortunate people, whose pathetic wanderings are the theme of Longfellow's "Evangeline."

Perhaps the most delightful of all our trips was one in the direction of Haggett's Pond — our objective point the house where James Otis, the famous orator of the Revolutionary War, was

struck and killed by lightning in 1783. Mr. Otis was a resident of Andover for about two years, living at the homestead of Mr. Jacob Osgood. For a long time he had not been well, and shortly after attending a dinner party in Boston he expressed a premonition of approaching death and pointed out a site under a clump of trees where he wished to lie.

One night about six weeks later a terrific thunder shower arose. Mr. Otis stood in the door with his cane in his hand telling a story when an explosion came which shook the earth. Otis fell dead without a word or struggle, and a nation mourned the loss of an orator, a patriot, and friend.

From these few excursions we realize what a wealth of literary and historic association centers about this fine old town, not only upon its famous "Hill," but in its very highways and hedges. And always with the sense of present pleasure have come

"pleasing thoughts
That in these moments there is life and food
For future years."

For of this we are certain, that wherever we may be scattered, we shall always look back with love and admiration to our beautiful and historic Andover.

Helen Eaton Richardson, '98.



Amusements and Sports in the Orient.

It is often thought that the people of the Orient are not fond of games, and on account of the heat of the climate are inclined to be rather lazy. It is not to be denied that they are lazy, but that they are fond of amusements and sports is unquestionable.

The Turkish bath is one of the greatest sources of pleasure to them. They go to the bath once in two or three weeks and usually devote the entire day to it. The city of Broussa is noted for its mineral springs, places where water of so great heat bubbles up that an egg can be boiled in it. This water must be greatly cooled by cold streams before it is of the right temperature to bathe in. The bath usually has three rooms. The first room entered is very large, with a floor of marble. In its center is a fountain in the basin of which are melons, cucumbers, quinces, and various other fruits cooling for the bathers. The sides of this room are furnished with broad divans, on which the bathers rest and dress after their bath. The second room is called the *soouklouk*. This is the cooling-off room, and its temperature is between that of the dressing-room and the bath proper. Opening out of it is the bath proper. It is constructed of marble or some other stone, terminating in several small cupolas of glass surrounding one large one. In the center of the room is a large tank of hot water, and in it are seen women and children swimming. A few unfortunate ones who do not know how to swim have two dry gourds on either side which keep them on the surface of the water. All around the room are small stone basins receiving hot and cold water from faucets. At the foot of these basins on either side are wooden platforms just raised from the floor. Sitting cross-legged upon these are women and children of every description, washing their hair. After the hair has been thoroughly soaped and rinsed for seven or eight times, it is combed, and if a sharp little noise is heard as the comb is going through it, the hair is supposed to be clean.

By this time the bathers are about exhausted, but still they enjoy it all, especially the swimming about in the tank of hot water. Every little while they go out to the *soouklouk* and smoke their cigarettes and refresh themselves by drinking sherbet and eating the delicious fruit that has been cooling for them in the fountain

basin. Soon after noon the dinner is eaten, usually in the *soouk-louk*. The favorite kinds of food to eat at bath are salted sardines and various kinds of pickles. After the dinner is finished, another process of soaping and rinsing the hair is gone through. As soon as this is done the bathers wrap themselves in their soft towels, step into a pair of wooden clogs, and retire to the outer room. Here, after kissing the hands of their friends, they rest on the divans while drinking a cup of Turkish coffee.

Picnics come next to the Turkish bath in pleasure. It is a common thing in the villages at the time of the grapes to go to the vineyards for an early breakfast. But the large picnics are usually in the afternoon. The vineyards, in the shade of some monastery or beside a fountain of holy water, provided there is grass and shade in these places, are the favorite resorts for picnics. The children and the food are carried in two large baskets tied with strong ropes on either side of a horse or donkey. For these picnics a whole sheep or lamb is sent to the public oven to be cooked. This lamb has sometimes been kept for weeks, almost as the pet of the family, for this picnic, and the children are always sorry to have it killed. Upon arriving at the picnicking place a fire is built and over it the chicken or duck that was bought on the way, is cooked. A large rug, and over it a table cloth, are soon spread on the ground, and seats are taken all around on the portion of the rug which the table cloth does not cover. Before each person is a large fig leaf, a huge piece of black bread, and a fork. After the sign of the cross is made (if they are Greeks or Armenians), the people begin eating. There are several dishes of salad with little salted fish, and as many as four or five persons eat from one dish. Oftentimes the fig leaves are used as plates. The rice, or *pilaff*, as it is called, cooked with tomatoes in meat broth, is eaten with the lamb. The *dolmas* and the *imam bayildeu* or "priest fainted", form an important part. The former are meat and rice together with spices rolled up in large grape leaves and boiled. The latter are egg plants filled with rice and onions and cooked in olive oil. The story is told that a priest once eating them thought they were so delicious that he fainted away.

At these picnics the women and girls seldom sit down to eat

until the men and children have finished, because the men require so much waiting upon. The pastry at these picnics is delicious to those who like very rich, sweet food. When all are finished, the big watermelon, which has been cooling in the fountain, is eaten, and the black coffee is drunk. Both women and men join in this. When all have finished eating and the men are smoking their cigarettes, the women neatly gather up the fig leaf dishes and all the remnants. As soon as this is done the men join with the boys in playing games. The elderly women take their knitting from their girdles, or a bit of lace to work, while the younger ones join with their daughters in running races and playing various games such as *rat and cat* or *puss in the corner*. One of the favorite games with the men and boys is leap-frog. The native dance is almost always seen at picnics. The dancers take hold of hands and form a half circle. The most agile person leads them, holding a colored handkerchief in his or her free hand. They dance to the music of hand-organs, flutes, and many times to their own singing. The leader goes through a variety of measured steps and evolutions. There is no exact rule about this dancing, and every dancer does about as he pleases, provided he keeps step to the music.

Aside from these large picnics the Turkish women often take a few matches, their little copper boiler for coffee, and some bread and cheese or olives, on to the mountain side for a small picnic. It is a picturesque sight to see them from the city below, with their white veils and *ferèges*, sitting on the mountain side. The upper Bosphorus and the Golden Horn in Constantinople are beautiful places for picnics. Turkish cemeteries are often resorted to, where the cypress trees form a pleasant shade. Through the warm season, every pleasant Friday, the holy day of the Turks, the places are full of happy people, rich and poor having their picnics.

The Turks while travelling on a steamer, not Turkish, almost always carry their own food. They eat it on the deck sitting cross-legged on their rugs, and so it seems as though they were having continual picnics.

Leslie Stafford Crawford,

BROUSSA, TURKEY

In Paris.

Translated from the French of Clément Marot.

In beautiful Paris town so gay
Once trying to while the hours away,
I met a girl, oh ! quite by chance,
The most beautiful girl in the whole of France,
In beautiful Paris town so gay.

Modest she is as a blushing rose,
And how I love her no one knows,
For my fancy says there cannot be found
A more beautiful girl in the country round.

I cannot even name her to you,
But I'll whisper it low she's fond and true ;
And a kiss from her lips made our friendship strong
As one day in Paris we sauntered along.
Oh, the love I found in that town so gay
Will last me forever and ever and aye !

Beulah Field.

A Young Volunteer.

The hundreds of young men who but a few minutes before swarmed over walks and paths had completely disappeared within the great chapel. The bell gave a last ding-dong. Not until then did Rawlins think it worth while to exchange his leisurely walk for a dog-trot. It was not unusual, this being tardy, and he little minded the guying his fellow students gave him on the score of his southern deliberateness.

"My country, 'tis of thee" was fraught with deep meaning as those loyal young Americans were singing it clear and strong when Rawlins entered. Harvey edged along to make room for the late comer, and whispered under his breath, "Heard the news? War has been declared and the President has authorized a call for volunteers."

A flush of excitement was upon the face of President Carter and suppressed feeling in his voice as he stepped forward and addressed the students.

"Young men, you have doubtless heard of the step which has been taken in our political affairs. Some have been hoping, some fearing, but all believing that events would come to this crisis. We shall not discuss the various opinions held on this subject as to our right of interference in behalf of our distressed neighbor. It is not our right as loyal citizens to question what the government has deemed our duty. There are men who desired war for war's sake and an equal number of 'peace at any price' men. We are of neither class, I hope. Several of these present are members of our state militia, and I am informed that twenty more are needed in our village company. Young men, this is unquestionably a right and honorable war. Let us stand by our country and by our President!"

An instant of calm succeeded, and then the lusty throats, well-trained in the art of cheering, sent up such a deafening shout as no football game had ever excited.

Recitations were thinly attended that morning and Rawlins forgot their existence as he ran with dozens of others to try for enlist-

ment. He counted upon his superb build and football prowess to guarantee his acceptance and he was not disappointed. Devan, who measured but five feet three with his shoes on and tipped the scales only at one hundred and ten, trotted at Rawlins's side and talked regretfully of his own rejection, casting envious eyes at the suit of regimentals which the larger fellow was carrying to his dormitory.

Excitement was at its height that evening. What with bonfires, torches, horns, cheering and stump speeches, the citizens had a hard time trying to sleep. The boys were so far beside themselves as almost to forget how much land and sea lay between them and the enemy, and behaved as though they were already engaged in combat.

The news of war brought quite a different feeling to the mothers. Rawlins himself realized this as he sat in his room after quiet had been restored. He had thought of that frail mother earlier in the day when on the point of enlisting, and though he counted himself a man he reasoned like the impulsive, whole-hearted boy he was.

"I argued that if the war was to be a long one I would undoubtedly volunteer sooner or later, and in such a case those who first enlisted would stand the best chance of promotion. On the other hand, if the war is to be ended by the first naval engagement (as I now believe it will be) I should have the satisfaction of letting people see I was willing to go." This is what he wrote home and his mother answered as he knew she would — sorry and yet glad that her son's bravery so instinctively asserted itself.

It was longer than they expected before the company was ordered into camp. But when in bright uniforms they marched to the stirring strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" down the familiar streets, the glamor of heroism seemed to hover about them, and their excitement, at burning heat before, had now reached the point of ecstasy. "I didn't know I had so many friends!" said Harvey, as amidst ringing cheers the train moved out of the station. The train itself seemed to keep time to the music and partake of the patriotic feeling which ran rife.

"It's real soldiering at last, Harv. I'm sure I know how my father felt when he enlisted in '61," exclaimed Rawlins.

When they reached camp the boys had a better taste of real war than shouting schoolfellows had afforded them. A thin snow lay on the ground and rain soon began to fall. Clothes were wet, blankets grew damp, and the guy ropes were unmanageable as the inexperienced boys attempted to stake their tents.

During the next three weeks any trial would have proved a diversion in the stupid monotony of camp life. Harvey declared he would be crazy if it lasted much longer.

"Why, it's worse than herding sheep in Texas!"

"Never mind. You will soon have the chance of relieving some of those rascally Spaniards of the tedium of existence," rejoined his tent mate. Rawlins had collected money among the boys and had sent for foils and broad swords. Then his hands were full giving instructions. Officers and men from other companies crowded near as he took part in successive exhibitions of broad sword exercise, fencing, and boxing.

So time wore on, and the orders they had been awaiting so anxiously at last came unexpectedly. In but a few hours the men with all their paraphernalia had disappeared from the field and were speeding away towards Tampa. The massing of troops had begun.

"I wish mother had not left home so early this season," remarked Rawlins, as they dashed through the country so familiar to him. "I say! They are actually stopping at Montgomery! Look, Harv, there's home over—"

Harvey looked in astonishment, not as directed, but at his friend's face, which bore that moment an expression of surprise and angry resentment.

A dapper young man wearing the uniform of a lieutenant had ridden up to the station and dismounted. Robert Rawlins sprang from his seat and was out on the platform in an instant. He was too late, however. The man whom he had recognized did not choose to reply, and had joined a group of officers whom Rawlins had no right to approach.

"Howdy, Cap'n Bob!"

Rawlins started to see a diminutive darkey standing near him, bearing a delighted grin on his face.

"Is you gwine to wah, Cap'n Bob?"

He took the little fellow by the shoulders and, almost lifting him from his feet, called out,

"What do you mean by addressing a superior officer in that fashion, Sargent?"

"Me aint no sojer, Cap'n, but I's powerful anxious to be. Caant you take me wid you?"

"Well that's rich! I should like to know what your mammy would do without you, child."

"Miss Carrie need you, Cap'n Bob, an' you's gwine."

That was a home thrust, but it won the day for the child.

The tired soldiers were glad enough to have such an addition to their number. The boy's dancing was none the worse for the swaying car and his songs were the true darkey melodies, unknown to those in the north.

"Give us the story about 'Hannah and the Gaters' and then that will do. You mustn't talk too much or you will think you *are* somebody," advised Rawlins; and when the child had imitated the last gasp of the drowning husband, his master took him out on the platform, leaving the others convulsed with laughter.

It had grown dark but what he had to say must be kept secret. This he endeavored to impress upon the little negro. The wind was strong but he managed to make himself heard.

"Now speak up without any lying and tell me how Dick Stacey happens to be serving Uncle Sam? When did he get back from his last trip to—he alone knows where?"

"Well, all I knows is dat t'other week he were 'bout town an' kep' talkin' mighty biggoty 'bout de wah an' how he was gwine swipe dem Spaniards. Miss Carrie were powerful s'prised and said she'd like to know how com Dick Stacey git so mighty patriotic all to onc't. When dey was listin' fo' de wah, Stacey were one ob de fust to jine. Folks thought——"

"I don't want to know what people thought. I want to know what Dick Stacey did, though it goes without saying he was up to some mischief. They are not patriotic reasons which forced *that* coward to join the army."

As Sargent opened his mouth to speak the car gave a lurch, almost upsetting the little fellow. The train was running slowly now for they were nearing the water tank, when Sargent's keen eyes saw a dark form drop down from the car ahead of them. He gave Rawlins a nudge, and the latter now keenly alive to the situation, saw another form emerging from the bushes near by.

"Sargent," he whispered; but the child had disappeared, so he stood there aimlessly enough, consumed with the desire to investigate matters and utterly unable to do so without attracting attention. But he closely observed the movements of those in the grass. He could hear the swinging of the water pipe back into place. The whistle sounded and one of the men dropped out of sight while the other boarded the forward car. Still he watched—a tiny object had been discerned creeping through the grass—he heard an angry cry.

The train was moving at almost full speed when a little black head appeared above the steps and a small body followed.

"Dat were Dick Stacey," whispered Sargent in an assured fashion.

"Child alive, what have you been doing? I was afraid you were left behind."

"I's dust curious to know what were up. Didn't do no good doo, case I durstn't go clost enough to hyah what dey was saying. Dust as I were runnin' fo' de train, dat man yell an' I see'd de little paper, what Dick Stacey guv him, blow out'n his han'. 'Peers like he mighty sorry loos' dat paper, but I dust snatch it an' clumb on de train. Hyah 'tis, Cap'n Bob?"

It was a strange chance that had blown this paper in the direction of the sagacious child. Sargent was proving himself a valuable man already.

"Come in, boy. Remember, though, not a word of this to anyone."

Next morning at ten sixteen the train reached High Springs. Excursions had been run from Gainesville and Fort White, so crowds awaited the arrival of the troops. When the deafening shouts and band music had somewhat subsided a cry of "Gomez! speech! speech!" arose. The young son of the Cuban general was

lifted upon a truck where he modestly addressed the enthusiastic people, who not contented, wrapped the flag around him and bore him about on their shoulders.

In the mean time Sargent dodging round had come upon Stacey at one end of the platform. Rawlins was not far off but had refrained from making his presence known. He was biding his time: when they reached Tampa would be soon enough. The little darkey was not so far sighted. One thing alone was clear to him, that Cap'n Bob distrusted this man and wished to know more of his affairs.

"Stand aside, nigger!" ordered Stacey.

"Peers like you don' know ole friends," piped up the boy.

Stacey looked at him in astonished contempt, but paid no heed to the remark.

"I spec' you'd speak to un quick 'nuf ef you know'd I see'd you at de water tank," Sargent continued. "Cap'n Bob's on to your tricks—he's powerful glad to get dat paper o' yourn."

"You impudent rascal!" the man hissed. Then striding up to Rawlins, he demanded, "Give me that paper, you thief, or I'll have you arrested!"

Rawlins never waited to be called "thief" twice. They clinched on the instant. A few moments ended the fray and the college athlete held the other down on his back.

An interested mob collected — officers came running up — the whistle sounded — there was no chance for explanations — they were hurried on to the train. Unpleasant company they must have been for each other during the long ride to Tampa and then in the guard house all night.

Rawlins was burning with eagerness to explain matters, for he felt disgraced at the brawl into which he had been forced.

Morning at length dawned and they were escorted before the court martial. Sargent was present as chief witness.

Stacey was uneasy as he looked at Rawlins, for he did not know how much of his affairs would be exposed. Rawlins was collected, though excited. When his turn came to speak, he rose and in his impulsive, eloquent fashion told the whole story of his suspicions.

"There seems to be a strong foundation for your surmises," said the arraigning officer. "This paper which your trusty little friend so successfully secured proves that the prisoner is a *spy in the employ of Spain*, otherwise the document is of little importance. It is well to have had his treachery exposed before it led to irretrievable disaster. We owe much to this small boy Sargent you call him? You will make a brave soldier, sir."

"I's not brave, Cap'n Gen'l. Sure I didn't know dat I was doin' nuffin. Dust grabbed de paper case it blowd my way. Cap'n Bob's de brave un. I jus did it fo' Cap'n Bob."

Anna Monroe Gilchrist, '98.



Editorials.

Miss Watson's retirement from the principalship, prior to a prolonged residence abroad, closes another epoch in the history of Abbot Academy. In midwinter, the announcement of her resignation was the occasion of sincere regret among her co-laborers and pupils, and even now the mind refuses to adjust itself to any realization of a future without her.

Looking back over the period of Miss Watson's six years of administration, from 1892 to 1898, we notice marked evidences of growth in the equipment of the school, and in the attractions offered to meet the present needs of its patrons. Nowhere is this more apparent than in its enlarged curriculum. To the general course of study, Miss Watson added Modern Literature and Classical courses, where work in the languages both ancient and modern was so wisely emphasized as not to encourage undue specialisation. The College Preparatory course was likewise so deftly adjusted as not to exclude the regular school program or materially increase the expense of instruction or the labor of individual teachers.

The departments themselves have been more sharply individualized. Not only has the Greek department been distinctively recognized as such, but those of History, Literature, and Science have gained greatly in unity under the exclusive direction of one instructor, whose work is limited to her specialty.

Aside from the Greek department, perhaps those of Science and Art History can register the greatest gains in equipment. For the former, the laboratory has been entirely rebuilt, with modern appliances, less extensive to be sure, but certainly as complete of their kind as any in Harvard College. Costly instruments and illustrative studies have greatly extended the range of instruction in Physics and Biology.

For the study of Art History, the already ample provision has been generously increased by at least six hundred additions in the form of casts, etchings, paintings, and a large collection of photographs. Of these, as many as one hundred and twenty-five illustrations of Gothic architecture and modern painting, were the

gift of Mr. Mortimer B. Mason, as well as the sixty-eight exquisite etchings of Timothy Cole. Time would fail us to enumerate them all,—a gift, from Mrs. Storrs, of the Sistine Madonna; Holbein prints from original drawings; photographs of the Goethe and Schiller galleries, collected through the enthusiasm and enterprise of the German department; and two hundred or more photographs presented by Mrs. Byers as a memorial of her European tours. And now we must record the recent bequests of Miss McKeen including many photographs, among them a magnificent copy of Guido's Aurora, and about eighty rare and costly Art books.

A new position has been added to the faculty corps,—that of librarian, whose constant supervision, careful records, and timely suggestions have materially contributed to the efficiency and protection of the library. The card catalogue, one of the many benefactions of the Alumnae Association, has done the work of an instructor in the scholarly training of the students.

The library itself can boast of a very rapid and valuable increase, an addition of no less than twelve hundred and fifty volumes, representing every department in the school. Gradually, new alcoves have been added, old vacancies filled, and that enviable state is fast approaching when the disposition of new books will be an ever perplexing problem. Abbot has always been singularly fortunate in the bookish tastes of its leaders, and Miss Watson has kept up the traditions eagerly appropriating all available funds to the purchase of books, until Abbot can proudly point to a truly remarkable library for a school of its size.

Special attention has also been given to the securing of good lectures as a powerful aid to class instruction. Upon many occasions, our audiences have included some of the most scholarly minds of Andover, drawn thither to hear a distinguished speaker from Andover, Wellesley, Princeton, or Harvard.

From one source and another, the school buildings have been constantly improved. Old Abbot Hall has been beautifully and artistically renovated. In Draper Hall, public corridors and many rooms have been tinted, the hospital has been built and furnished, and through Miss Watson's ingenuity two of the principal landings have been cushioned and decorated.

Just here it may be mentioned that much has been done for the

comfort and enjoyment of daily life. Many unpopular double rooms have been converted into single rooms, a large room on the first floor has been appropriated as a family sitting and play room and provided with easy chairs, story books, and above all, a piano. Two out-doors sports have been added, the delights of wheel and basket-ball.

During this period, there has been an aggregate enrollment from year to year of about eight hundred pupils, ninety-five of whom will always remain Miss Watson's devoted graduates.

Many important bequests have greatly facilitated the power of the school. From our generous benefactors, Mr. and Mrs. Draper, have come three pieces of real estate in Andover and Somerville, amounting to about \$40,000, from Mrs. Hilton a bequest of \$10,000 and from the will of Mrs. Phoebe Chandler \$5,000 towards a new academy building, to which may be added the sum of five or six hundred dollars, collected for this object by Abbot students. There are also the Cornell scholarships, amounting to a bequest of \$3,000, and lastly Miss McKeen's gift of \$4,500, making in all a total to the financial resources of the school of about \$65,000.

This period is also marked by an effort to keep Abbot Academy more conspicuously in the public eye. Its enterprise in having an exhibit at the World's Fair was amply rewarded by fine testimonials bearing the seal of the Columbian Exposition. The Abbot Clubs of Boston and New York have done much to extend the reputation of the school and to create and foster a public sentiment whose influence can not be overestimated.

Even this imperfect record of growth in the various avenues of school work is a speaking testimony to the general growth of the school. Year by year, under Miss Watson's administration, — quietly, unobtrusively, but steadily, it has held its own amidst many and divers discouragements, — not the least of which has been the excessive financial depression of the country since 1893. This has prevented the energetic pushing of the new academy building, but if it is the beginning that counts, the realization of that beautiful dream will owe a debt of gratitude to Miss Watson.

But the debt of gratitude, felt by so many for Miss Watson's kindness, patience, and generosity, is fortunately no dream but a blessed and substantial reality to which there is no end or fare-

well. "Still paying, still to owe," is the unspoken benediction of many, and "blessings and prayers in noble retinue" follow her in her chosen pursuits. We hope that not for long will Miss Watson's scholarly attainments, astute mind, and commanding intelligence be absent from the educational world.

For some time the members of the school have felt very strongly the need of a literary society and this year the Waverley Club was organized on the twenty-second of January. In response to the announcement of such a project, twenty-three members, representatives of the Literature department, were promptly enrolled.

From the beginning, the principal aim of the society, as seen from the constitution at once adopted, was not a succession of formal meetings with a literary program, but the creation of a literary force which would render feasible a number of desirable and improving enterprises, otherwise impossible. This would not, however, exclude direct literary study, since the very name of the society, unanimously chosen, indicates an interest in Scott, a desire for wider acquaintance with him, and a belief in the inspiration to be derived through the mighty magic of his name.

The constitution reads as follows: "The chief aim of this society shall be to cultivate and cherish in the school enthusiastic zeal in the cause of good literature, and to second and suggest means to promote a wider literary intelligence — by which is meant, an acquaintance with periodicals for the literary life of our own day, and familiar reading of the English classics for a more personal and friendly relation with great writers than is possible in technical study.

The chief function of the society shall be its fortnightly meetings of an informal character, though its province may embrace social and literary entertainments or excursions to places of literary interest."

During the few months in which the society has existed many pleasant meetings have been held, each one fulfilling the aim of the society and each, we feel sure, attended by an increase of interest in literary and historic subjects.

The members have enjoyed a talk preparatory to a performance of "The Rivals;" a brief study of "Waverley" that there

might be an intelligent acquaintance with the special book from which our name was chosen; and an interesting paper upon "Scenes In and Around Andover." The society had the pleasure of entertaining the school with a lecture by Mrs. Downs upon "Methods of Historical Study," and, through its influence, representatives of the society have made several short excursions to places having historic associations.

As a direct stimulus to the reading of Scott by the members of the school, a prize was offered for the best essay upon any subject suggested by one of Scott's historical novels, and the result of the experiment is published in this issue of the Courant.

We feel that our achievements have been modest when we remember the stirring accounts of the Sphinx of former years and its attractive literary work. We, nevertheless, feel that this is a movement in the right direction and that it is distinctly in accordance with the literary history and present aims of the school. We therefore earnestly hope that no such arguments as lack of time or opportunity will allow the society to die, but that it may be reorganized in the ensuing year and be successful in realizing the loftiest dreams of its founders.



School Journal

Hall Exercises.

Saturday, Dec. 9, 1897. At the last afternoon hall exercise of the fall term, Miss Kelsey spoke to the school about the Darwin lectures which she had attended in Boston. She gave glimpses of Mr. Darwin's personality and gave, with explanations of her own, the substance of his lecture upon tides.

Saturday, Jan. 15. At the first hall exercise of the winter term Fraulein Schiefferdecker gave the school a delightful account of some of her Egyptian experiences. Besides many other adventures, the ascent of the Great Pyramid was vividly described. She closed the talk with the amusing story of the monkey.

Saturday, Jan. 29. The Woman's Anti-Suffrage Club of Andover held a meeting for the benefit of the school. Addresses were given by Mrs. George and Mrs. Codman of Brookline who explained their side of the question and gave arguments and statistics in favor of Anti-Suffrage.

Saturday, Feb. 12. The Waverley Club had charge of the exercises and the school was addressed by Mrs. Downs who delivered a lecture upon American history, giving an entertaining account of the historical points in Andover and explaining the value of the study of American history.

Saturday, Feb. 26. Miss Bancroft gave a talk to the school about Trinity Church, Boston. A very interesting account of the two former Trinity Churches was given and also a detailed description of the present church.

Saturday, March 12. An interesting science lecture was given to the school by Miss Mason, teacher of science. She spoke upon the cross-pollination and the cross-fertilization of plants, illustrating the lecture by several very fine charts of her own making.

Saturday, April 23. As it was Shakespeare's birthday, the hall exercises were in charge of the Shakespeare class, each member of which spoke on some subject appropriate for the day.

Saturday, May 7. Miss Durfee entertained the school with some very delightful recitations which were interspersed with piano solos by Misses Smart, Stork and Southworth.

Saturday, May 21. Mrs. Downs addressed the school with a continuation of her former lecture upon American history, giving most interesting personal reminiscences of historic Concord and its celebrities.

The school met for its last public Saturday afternoon exercise on June 4. Mr. Brewster, fresh from travel in Spain, gave us some new and pleasant associations with the Spaniards. He told us about the character of the country and gave us his personal impressions of some of the most interesting cities, palaces, and galleries.

Entertainments.

Jan. 13, the Dartmouth Glee Club gave their annual concert which many of the students attended.

The whole school and especially the students of Literature enjoyed the "Rivals" given by the Phillips Dramatic Club in the Town Hall on February 8.

Miss Watson's tea, given on January 26, was attended by the school and by many friends in town.

The second piano recital of the Abbot Academy series was given at the November Club House, Locke Street, on Thursday afternoon, February 17, at four o'clock, by Mr. Carl Faeltel of Boston, assisted by Miss Mona Downs of New York.

PROGRAM.

THEME AND VARIATIONS. B flat major.	Schubert
{ a. BERCEUSE DE JOCELYN.	Godard
{ b. AVE PRINTEMPS.	J. Blazy

MISS MONA DOWNS.

SONATA D MINOR. Op. 31, No. 2.	Beethoven
(Allegro — Adagio — Allegretto).	

"MON CŒUR NE PEUT CHANGER."	Mireille-Gounod
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MISS MONA DOWNS.

SCENES FROM CHILDHOOD. Op. 15.	Schumann
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From foreign lands—Curious story—Playing tag—
Entreating — Happiness—Important event—Dream-
ing—At the fireside—Hobby horse—Frightening—
Falling asleep—The poet speaks.

{ a. A MAY MORNING.	Denza
{ b. VAINKA'S SONG.	Whishaw

MISS MONA DOWNS.

PRELUDE AND MINUETTO. From Op. 72.	Raff
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NOCTURNE C MINOR. Op. 48.	Chopin
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CONCERT STUDY C MAJOR.	Rubinstein
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March 15, was the date of the Phillips Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Concert. Many of the girls were present.

The Reception given by the Senior Middle Class, on March 22, in honor of Miss Watson and the Seniors, was an enjoyable occasion. Miss Watson's rooms, the drawing-room, libraries and Seniors' Parlor were decorated with '99's class colors. The stairway was prettily banked with ferns and palms and from the first landing the piano filled the rooms with soft music. Miss Watson, assisted by the President of the Senior Middle Class, received the guests. The reception was one of the most delightful social events of the year and the class of '99 are to be congratulated upon their success.

April 22. Many of the students attended the Philo-Forum debate in Phillips Academy Hall.

The third musical recital of the year was given April 28, in the November Club House, by Madame Szumowska and Monsieur Josef Adamowski.

PROGRAM.

Sonata D major, *Rubinstein*
Barcarolle—Finale.

PIANO AND 'CELLO.

Fantaisie et Fugue Chromatique, *J. S. Bach*

PIANO SOLO.

Romanze. Op. 22, No. 1. *Arthur Foote*

'CELLO SOLO.

<i>a.</i>	Nocturne. G major.	} <i>Chopin</i>
<i>b.</i>	Valse. D flat major.	
<i>c.</i>	Etude. D flat major.	

PIANO SOLO.

}	a.	Adagietto,	Bizet
}	b.	At the Fountain.	Davidoff

'CELLO SOLO.

Valse. (Man lebt nur ein Mal). *Strauss-Tausig*

PIANO SOLO.

May 2. Phillips played Harvard Varsity. The game was very close, the score being 2-1 in favor of Harvard at the close of the tenth inning.

Some of the students attended the Spring Tournament at Phillips,
May 7.

The Means Prize Speaking in Phillips Hall took place on May 10.

Many students attended the Worcester Athletic Meet on May 21.

On Saturday, May 28, some of the students attended the game between Phillips and Yale 'Varsity.

On June 3, Miss Bosher took part in a graceful little play, *A Fair Encounter*, given at the November Club House for the benefit of the Club.

On June 7, a farce in one act entitled "*First Aid to the Injured*," was given by the seniors.

CAST.

Jack Hazard,	Miss Pearson
Dr. Austin Cheviot,	Miss Patrick
Bell Cheviot,	Miss Cook
Grace Lofter,	Miss Smart
Sally Driver,	Miss Perley
Charlotte Brassie,	Miss Pease

Music was furnished by the seniors. Miss Florence Holt played the piano and Miss Mary Holt the violin. The hall was well filled with students and their lady friends.

One of the pleasant social happenings of the Spring was Mrs. Moore's tea, given for the students of the Theological Seminary. The home, rich in associations, interested all, and many took a look at Prof. Moore's fine library, and the garden of wild flowers.

Mrs. Tyer's reception on June first was a delightful welcome back to school after the holiday recess. The conservatory and lawn afforded pleasant places for story-telling and conversation and the evening passed all too quickly.

The Senior Reception of Mrs. John Wesley Churchill, which is always anticipated with pleasure, was doubly charming, as Prof. Churchill kindly read three selections—a story of southern life by Edwards, one of Jean Ingelow's beautiful poems, and Browning's *Clive*.

Mrs. Boynton's tea on June third was exceptionally pleasant, and every one so thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon, that the rather inclement weather was forgotten.

The Seniors of the Seminary entertained a few friends at the Seminary the Tuesday evening before Anniversary Day. Every one there had a charming time.

On Anniversary evening the ladies of the Seminary gave a reception in Bartlett Chapel. Many guests, who had not been in Andover for some time, were present, and there was much of the spirit of "*Auld Lang Syne*."

On June tenth the German department of the school had a picnic at Sunset Rock. It was a cool, delightful day, and we found Sunset Rock an ideal spot for a picnic. After exploring the place, a delicious lunch was

served, to which every one did justice. Some clever games were instituted, and those who excelled were awarded prizes brought from Germany by Fraülein Schiefferdecker. As it grew dusk we turned homeward. On the way we serenaded with German songs Prof. Moore, Prof. Newton and Miss Watson. As the party broke up, we voted the German picnic a great success, and hope nothing will interfere with its yearly re-occurrence.

Lectures.

We have been especially favored this year in having lectures given at the school by Prof. James of Harvard and Prof. Young of Princeton. Prof. James spoke "On a Certain Blindness in Human Beings." We quote the account of the lectures as they were reported for the Townsman :

A certain account of the Psychological Congress, held in Munich in 1896, calls Prof. James "the most charming of living personalities." This high reputation was fully confirmed by the happy impression which he made upon the large audience of students and Andover literati assembled to hear his first lecture at Abbot Academy, last Friday evening. The lecture was less psychological than was expected, from his fame as one of the greatest of contemporary psychologists, but not the less acceptable and profitable on that account. The "blindness in human beings" which he discussed, is a blindness to the ground of joy in the lives of others, leading to judgments which should be reserved until those lives are more clearly understood.

Such illumination may come at rare moments—in reverent communion with nature, through the influence of noble friendship, generous example, or pure love. A breath of this diviner air was felt by Wordsworth, when upon that memorable morning, glorious, magnificent, the solid mountains "drenched in empyrean light," the meadows in "all the sweetness of a common dawn," amidst the melody of birds and the homely sounds of daily labor, he became "a dedicated spirit."

Such insight into the "general heart of man" irradiated the soul of Stevenson, as he painted with marvellous sympathy and tenderness, the life of a humble boy, to whom perfect happiness meant the possession of a bull's eye lantern. It was felt by Walt Whitman, when in the surging tide of Broadway, he heard the "still, sad music of humanity."

Quotations from Hudson's "Idle days in Patagonia," and Obermann's Journal emphasized the restorative power of nature and its quickening influence upon our wider and nobler sympathies.

The selections used by Prof. James were unique, beautiful and highly suggestive, and the rendering of them was so vitalized by his own literary and psychological genius that, though he frequently reminded his audience of the contrary, they fell upon the ear with all the force of fresh originals.

On the whole, the lecture was in the highest degree stimulating, and was warmly appreciated for its great practical and ethical value.

PROFESSOR JAMES'S SECOND LECTURE.

A large audience was again assembled in Abbot Hall last Friday evening, to hear Professor James deliver his second and concluding lecture. "What Makes Our Lives Significant" It was a brilliant and masterly effort. Sparkling wit, mirth-provoking gravity, abrupt transitions, — all combined with an atmosphere of high seriousness to make a discourse as elusive in the hands of the reporter, as it was charming to the ear of the listener. Variety, infinite, inexhaustible, seemed the watchword of the speaker. The first lecture prepared the audience for the unexpected, but who could anticipate such delicious irony, such poetic touches, such an awakening of the individual conscience — the humorist, poet, psychologist, moralist, and religious teacher all in one!

The new subject was introduced by an inimitable sketch of Chataqua, that Utopia of America, that Happy Valley of the nineteenth century! Its lectures set to the music of perpetual soda fountains created an atmosphere too idyllic for our Harvard professor, who preferred the unmitigated evil of the unregenerate world to that "quintessence of mediocrity" in intellect and morals.

Once more "in the stream of the world," Prof. James painted vivid and startling pictures of the "other half," of those who do the world's work — the work that supports the luxury of courts, the idleness of the rich, the leisure of the intellectual aristocrat. There passed before one in rapid succession, the dark-browed laborer of the subway, the toiling old Vienna hag, the down-trodden Russian peasant, the humble boy "Across the plains" — such pictures as Tolstoi and Stevenson drew to the life. Grinding toil like this, compared with inglorious ease, is worthy of public monuments. At this point, so persuasive were Prof. James's arguments, that a large subscription might then and there have been started in the interest of statues dedicated to day laborers. But intellect and education were once more indorsed, all momentary doubts to the contrary being removed by a few modifying statements. An ideal is necessary to hallow even day labor, and this is absent from the mind of the "sweaty toiler" who shirks his task and delights in the hour that sets him free.

An ideal joined to practical effort towards the realization of it will produce a union sufficiently strong to ennoble the atmosphere of any human soul whether humble or renowned.

Prof. James closed these lectures, written expressly for the occasion, by a beautiful address to the students of Abbot Academy. In eloquent terms and with impressive seriousness, he reminded them of the special

endowment of woman—sympathy This alone can correct our daily blindness to the ground of another's joy, this alone can discern the secret of that ideal which makes another's life significant.

We quote also from the Townsman the account of Prof. Young's lectures:

In spite of the bad condition of the streets, a good audience joined with Abbot Academy to welcome Professor Young on Wednesday evening, and to listen to a delightful lecture on the Sun. Six years have passed since Professor Young last lectured at the Academy, hence to a large part of the audience it was a new experience to listen to a scientist so renowned in his profession. Professor Young has the ability to make a difficult subject clear and simple and attractive to all who listen to him, and one forgets for a time the many years of most patient and exhausting labor represented by the facts brought in such simple, vivid language, or pictured upon the screen.

After a brief review of the main facts concerning the sun, its distance, size, heat and power, Professor Young stepped to the lantern and threw upon the screen a large number of pictures; some of these were intelligible at once to the audience, but many would have been utterly meaningless to most of us without the careful explanation given by the lecturer. A large number of the pictures illustrated the spectroscopic and photographic work which has been done upon the sun in recent years, and which is absorbing more and more the attention of all students of the sun. To a thoughtful mind one of the strongest impressions made by the lecture must have been that such work demands infinite patience and absolute truthfulness in him who would find out truth.

Last evening the subject of the second lecture was Nebulae and Nebular Hypotheses. To-night the third and last lecture will be unillustrated, and upon the subject, "God's Glory in the Heavens."

Added to the pleasure of the lectures from Professor Young, the Academy is enjoying his presence in the family at Draper Hall.

Religious Services.

January 27 was the Day of Prayer for Schools and Colleges. In the morning we listened to an address by Mr. Oliphant of Methuen. In the afternoon Prof. Taylor spoke at the Theological Seminary Chapel on the University of Oxford. At quarter past five a prayer meeting, led by Miss Merrill, was held in the sitting-room.

For the past six months we have been especially favored at our Saturday evening services. The pastors of various churches have spoken to us, not only Mr. Shipman and Mr. Palmer of our own Andover churches, but also Mr. Page of Lawrence, gave us an exceptionally fine talk. From the

Theological Seminary, Mr. Gilpatrick read a paper, and Mr. Wright gave an interesting account of his work among the prisoners in the Concord Reformatory. Mrs. Kellog, Secretary of the W. H. M. A., led one missionary meeting. Mrs. Allen, a missionary from Africa, and Mr. and Mrs. Crawford of Turkey, have awakened a greater interest in missions by describing their work. Other meetings have been led by Dr. Selah Merrill, who showed us valuable specimens from places in the Holy Land, by Prof. Taylor who gave us a wonderful description of St. Peter's in Rome, and by Mr. Austin Richards, President elect of the Y. M. C. A. of Harvard, who gave an account of the Student Volunteer Convention in Cleveland. Miss Elizabeth Thayer spoke in a bright and interesting way of her work at the Willard Y. Settlement in Boston. We are so glad that we have had the opportunity of hearing Miss McKeen twice during the past six months. Early in the winter she spoke to us about our future lives and our work in the world, and gave us some splendid thoughts in regard to it. Miss McKeen spoke to us for the last time just before the close of the winter term, upon her visit to the Perkins Institute for the Blind in Boston.

Letters from different workers have been read at the Friday morning missionary talks. We have also listened to accounts of missionary work. An especially interesting account of the life of Neesima was read one Friday morning.

The Abbot Christian Workers have lately held several meetings that have been exceptionally well attended.

A Lenten offering of twelve dollars and thirty-five cents was given to the Woman's Board of Missions. As usual the needs of the "Country Week" have been presented to the school, and an offering will be given for the benefit of this useful charity.

On March 13, at the schoolhouse in the Scotland District a Sunday School was organized with Miss Durfee as superintendent, and the Abbot girls as teachers. Ten scholars were present and the membership since has been increased to twelve. The attendance has been good and much enthusiasm has been shown by both pupils and teachers. That the work is needed was well illustrated by one small boy who when asked about Christ replied that he had never heard of Him.

Miss Watson gave the Sunday School a picnic on the Abbot grounds. Thursday afternoon, June 9. Eighteen children came and Mr. Shipman joined the little company in the games under the Old Oak Tree.

Items of General Interest.

An interesting letter from Mrs. Selah Merrill, dated Jerusalem, April 26, tells us that Dr. Merrill has taken over the affairs of the Consulate and is getting the run of business connected with it. They are comfortably settled at the Grand New Hotel, have found some old friends and acquaintances, and have had the unexpected pleasure of a visit with Mrs. John Byers and Miss Henderson, whose coming to Jerusalem occurred soon after the arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Merrill. The Botany Class may be interested to hear that in one spot on the way to Hebron they found thirty-nine different varieties of flowers.

The judges appointed by the Waverley Club to decide upon their prize essay, regretted that it was not their privilege to award two prizes instead of one. The *nom-de-plume*, "Le Balfé," was found to represent Miss Eliza Curtis, whose excellent essay upon the "Three Tyrants of Quentin Durward," is to be warmly commended.

A valuable purchase of fossils has just been made for the Geological Cabinet. Though only eleven in number they will add much to the interest of the study of historical geology. There are two fine casts of the early fishes, a large cast of reptilian footprints, a cast of the leg and foot of the little *Hipparion*, the ancestor of the horse, and several molluscs. The cabinet has always been specially deficient in plant fossils, hence a large cast of a *Cycad*, a fine piece of shale from the coal mines of Scranton, Penn., with char impressions of the trunks of two early carboniferous trees, and a good impression in sandstone of *sassafras* leaves, form the beginning of what we hope will grow to be a large collection.

The money to make these purchases was earned by a course of lectures given by means of the Auxiliary Alumnae Lecture Fund. Those who have given to this fund will be glad to know that their money has thus been doubly useful to the school.

The account of the additions to the geological cabinet has suggested another way by which loyal old girls may benefit the school. Many must live in regions rich in fossils of various kinds. Perhaps some would be glad to make gifts of such specimens to the school. Everything of the kind would be gladly received by the department.

The Cardinal flower.

"It does not fade—it burns out."

My fervid flower, dost thou pant
 For cooling waters calm,
 And would'st thou slake thy flaming heart,
 And heal thee of thine harm?
 So pensive by thy mirror-pool
 Watching thy shadow gleam,
 Like vision fair of vanished joy
 Soft floating through a dream!

Dear lingerer by the water-brooks
 Thy secret well I know,
 I know thine eager fervency
 Hath scorched thy beauty so!
 For ashes, mid thy petals' sheen
 The fancy may discern,
 And soon, too soon, thy glowing tints
 To mournful blackness turn.

Fed thro' the drooping August heats,
 Unmindful of thy doom,
 Thy valiant colors flash for us,
 As flashed proud Hector's plume!
 Thy tattered pennons wave and glance,
 And cheer the lonely glades,—
 Thou seem'st of human fellowship
 As twilight softly fades.

Burn on, thou flower of fervid love
 Thy scars upon thy breast,
 Better the cinders and the woe
 Than cold in splendor drest!
 Shine on, victorious heart of flame,
 Bestrewn with ashes sere,
 The winds and waters gladden thee,
 Shine on, O flower dear.

—*Mary Jenks Storrs.*

Early in May Mrs. Heman B. Allen of Meriden, Conn., made a visit of several days in the school as the guest of Miss Kelsey. Mrs. Allen has recently spent a year and a half visiting and travelling in South Africa. As her sister, Miss Ferguson, has long been principal of the Huguenot Seminary at Wellington, Cape Colony, Mrs. Allen's opportunities for a thorough acquaintance with the country and the people were unusual. We found it a rare privilege to listen to her on Saturday evening and in Bible Class, as well as in private conversation.

Through the patriotic efforts of Mr. Holt Abbot Academy has been vigorously flying her colors since the beginning of the Spanish-American

War. Mr. Holt has interested himself in having the flag carefully repaired, the flag-staff repainted, and the flag itself so suspended that it can be furled or unfurled by a pulley. It seems a perpetual Memorial Day to catch the constant shimmer of Old Glory through the spring foliage.

The Jackson Memorial Fund has given to the library another priceless treasure, "The Life of Tennyson by his Son." Through this gift, work upon Tennyson has been greatly broadened and illuminated.

By the will of Philena McKeen of Andover, filed in Salem, the following public bequests are made :

Two hundred dollars to the Congregational Church in Bradford, Vt., the income to be used to keep the family burial lot in order, and any remainder to purchase books for the pastor's library established by her father ; a part of her library to the pastor's library of the same church ; if her property will admit of it, \$2500 to Abbot Academy of Andover, for an endowment fund in the department of art ; in the name of her sister, Phebe Fuller McKeen, \$1000 to be devoted to instruction in literature ; if the property will admit of still further gifts, \$1000 toward founding a chair of literature in Abbot Academy ; the portrait of her sister to Abbot Academy.

In addition to the public bequests, Miss McKeen left her large collection of art books to the school and, that the gift might be complete, provided a cabinet for their housing. Many of the books are duplicates of those in the school library and will add to the comfort of future Senior classes in the preparation of their work. The cabinet will be placed in the Seniors' Parlor.

In accordance with Miss McKeen's request, the photograph of Guido Reni's Aurora will take its old place in the alcove of the McKeen Rooms.

The alabaster Danaid purchased by Miss McKeen and Miss Phebe for Miss Belcher and returned to Miss McKeen after Miss Belcher's death has come to the McKeen rooms as a memorial of these three devoted Abbot teachers.

Mr. and Mrs. Draper, on their recent golden anniversary, shared the joy of the day with their beloved Abbot Academy by a gift of sixty-five dollars for the purchase of books which were especially desired for the library : Justin Winsor's great work on America, a set of Irving in ten volumes, and several volumes of the Variorum Shakespeare.

Among those present at Miss McKeen's funeral were :—

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKeen Duren, Mr. and Mrs. Warren F. Draper, Prof. and Mrs. J. W. Churchill, Prof. and Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. John Harlow, Mr. George Ripley and Miss Mary Ripley, Mr. and Mrs. Horace

Tyer, Dr. Edward Porter, Mr. Arthur Johnson and Mrs. Austin Phelps, the Faculty of Abbot Academy, Miss Emily A. Means, President of the Alumnae Association, Principal-elect and representative from the New York Abbot Club, Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs, First Vice-President of Alumnae Association, Miss Agnes Park, its secretary; Mrs. Adams, Pres., Miss Mary Merriam, Sec., Miss Mabel Wheaton, Recording Sec., Mrs. Moses Emerson, Vice-Pres., Miss Josephine Wilcox, Treas., and Mrs. Baldwin, Ex-Pres. of the Boston Abbot Club; Mrs. M. S. McCurdy, Pres. of the November Club (Andover). Miss Mary Alice Abbott. Mrs. Hattie Bradley Barnes. Miss Florence Swift, Miss Annie Frye. Mrs. Effie Dresser Wilde. Mrs. Annie E. Tyler Gutterson, Miss Annah Kimball. Miss Catherine Crocker. Miss Ellen Chase. Mrs. Charles Bancroft of Concord, N. H.. Mrs. Corrie Bancroft Benner, Mrs. Hattie Tufts Loring, Miss Caroline Holmes. Mrs. Emma Meacham Davis. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Parker. Rev. George Gutterson, Rev. Lyndon Crawford and Mrs. Olive Twitchell Crawford, Mrs. Delight Hall, Miss Julia Twitchell. Mrs. Junius W. Hill, Mrs. Alice McKeen Scott and husband. also her brother. Mr. McKeen; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson. Mr. and Mrs. George Dove. Mrs. Joseph Smith and Miss Agnes Smith, Miss Susan Jackson. Mrs. Julia Houston West, Prof. and Mrs. Egbert C. Smyth, Prof. E. Y. Hincks, Prof. George Moore. Dr. C. F. P. Bancroft and family. Rev. Frank Shipman. Rev. Frederic Palmer. Rev. C. C. Carpenter. Mrs. Elizabeth B. Mead, Pres. of Mt. Holyoke College. Mrs. Peter D. Smith. and many others.

Letters and telegrams of sympathy were received from Miss Anna Fuller. Miss S. Jennie Smith, Miss S. Frances Marrett. Mrs. Grace Wanning Day. Dr. Jane L. Greeley. Mrs. Mary Beal Stevenson. Miss Mary E. Mitchell, Miss Susan B. Chase, Mrs. George T. Williams, Cleveland. O.. Mrs. Charles Bancroft of Concord, N. H.. Miss Anna L. Dawes. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph White of Brookline, Mrs. Anna Smith Barnard. Miss Elizabeth Chadbourne, Mrs. Annie Watts Pillsbury, Mrs. Alice Parker Porter, Mrs. Sarah Johnston Hough, a cousin of Miss McKeen, from Berkshire. N. Y.

The following is a partial list of the flowers sent by organizations to Miss McKeen:—

Faculty of Abbot Academy, a beautiful arrangements of white roses tied with white satin ribbon; class of '82, lovely pink roses tied with pink satin ribbon; Abbot Academy Club of New York, white roses tied with white ribbon; Abbot Academy Club of Boston, pink roses—a rose for every member of the club; November Club, a lovely arrangement of pink roses and galax leaves; Pupils of Abbot Academy, lilies of the valley and maiden hair fern; Trustees of Abbot Academy, American

Beauty roses, and palms and ferns from the conservatories of Mr. Ripley and Mr. Tyer.

In addition there was a great number of flowers from personal friends in different parts of the country.

The following from the Boston Globe of May 16, is illustrative of the notices copied into many daily papers, such as the Transcript, Journal, Advertiser, Lawrence American, and Lawrence Eagle:—

ANDOVER, May 16.—The funeral of Miss Philena McKeen, formerly principal of Abbot Academy, who died Friday night, was held this afternoon at Draper Hall, the main building connected with the institution over which she had presided for so many years.

The funeral was in charge of Dr. C. F. P. Bancroft, principal of Phillips Andover Academy.

The services were conducted by Prof. J. W. Churchill of the Andover Theological Seminary.

The musical portion of the ceremony was in charge of Prof. Samuel M. Downs, a member of the Faculty at Abbot, and consisted of singing by the Fidelio Society, the musical organization at the Academy. The 121st psalm was chanted by the young ladies, and they sang Miss McKeen's favorite hymn, "Father, I know that all my life is portioned out for me."

The services were attended by the entire school and many former pupils of Miss McKeen. Beautiful floral tributes in profusion attested the love of many women for their former teacher.

The remains were removed to Bradford, Vt., where interment will take place in the family lot.—*Boston Daily Globe, May 16, 1898.*

Mr. Hitchcock of Andover has taken an admirable photograph of the McKeen Rooms as they looked on May 16, when Miss McKeen was lying amidst the beautiful flowers sent by old scholars and personal friends.

Any one may obtain a copy of this photograph by addressing Mr. E. V. N. Hitchcock, Phillips Street, Andover. The price is sixty-five cents.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKeen Duren, and their daughter Mabel of the class of '95, have been occupying Sunset Lodge for the past month, while giving most affectionate, reverent, and prompt attention to the minutest details of Miss McKeen's bequests. Their thoughtfulness, tireless efforts, and bright, brave faces have beautified the many touching mementos bestowed upon the friends, and have softened many a pang of personal grief.

It has been very pleasant, too, after this interval of three years, to welcome Miss Mabel as a frequent visitor to Draper Hall.

Alumnae Notes.

At the Vendome last Saturday afternoon, Feb. 5th. the Alumnae Association of Abbot Academy and the Abbot Academy Club united in a reception to the trustees and alumnae of the school.

More than one hundred "dear old girls" came with husbands, sons and daughters, to talk over old days and new days with their changes and improvements. Miss Philena McKeen, Miss Laura S. Watson, Mrs. Harriet Hollis Baldwin, President of the Abbot Club, and Miss Agnes Park Secretary of the Alumnae Association, received the guests, four young ladies from the Senior class of Abbot acting as ushers.

Some very enjoyable singing was furnished by Miss Beale. Mr. Hunt and Mr. Wade of the Elliott church, Newton: but beside that the afternoon was devoted to sociability and reminiscence.

Tea and ices were served, Mrs. Eva Smith Prescott, Mrs. Charlotte Odell Baker, Miss Gertrude L. Flint, and Miss Esther W. Smith presiding at the table, which was prettily decorated with pink carnations. Just before the company dispersed, Miss McKeen received a telegram from the "latest born Abbot Club," that of New York, sending its best wishes to the "guardians and friends of the school," there assembled. It was a fitting close of this unique occasion when the two Alumnae societies joined in a welcome to their mutual friends.

The New York Abbot Club.

On February fifth, in response to an invitation signed by Miss Emily A. Means, Dr. Greeley and Miss Chadbourne. twenty-one graduates or former pupils of Abbot met at the home of Mrs. Charles L. Quimby (Minnie Cobb), 44 West 36th street. New York, and organized the "Abbot Academy Club of New York." At that meeting, while there were but twenty-one present, Miss Means reported that enthusiastic responses had been received from thirty-six, and at present, I am proud to say, we have fifty members upon our roll. At that first meeting the officers were elected:—Mrs. Charles L. Quimby, president; Mrs. William I. Walker (Marian Dwight), treasurer; and Susan B. Chase, secretary: while at our April meeting we adopted our constitution and therefore now stand a fully equipped club. Our fifty members include representatives from almost every year's attendance at the school, from some of Miss McKeen's earliest graduates to several '97 girls. There are old French Hall girls and German Hall girls—girls who were in Andover but a year—and fortunate individuals who can boast a five years' sojourn—one and all alike devotedly attached to Alma Mater.

Our meetings this season have been held at members' homes, and the Club has been entertained by Mrs. Quimby, Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Heald (Elizabeth Goddard). Delightful as this way is, we mean to manage differently next autumn and meet at some easily accessible hotel in New York, for it must be remembered, comparatively few of our members live in New York, but come in from Philadelphia, Summit, Plainfield and places more remote.

It is the hope of the Club that there are some students now in school not expecting to return next year, who may wish to join us, and to such we extend a most cordial invitation. Perhaps, too, the Courant may bring word of the Club to some who had not before known of it, and who would like to become members, they too will be warmly welcomed. The Secretary will gladly answer any questions about the Club and its work.

With thanks to the Courant for the privilege of this brief return to its pages,

I am cordially,

Susan B. Chase,

Sec'y Abbot Academy Club of New York, 120 Clymer Street, Brooklyn.

EDITOR ABBOT COURANT:

I wonder if the subscribers to the A. A. Alumnae Auxiliary Fund—a very large name for a very little fund—have any idea how much it has accomplished for the good of the school since it was inaugurated in 1892? Will you let me tell them briefly through the pages of THE COURANT? And telling them, I would like all non-subscribers to take notice and at once join this little band. The fund has been appropriated as follows:

First Year.—Cataloging the library in connection with funds of the Alumnae Association.

Second Year.—Additions to the Library; four lectures on Rome by Dr. Spaulding; pictures and books for the Art Department.

Third Year.—For the Music Department, enabling it to give a concert and show the clavier and its use in teaching. Four lectures from Mrs. Florence Howe Hall on etiquette; three lectures from Dr. Cooley of Wellesley on Biology; one illustrated lecture on the Dresden Gallery by Fraülein Stolle, the illustrations in colors.

Fourth Year.—Prof. Franke of Harvard gave two lectures on Faust; Prof. Marsh of Harvard, two on the Arthurian Age in France; much needed books bought for the library.

Fifth Year.—Prof. James of Harvard, two lectures on Philosophy; Prof. Young of Princeton, three lectures on Astronomy.

To all of the lectures tickets have been sold and the proceeds have helped in the various departments of the school. I am told that the fund is the "greatest use and comfort to the school." Surely it must not fail.

Will not every "dear old girl" (as our beloved Miss McKeen used to

call us) who reads this kindly send me a contribution to this fund? My list includes subscribers from one dollar a year to twenty-six dollars a year. This is surely a wide enough range to take in many that are not now on the list

Yours sincerely,

Mary L. Douglas Macfarland,

TREASURER.

Address, Mrs. Henry B. F. Macfarland, 1816 F. Street, Washington, D. C.

from Missionary Sisters.

Mrs. Jennie Pearson Stanford writes from Kobe, Japan, that Mrs. Nellie Emerson Cary and her husband are on their way to America, owing to Mrs. Cary's ill health.

From the May number of "Mission News of the A. B. C. F. M. in Japan," we cull the following item: "Born,—at Tottori, on the twelfth of March, to the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, a son.

The Mission extends a glad welcome to this little stranger who, we understand, is to bear the honored name of 'Gordon' Bartlett." Abbott Academy would re-echo this welcome.

In March Miss McKen received a long and interesting letter from Mary G. Whitcomb, telling her of the serious illness of Hattie Gibson,—Mrs. Gale,—whom many were glad to see in Andover with her husband and children last June. Mrs. Gale was hoping to be able to start for Korea the last of April. While in Washington, whither Mrs. Gale had gone for treatment, Mr. Gale was very busy lecturing on Korea and teaching the Korean legation English. Mrs. Gale taught also until she went to the hospital. The Korean minister said one day to Mr. Gale: "My wife would do anything for Mrs. Gale: why, she would be baptized every day."

Mr. and Mrs. Lee (Clara Hamlin) are nearing the United States from the Marash, Turkey mission. Mrs. Lee's efficient service in the Armenian orphanages has already been spoken of in the Courant. We have had recently grateful acknowledgments from the little orphan whom Miss McKen supported, and also for the money that the school sent, which, alas! was not enough to support one orphan a whole year.

Rev. J. H. Pettee of Japan, husband of Isabella Wilson, sailed with the Carys in March. His wife has been in this country for more than a year.

'80-'81. Laura Billings of Brookline, N. Y., with her family, is taking a trip around the world.

'82. Annie Frye spent a Sunday with Miss Ingalls in the winter.

'83. Mattie Coffin is travelling in Europe.

'89. Dora L. Mason is now living in Los Angeles, California.

'96-97. Pearl Randall, Wellesley, 1901, has visited us occasionally during the winter.

Among the friends who have visited us since Christmas are Mabel Kittredge, '91-'92; Aida Dunn, '94; Jennie Beal, '91-'92; Anna Nettleton, '93; Marion Lees, '94; Mattie Sargent, '93-'94; Elizabeth Cilley, '97; Bessie Eaton, '94-'95; Mrs. Allan Cross—Ethelyn Marshall—'94; Mrs. John K. Judd—Cleora Munson—'73; Adèle Stuart Hutchinson, M. D., Mrs. Crawford Farnsworth—Helen Porter—'97; Emily Coffin, '95-'96; Adele Pigeon, '95-'96.

Miss Ruth Franklin visited at Abbot for a few days early in June.

Miss Fletcher spent a Sunday in Andover this spring.

It is very pleasant to note the success of the grandchildren of Abbot Academy. One of the sons of a graduate of '68, Winifred H. Babbitt, is now a professor in Clahn College in Honolulu. This is his second year there, and the trustees in a recent note expressed their appreciation of his thorough, faithful work, and said they had unanimously voted an addition of three hundred dollars to his salary for the current year, with the hope that he would remain with them.

His older brother, James A. Babbitt, has been four years a professor in Haverford College, Pa. As one of his departments, Physical Culture, demanded some medical study he entered the Medical College in Philadelphia, and has in addition to his college classes, completed the course in the medical school and takes his degree of M. D. in June.

The daughters of Abbot Academy delight to "bring in their sheaves" in their tribute of gratitude to Alma Mater.

'96. Miss Sara K. Jackson has taken the third of the Thayer prizes for designs, in the Art School connected with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Engagements.

Miss Edith Hall, daughter of Sarah Lord Hall, '66, to Mr. Henry Richardson Plimpton.

Miss Alice B. Conant, 89-'90, to Mr. Wadleigh of Milford, N. H.

Marriages.

ANDERSON-FRENCH — In Londonderry, N. H., June 4, Evalena Wier French, '89, to Charles W. Anderson.

LEWIS-JACKSON — February 1, Miss Edith Jackson, '89, to Mr. Frederick Worthington Lewis, Lieutenant 22d United States Infantry.

NICHOLLS-CONANT — In the First Congregational Church, Oak Park, Illinois, April 28, Miss Charlotte Conant, 92-'93, to Mr. William Henry Nicholls. At home after June 1, at 322 Chicago Avenue, Oak Park.

PARKER-SWAZEY — In Bucksport, Maine, December 28, Miss Frances F. Swazey, '86, to Mr. Wendell P. Parker.

FLACK-HIMES — In Cohoes, New York, Feb. 2, Miss Harriet Evans Himes, '91, to Mr. John Edward Flack.

WATSON-SANBORN — In Brookline, Mass., June 8, Miss Julia Arline Sanborn, '94, to Dr. David Stocks Watson.

QUAYLE-EDWARDS — In Duluth, Minnesota, Feb. 16, Miss Frances Edwards, '94-'95, to Mr. William F. Quayle. At home after April 1, Ashtabula Flats, Duluth.

FARNSWORTH-PORTER — In Boston, Mass., Jan. 10, Miss Helen Louise Porter, '97, to Mr. Frederic Crawford Farnsworth. At home Wednesdays after March 15, at 289 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

REQUA-GALLUP — In Chicago, Ill., June 1, Miss Susan Eloise Gallup, '86-'87, to Mr. William Brnyn ReQua.

JEPHERSON-ABBOTT — In East Douglas, Mass., May 3, Miss Hattie Gertrude Abbott, '84-'85, to Mr. George Arthur Jepherson. At home after June 15, at 32 Reservoir Avenue, Providence, R. I.

The military wedding of Miss Edith Jackson was very novel and interesting. The church was draped with two large flags, and palms and azaleas were grouped about the altar with the crossed guns and colors of the regiment. The military idea was carried out at the bride's home where flags were also used in the decoration. The groom and his ushers were in full dress uniform.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Lewis were to live at Fort Crook, but Lieutenant Lewis has been ordered South with his regiment, and Mrs. Lewis is with her parents in Germantown.

Among the marriages to take place soon after the issue of this number of the Courant are the following :

June 29. Miss Annie Strout, '94, to Mr. Dearborn. They will live in Bangor, Maine.

June 22 Miss Anna Finch, '93, to Mr. Eads Andrews of Alleghany.

Births.

To Mr. and Mrs. George B. Vilas (E. Phebe Curtis, '86), a son, George Calvin, January 25.

To Mrs. Mary Carter Righter, '87-'88, a daughter, April 5, Katherine Augusta.

To Mrs. Willis McDuffee — Dora Haley, — '96-'97, a son, May 2, Franklin.

To Mrs. Norton Barker — Marjorie Clark — '94-'95, a son.

To Mrs. Merrill Smith — Millie Pike — '95-'96, a son, April 8, Paul Thurston.

To Mrs. Laura Wentworth Richards, '95, a son, May 21.

Deaths.

Mrs. White — Caroline Bond — '88-'89, died in Holyoke, Mass., New Year's morning, leaving a little boy nine days old.

We regret to learn through Alice C. Newton, of the death of Mrs. Jones — Jean Conine — '88-'89.

Judge A. P. Carpenter, Chief Justice of New Hampshire, and father of Mrs. Bond Thomas — Edith Carpenter — '81-'82, of Orange, N. J., died recently.

Mrs. Harrietta Shattuck Weaver, '43, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 8.

Mrs. Richard Salter Storrs — Mary Elwell Jenks — '43, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 7, 1898.

Mrs. S. A. W. Taylor-Chadwick, '78, wife of Col. A. Chadwick of Lowell, died in 1889.

Mrs. Hannah Sprague Tobey, '39, wife of Hon. E. T. Tobey, at one time Postmaster of Boston, died in January, 1898.

On our return to school after the spring vacation, we found awaiting us papers containing an account of the death and burial of Laura Newton, Mrs. Edwin L. Kirtland of Holyoke. Mrs. Kirtland's illness was brief, but hopeless from the first. She realized that she must die, and thought it beautiful to go at Easter. She was, in fact, buried on Easter Sunday. She was first of all "a home keeper," but she was an active worker in the Second Congregational Church of Holyoke, having been for seven years superintendent of the primary department of the Sunday school. She was also president of the Thursday Club, and had been connected with the Young Women's association from its start in 1887, for the past seven years acting as its president and since January having the charge of the Junior work. A good woman doing quietly and with genuine interest many good deeds. We who knew her can truly sympathise with her husband, her parents, her brother and sisters in their sorrow.

Mrs. Richard Salter Storrs.

More than forty years ago a beautiful young girl might have been seen going in and out of Abbot Academy, never thinking of the future which was to bring her name and fame, not dreaming that a generation of Abbot girls yet unborn, should find in her their benefactor and friend. But all this came in time. Mary Elwell Jenks was then beginning her life in Andover, whither the schools had attracted her widowed mother with four children to educate. Mrs. Jenks (Sarah Hurd Phillips) was the daughter of John Phillips, the first Mayor of Boston, and a sister of Wendell Phillips, the well known abolitionist and lecturer, while Mr. Jenks had been the pastor of a Unitarian church in Boston, and the editor of the *Christian Register*, and their daughter therefore came naturally by the gifts and graces so graphically described by a friend, in the following extract:

"It must have been in 1843, or earlier, that I first saw Mary Elwell Jenks, afterwards Mrs. R. L. Storrs. It was on some special occasion at Abbot Academy, Andover. There was a large gathering of people in the upper hall. What the occasion was I cannot tell, nor who the people were. But I have one vivid remembrance associated with the time and place. After the exercises, as I was moving towards the door, I found myself near a young girl of wonderful beauty. She must have been a pupil in the school, for she was dressed as she might have been in a company of friends at home. One might almost as well try to paint a portrait of her in the freshness of that beauty as attempt to describe it in words. There was nothing to conceal her rich brown hair with its waving tresses. The purity of her complexion made the roses on her cheeks all the more lovely. Her eyes were of a color in accord with her hair, and bright, even brilliant, but with a mild light. Every feature of her face was faultless. Her simple and childlike dress was most becoming to her beautiful neck and arms and graceful form. But here was not merely beauty of form or features or complexion. It was all three in a rare degree, but much more. The sweetness and sensibility and loveliness of her expression, the light of her smile, the gentleness and grace of her manner, were still more remarkable. It was the immaterial rather than the material that was so charming. As I have, in recent years, known of Mrs. Storrs' loveliness and excellence, and as I have read some records of her beautiful life, with tributes to her memory, I have felt that the sweet promise of her youth has been richly fulfilled."

That it has been, is the testimony of the large circle of friends who mourn her loss.

She married Richard Salter Storrs in 1845, just after his graduation from Andover Seminary, and the next year they went to Brooklyn, N. Y..

where they entered into the work of the newly formed Church of the Pilgrims, and there they lived and labored fifty years. They saw the young church in the small city grow to be the famous church of the large city, and the unknown pastor of the unknown church become the best known preacher in the country. Amid all the cares of family and parish which pressed upon her, Mrs. Storrs yet found time to read, to write, to study music and to keep her friendships "in repair" so that they endured to the end of her life. She had a gift for friendship; she was singularly loving, appreciative and loyal, and her discriminating gratitude made it a favor to give to her. She never lost her interest in Andover nor in Abbot Academy, as her many gifts to the school testify. The picture of the Sistine Madonna and the many books given to the library, remind the girls constantly of her interest in them and her desire to help them. And their consciousness of this bond between them will add interest to the dainty poem of hers published in this number, entitled, "The Cardinal Flower."

Her sudden death in January last, deprived the school of a kind friend and loyal daughter, while to her large circle of friends it was an irreparable loss.

For several weeks before the end of the winter term, we were full of anxiety because of the serious illness of Mrs. C. F. P. Bancroft, and our hearts were heavy as we thought of the sorrow that seemed to be so surely coming to a home bound by so many ties to our school. On March 29, the day after school closed, the pain and suffering, borne with heroic patience and fortitude, ended, and Mrs. Bancroft entered into rest. Only those from whose homes a beloved mother has gone can understand this loss, too sacred to express in words; but in the outer circle of friends there are many who will miss the shy, but true sympathy, the right thinking, the beautiful womanliness which made one of her remoter neighbors say, on hearing how ill she was, "We need such women as Mrs. Bancroft; we can not spare her yet."

We announce with sorrow the death of the Rev. Henry R. Wilbur of Andover. Mr. Wilbur died suddenly while attending a Christian Endeavor meeting, Sunday evening, May 29. The Wilbur family has a threefold connection with Abbot Academy. Mrs. Wilbur (Rebecca Morrill) graduated from the school in 1855. Miss Ellen Wilbur, now the wife of Prof. Isaac Burgess of Chicago University, was a student here in '75-'76, and a teacher of German from '83 to '87. The last representative of the family in the school was Miss Caroline C. Wilbur, who graduated in '95. THE COURANT wishes to express to the family the sympathy of many friends.

We quote from *The Townsman* of May 20, Miss Merrill's tribute to Miss McKeen :

The earthly life of one widely known and truly honored has gone out from among us.

This fact, full of deep meaning, we can as yet hardly grasp : how, then, is it possible at this time, and in words, to utter her praise, or to express in any adequate manner our sense of her worth and of our loss.

Philena McKeen was born in Bradford, Vermont, on the 13th of June, 1822. Of her good parents, of her gifted sisters and brother, of the beautiful home life, stern but inspiring, much might be said. Miss McKeen honored her father and mother, and from them early learned those lessons of obedience, thoroughness and tireless energy which marked her whole career. Her father, the Rev. Dr. Silas McKeen, a man of unusual strength of character, guided and supplemented her instruction in the schools, and was a constant example to his children of simple piety, sincere living, sturdy independence, and unswerving fidelity to duty. Miss McKeen taught with success in Bridgton, Me., at College Hill, Ohio, and from Oxford, Ohio, she was called to the principalship of Abbot Academy in 1859. Although thirty-seven years of age when she came to Andover, it seems as if her real life work began here. Certain it is that her character and her capabilities for extraordinary usefulness developed richly in her work. Able principals Abbot Academy had had before her, but to Miss McKeen it was granted, during the thirty-three years of her stewardship, to make vigorous effort for the increase of the school in things material, mental, and spiritual, and we rejoice today to know that she lived to see some of the fruits of her labors, for who but God can measure the whole harvest?

Twenty years after Miss McKeen and her beloved sister, Miss Phebe, came to Abbot Academy, the school celebrated grandly its semi-centennial. That year, the *History of Abbot Academy*, written by the two sisters, gave to the world an inspiring record of what had been already wrought. How great a part of the school's success and growth was due to these faithful teachers, and especially to Miss McKeen, those who know the school best see most clearly. In 1880, Miss Phebe died. What seemed a death-blow to our beloved friend, was rather a life-blow, robbing Death of its terrors, drawing her still nearer to the unseen world, sweetly unfolding that gentleness which made her great. How grandly, how cheerfully she stood alone, the last of her family! In the summer of 1892, Miss McKeen withdrew from active service in the school, having lived two years in Draper Hall, so truly the work of her hands, but never for an instant did she withdraw from it her active interest in all that appertained to its well-being. For well nigh six happy years Miss

McKeen dwelt in South Hall, which then received from her its new name:—"Because the bright sun floods it all day and sets in wondrous glory before the western windows, and also because they are my sunset years, I have named my house 'Sunset Lodge.' The last name reminds me that this is only a lodge—a waiting place, till, through grace, the Father shall summon me HOME." With these words she closed her "Sequel to the History of Abbot Academy," a work published last Christmas and relating in Miss McKeen's clear and graphic way the history of the school from 1879-1892.

Although the Home beyond was attractive to her, she loved her work here and proved herself as great in her retirement as in her activity, entering into all good works for school and home and town. Many can bear record of these recent years. Her last illness, which lasted but a month, was painless, but her strength waned fast, and at sunset, May 13, she fell asleep. On Monday, May 16, her body was borne to the McKeen rooms in Draper Hall, which were beautiful with graceful palms and exquisite flowers, arranged by loving hands, and there friends met to praise God for this faithful friend and counsellor, this wise and good woman. A choir from the school chanted the favorite psalm, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," and then all united in the Lord's prayer. Passages of Scripture, beautifully significant and fitting, were read by Prof. Churchill, who also led our prayer. Many joined in the school hymn,

"Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,"

and with a benediction the impressive service ended. Tuesday morning, a few neighbors and friends gathered in Sunset Lodge for hymn and Scripture and prayer before bearing the beloved form to the old home in Bradford, Vt.

At Bradford, a few life-long friends of Miss McKeen joined her nephew and neice, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKeen Duren, and the Andover friends who accompanied them, in the peaceful graveyard, and in the bright afternoon sunshine, they lifted up their eyes unto the hills, rejoicing in God who had given and taken away. In that hallowed spot we left her beside Miss Phebe, whose grave with hers, we covered with beautiful flowers.

"Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her."

M. S. M.

Among the many letters received from former students of Abbot Academy, asking for fuller information concerning Miss McKeen's illness and death, it was pleasant to receive such a request from one of Miss McKeen's pupils at Oxford, Ohio, Mrs. George T. Williams, who, in her

own behalf and that of her classmates, expressed sympathy with us and her nearest friends in the loss of an able teacher, a true friend.

At a meeting of the Directors of the November Club of Andover, Mass., held Monday, June 6, 1898, the following resolutions were adopted :

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father, in His wisdom and love, to call into the joy of her Lord our sister, Philena McKeen, and whereas we are conscious that the November Club has by her death lost one of its wisest counsellors, one of its best friends; therefore be it

Resolved, That we remind ourselves of her worth and put upon record not only the sense of our loss, but also the expression of our gratitude for all the service she has rendered and for the constant inspiration of her faith and hope and charity. Long experience in the management of affairs and in the contact with other wills made her not only wise but hopeful. Released from her duties as Principal of Abbot Academy, she used her increased leisure and her rich attainments for the good of the community in which she lived. In this generous giving we largely shared. As leader of the Art Department from the first, she placed it upon broad foundations, planning with a characteristic faith for the possibilities of the years to come. Believing firmly in the duty of self-development for the individual in order to fullest service, she regarded the Club as a larger self with like responsibilities and powers.

Resolved, That her well rounded life, in its unfailing cheerfulness, in its never flagging zeal for progress, in its continuous power of achievement has been and ever shall be an incentive to our individual and associate effort.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. Charles McKeen Duren, with the assurance of our heartfelt sympathy; that a copy be sent to the Abbot Courant and to the Andover Townsman; and that they be entered upon the records of the November Club.

BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE.

Abbot Academy Faculty.

LAURA S. WATSON, M.A., PRINCIPAL,
Philosophy.

MARIA STOCKBRIDGE MERRILL,
French.

KATHERINE R. KELSEY,
Mathematics.

NATALIE SCHIEFFERDECKER.
German.

EDITH ELIZABETH INGALLS,
Literature and Church History.

NELLIE M. MASON,
Science.

EVELYN FARNHAM DURFEE,
Elocution and Gymnastics.

FRANCES MARSH BANCROFT, B.L.
History and Rhetoric.

MAUD ANTOINETTE MUNSON, B.A.,
Latin.

BERTHA MARY TERRILL, B.L.,
Greek.

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CLARA L. CARLETON,
Assistant Music Teacher.

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Drawing and Painting.

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<i>Class Color</i>	Blue.
<i>Flower</i>	Bachelors Button.

'99.

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse invabit."

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In the windows is no light,
Close the door, the shutters close
'Tis no use against such foes !



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That’s the twelfth to-night
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If they've ears they surely hear"

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As forth on a walk they essayed.
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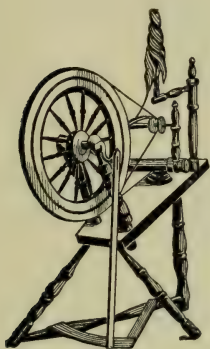
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As of Browning we converse
(Abt Vogler is the study)
Comes the query "What a minion?
See, its used in the third verse."

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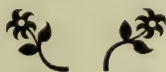
“Surely that’s the same as pinion,
Wings it means,” exclaims Miss G—.
Laughter follows. Then Miss P—
Thinking of her Shakespeare lesson



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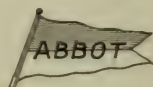


Volunteers the information,
“What’s a minion? — why a *horse*
Any one would know of course.”

ARTHUR BLISS.
APOTHECARY.

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J. E. WHITING,

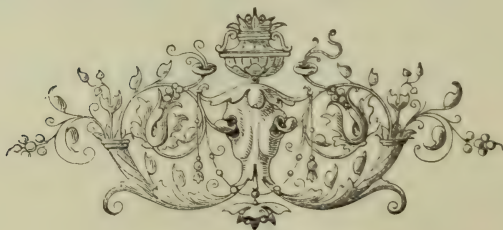


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